

SMASH COMICS

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JUNE
No. 71

MIDNIGHT
mixes with
MURDER!

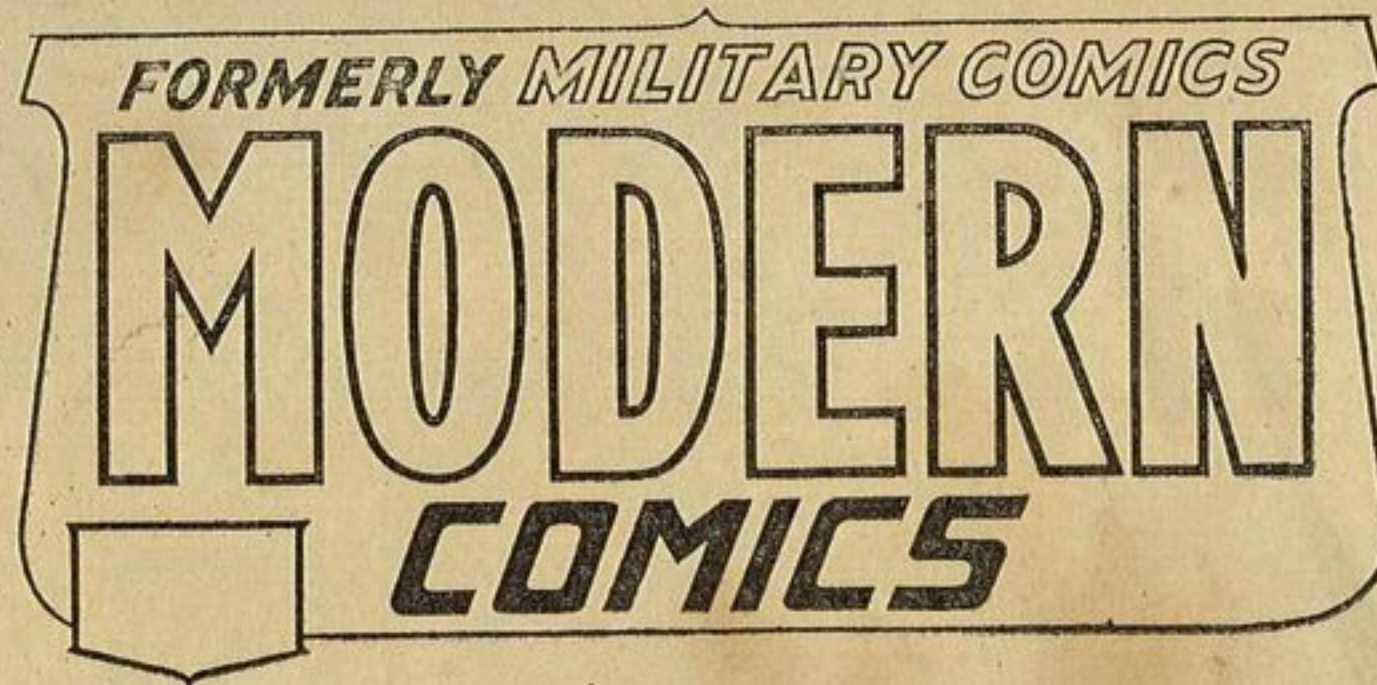
STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



- JACK COLE -



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

POLICE
COMICS
SMASH
COMICS

FEAT
COMICS
URE
CRACK
COMICS

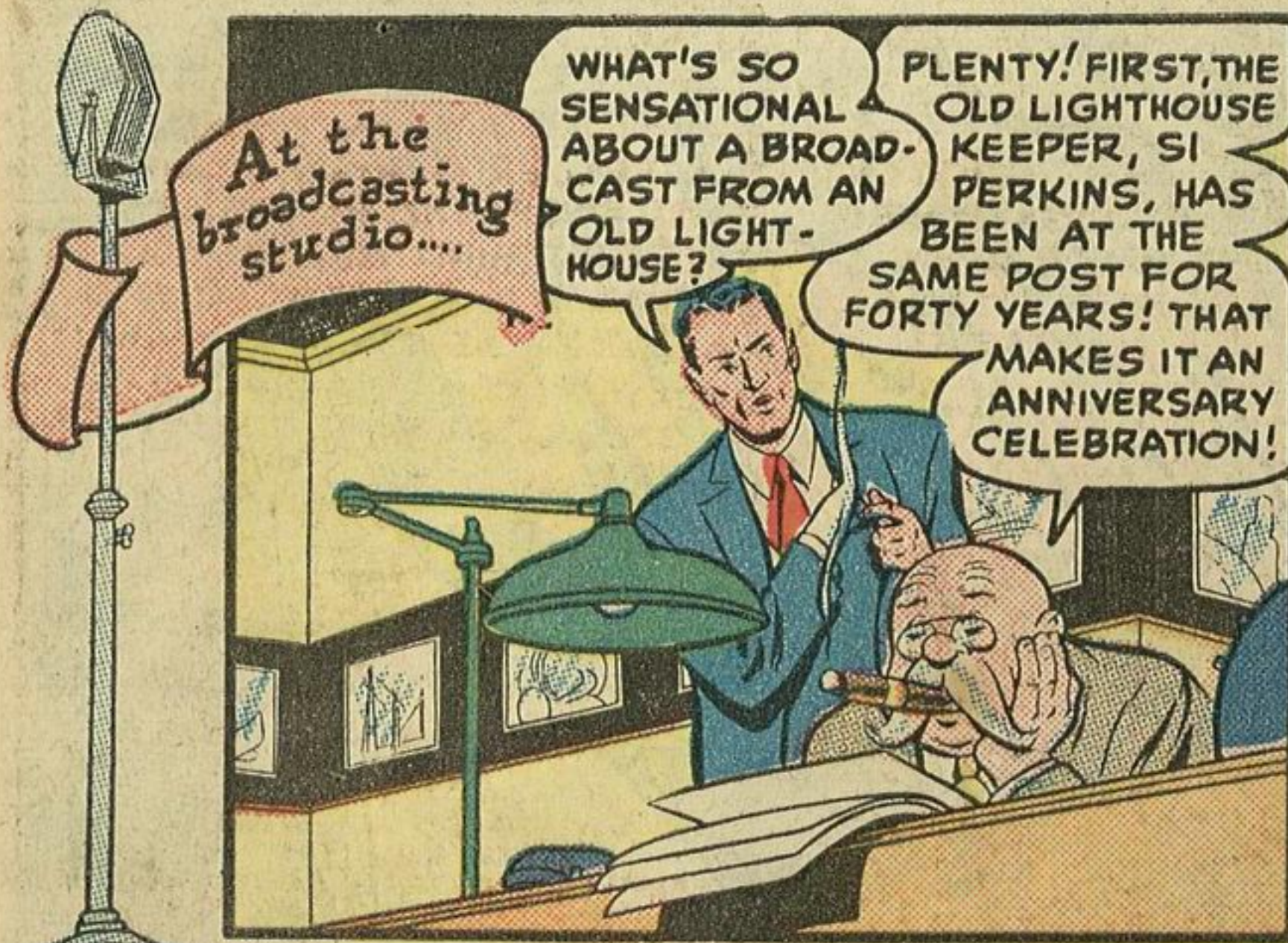
Midnight

WOW!
THAT
BEACON
SHEDS
SOME
LIGHT!

YES...ON
EVERYTHING
BUT THE OLD
LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER'S
MURDER!



ONLY HIS FEW ZANY PALS KNOW THAT
WHEN **MIDNIGHT** IS NOT THE
MYSTERIOUS, TWO-FISTED
DETECTIVE, HE IS **DAVE CLARK**,
THE GIFTED RADIO ANNOUNCER!



WHAT'S SO SENSATIONAL ABOUT A BROADCAST FROM AN OLD LIGHTHOUSE?

PLENTY! FIRST, THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER, SI PERKINS, HAS BEEN AT THE SAME POST FOR FORTY YEARS! THAT MAKES IT AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION!

SECOND, B.O. ZUTT, THE SHIPPING MAGNATE, AND RONNIE RAYLES, THE MOVIE STAR, HAVE AGREED TO ATTEND!

I GET IT! ZUTT'S A BIG SPONSOR... SO HAVING HIM THERE IS AN EXTRA PLUG FOR HIS SHIPPING LINE! AND YOU'RE LINING RAYLES UP FOR THE NEW HALF HOUR SUNDAY SHOW, SO YOU WANT TO PRIME HIM AS A RADIO PERSONALITY!



WELL... ER... HARUMPH... THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SO BLUNT ABOUT IT!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU SAY THOSE ARE THE REASONS FOR THE STUNT INSTEAD OF USING THAT SENTIMENTAL MALARKY ABOUT THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER?



I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR OPINIONS, CLARK! I MERELY GAVE YOU AN ASSIGNMENT! AND SEE TO IT THAT YOU PUT ON A GOOD SHOW!

OKAY! BUT I CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR THE MATERIAL!

A short while later....

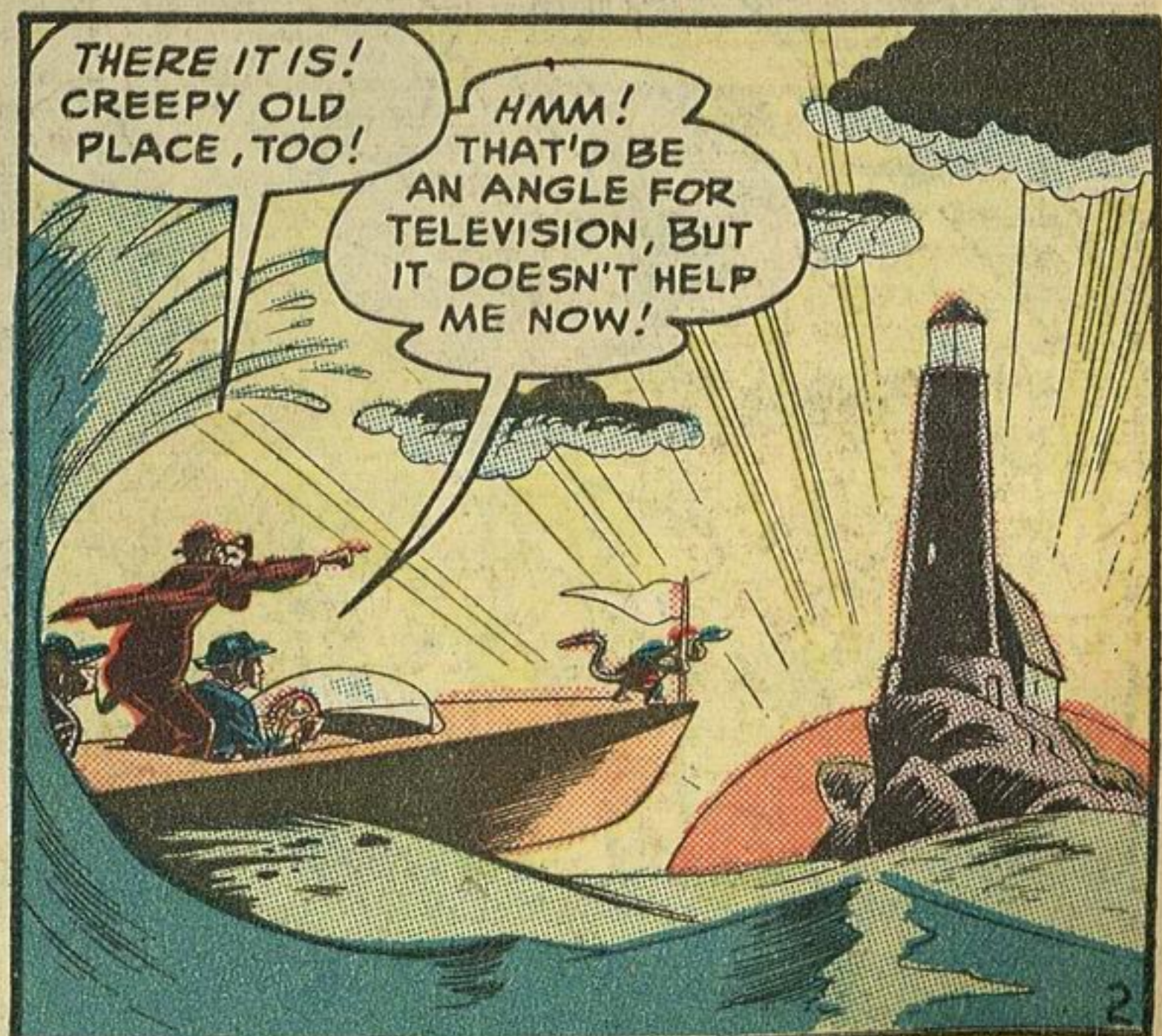
IT PROBABLY WON'T BE MUCH OF A BROADCAST BUT YOU CHARACTERS CAN COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE IF YOU LIKE!

LIGHTHOUSE, EH? DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT A LITTLE ADVENTURE I HAD IN AN OLD LIGHTHOUSE?



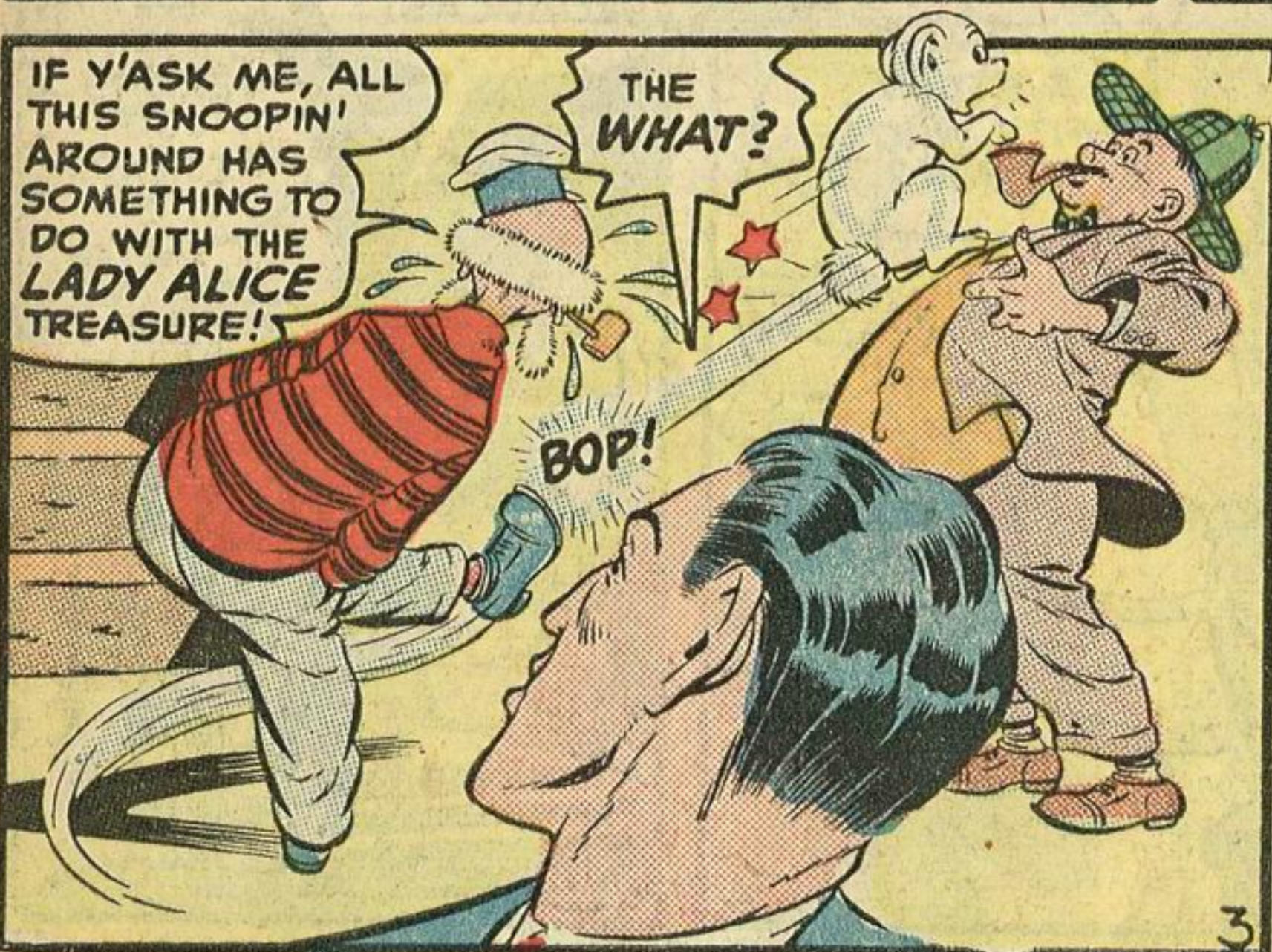
NO! AND DON'T START NOW! WE CAME OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR, NOT STALE WIND!

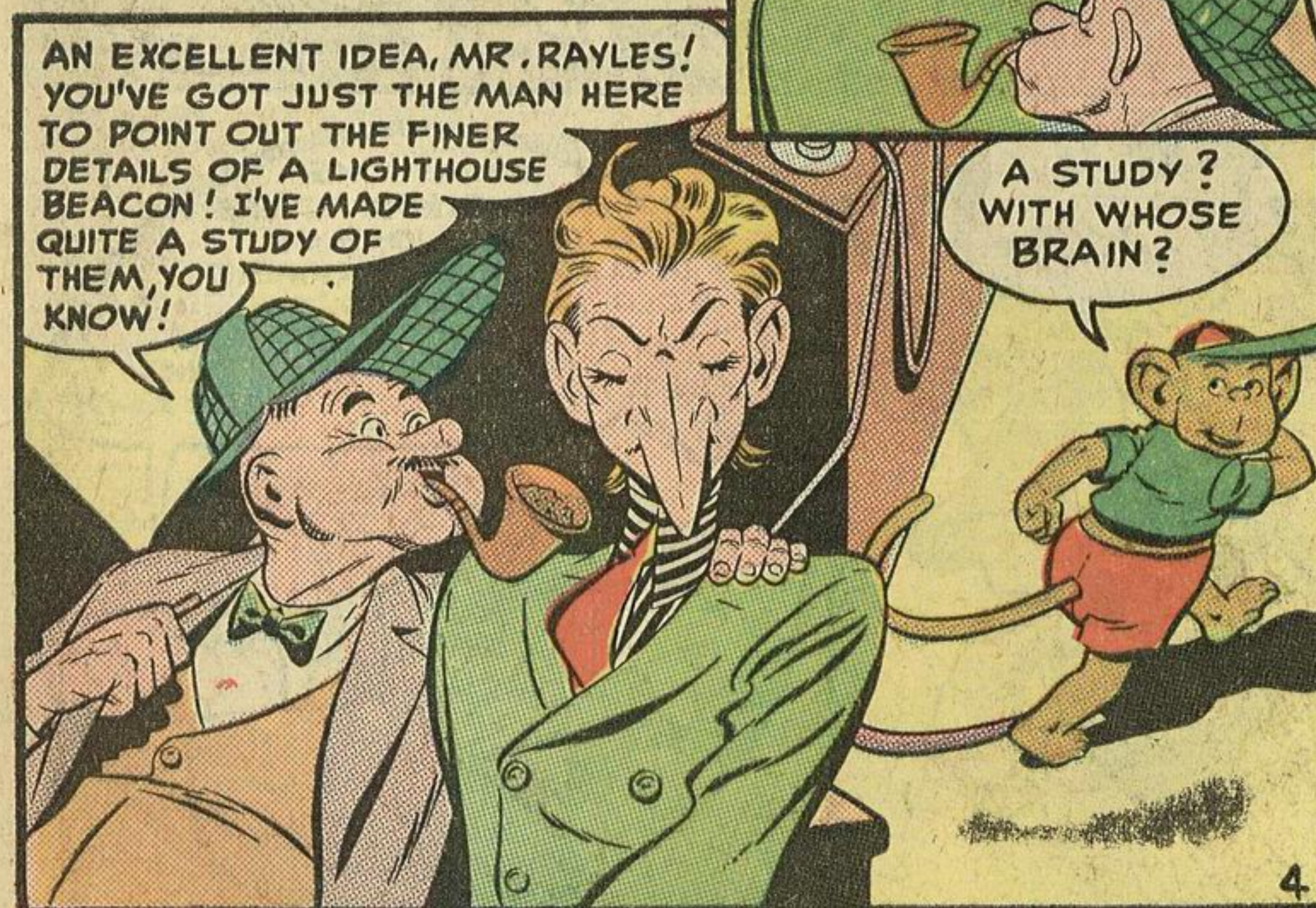
LAY OFF, FELLERS! I'M TRYING TO CONCENTRATE! IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF ONE EXCITING ANGLE TO GIVE THIS BROADCAST A GOOD KICK!

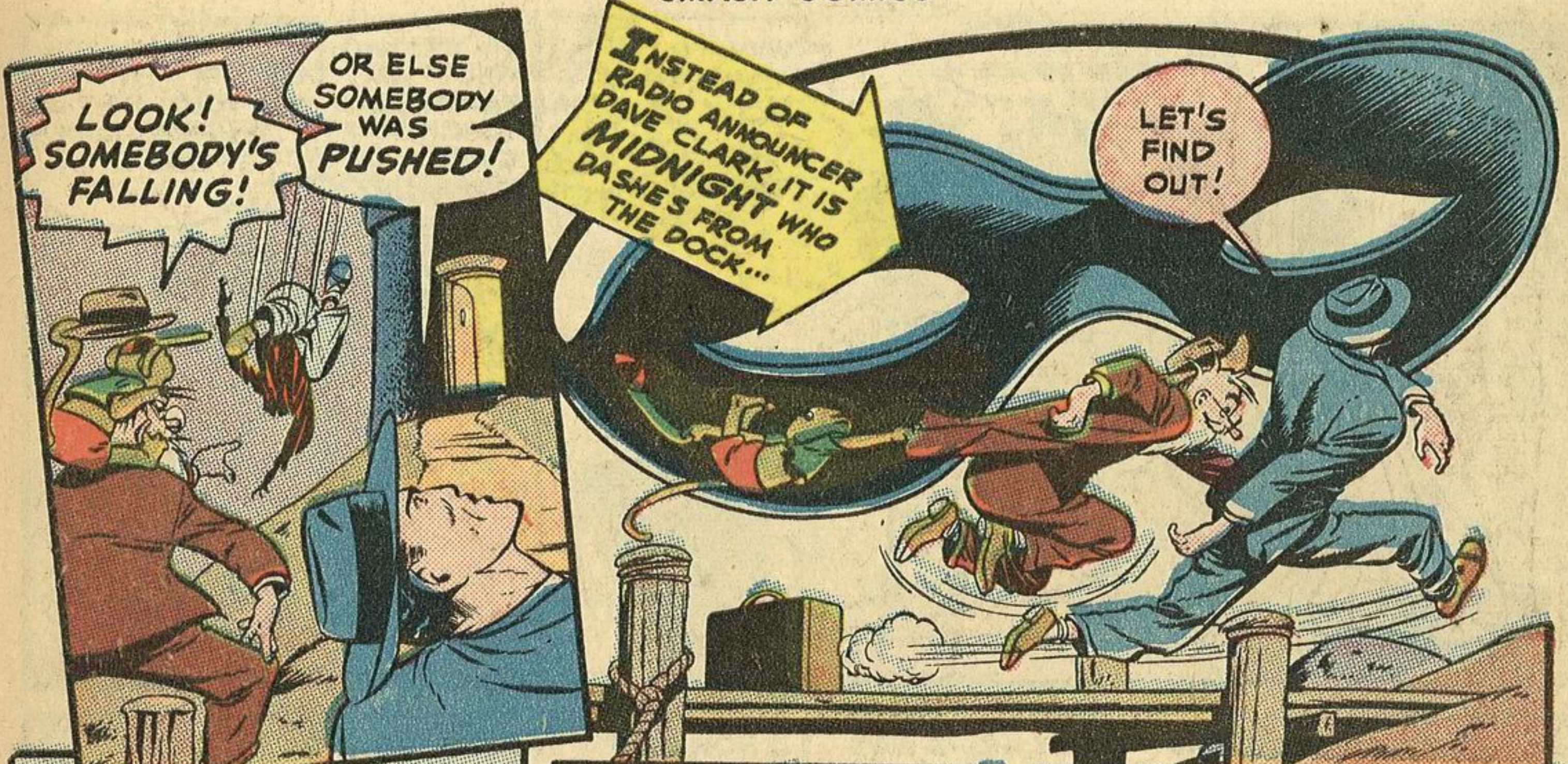


THERE IT IS! CREEPY OLD PLACE, TOO!

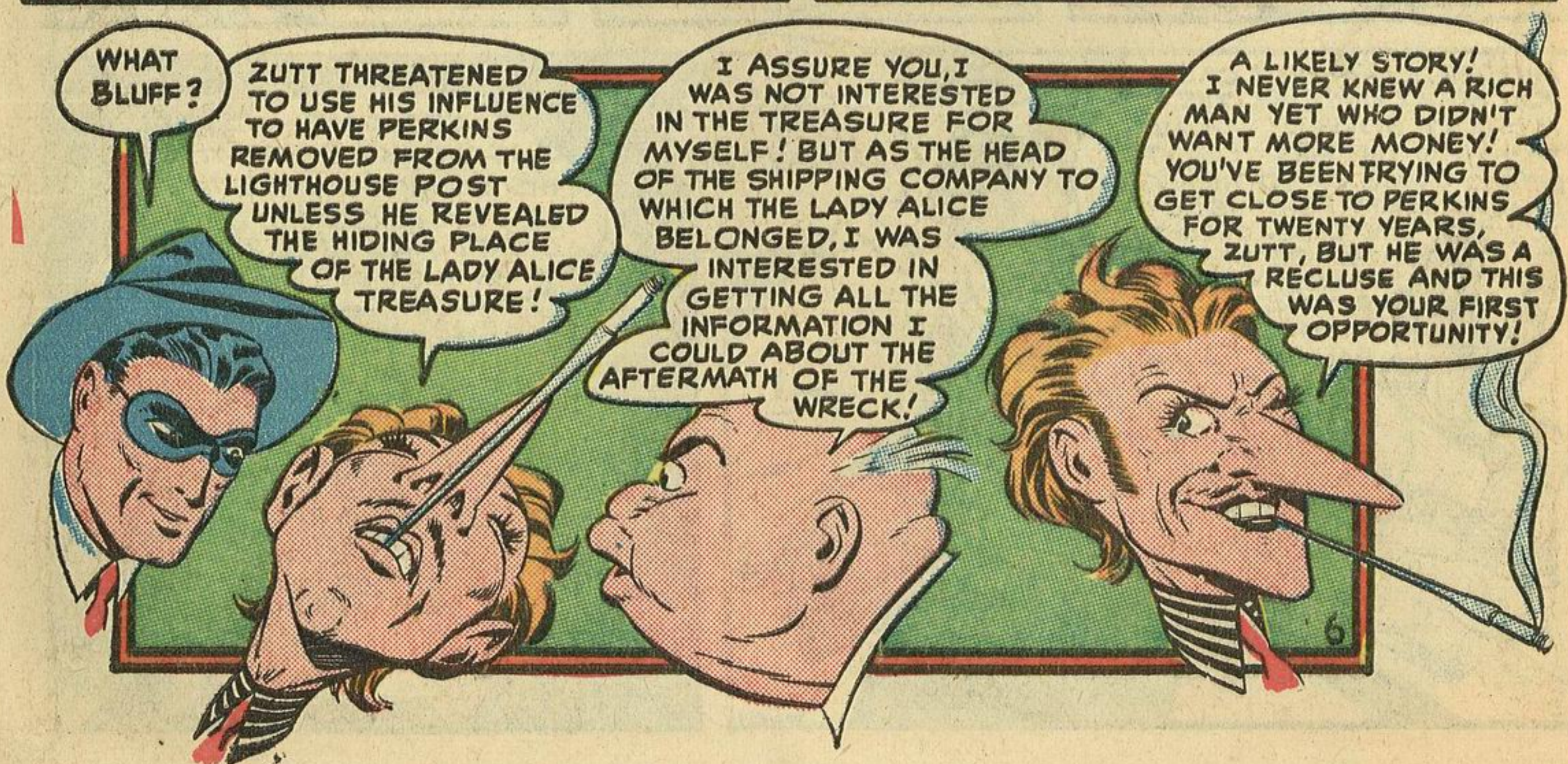
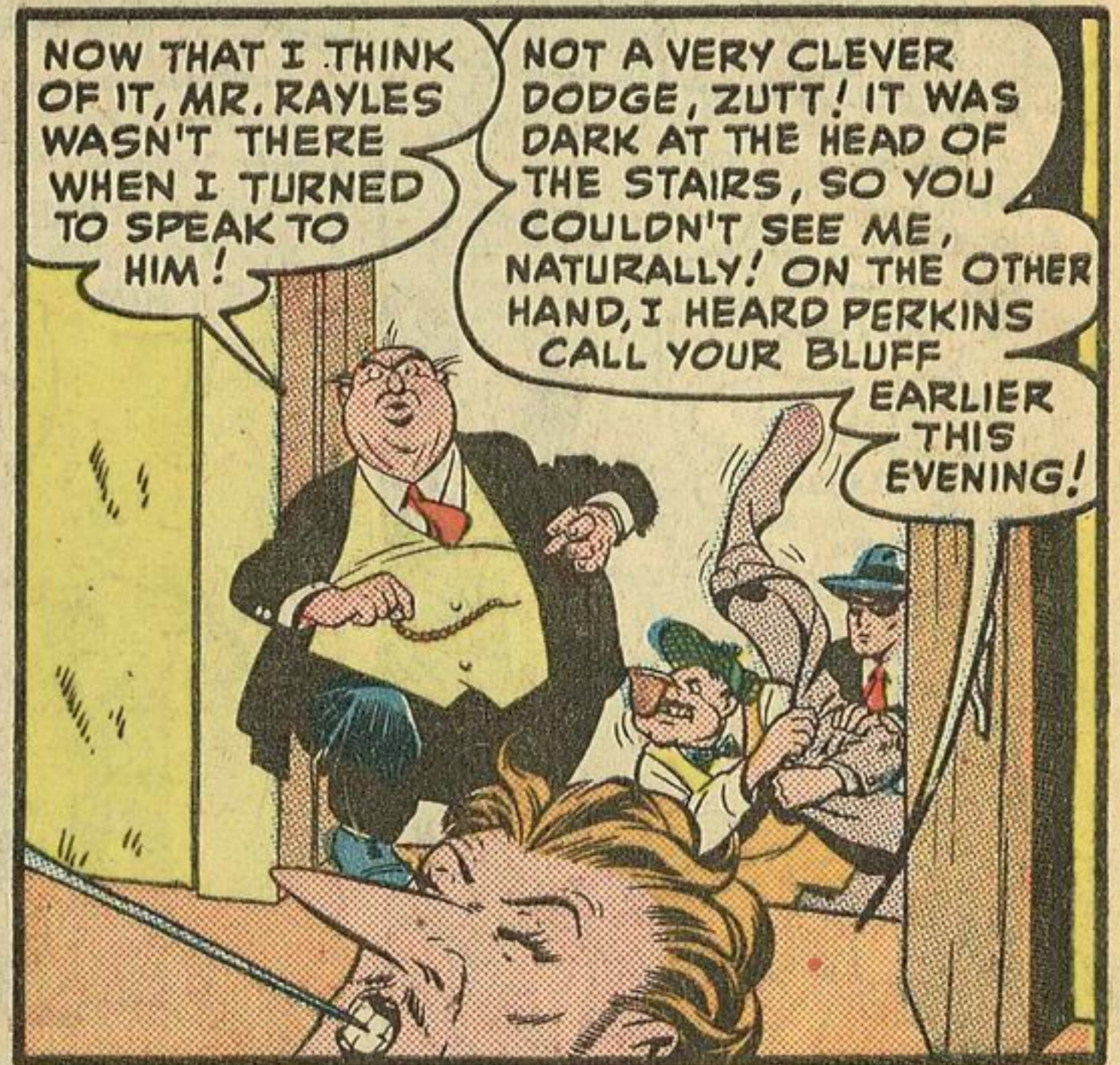
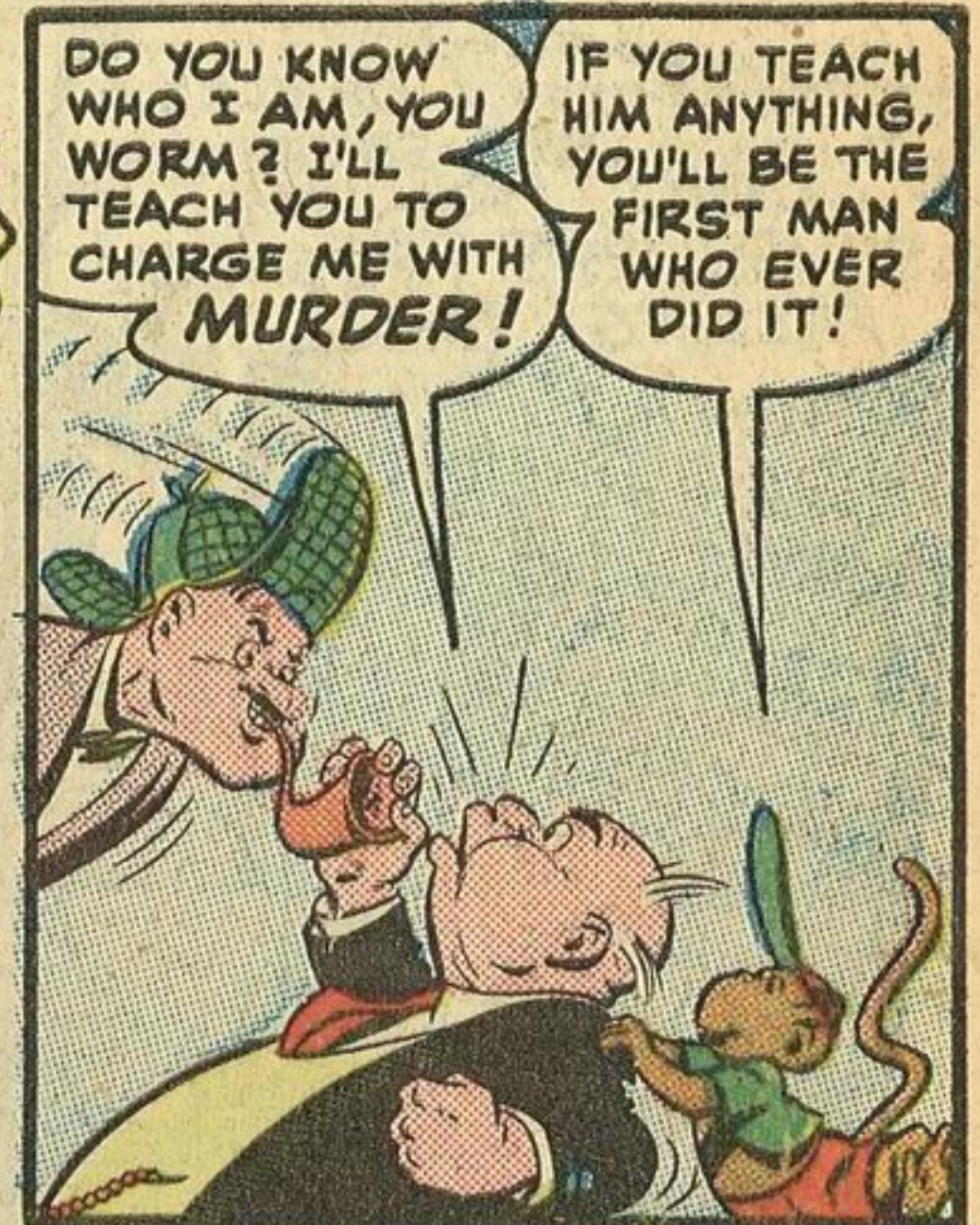
HMM! THAT'D BE AN ANGLE FOR TELEVISION, BUT IT DOESN'T HELP ME NOW!

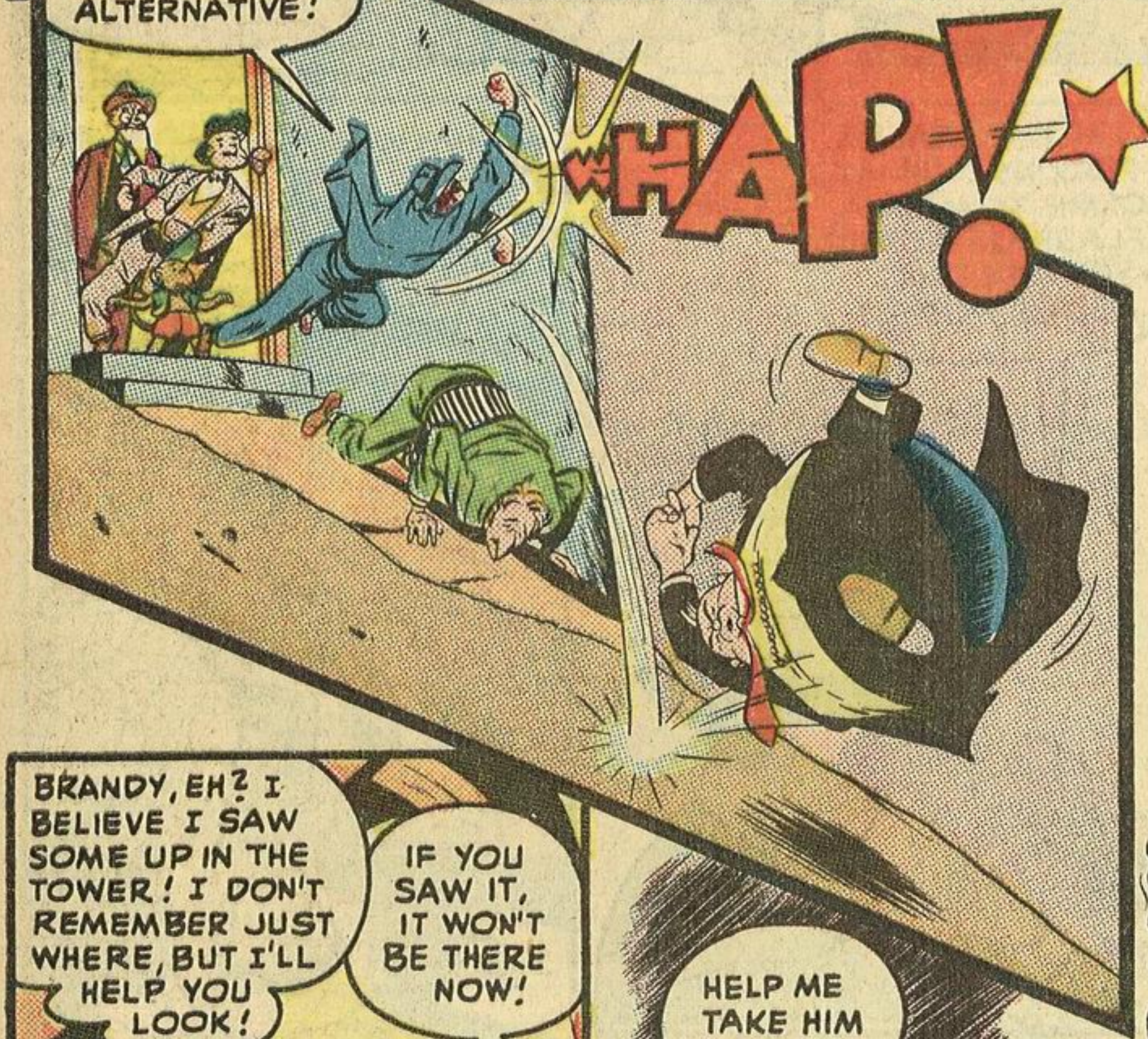
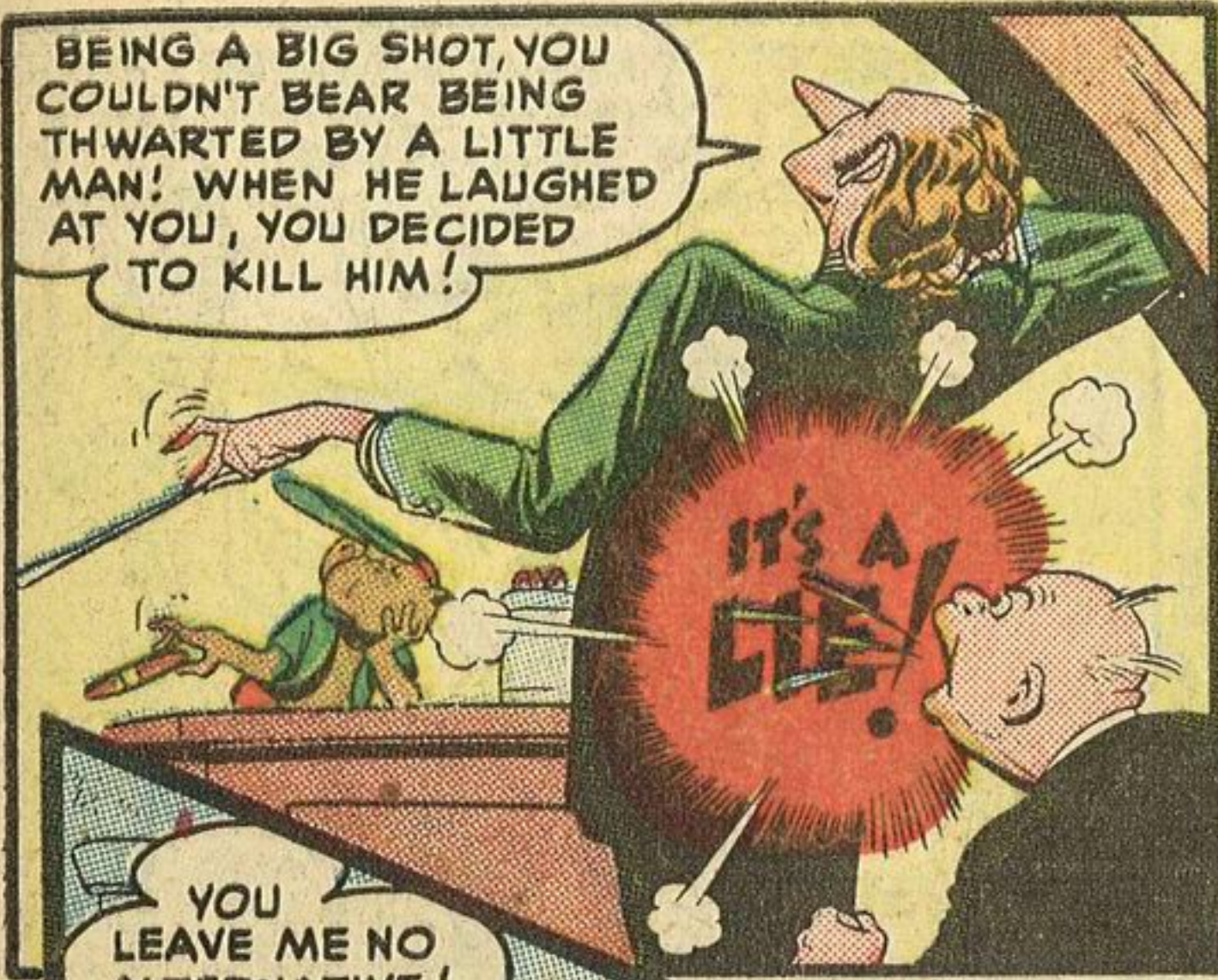


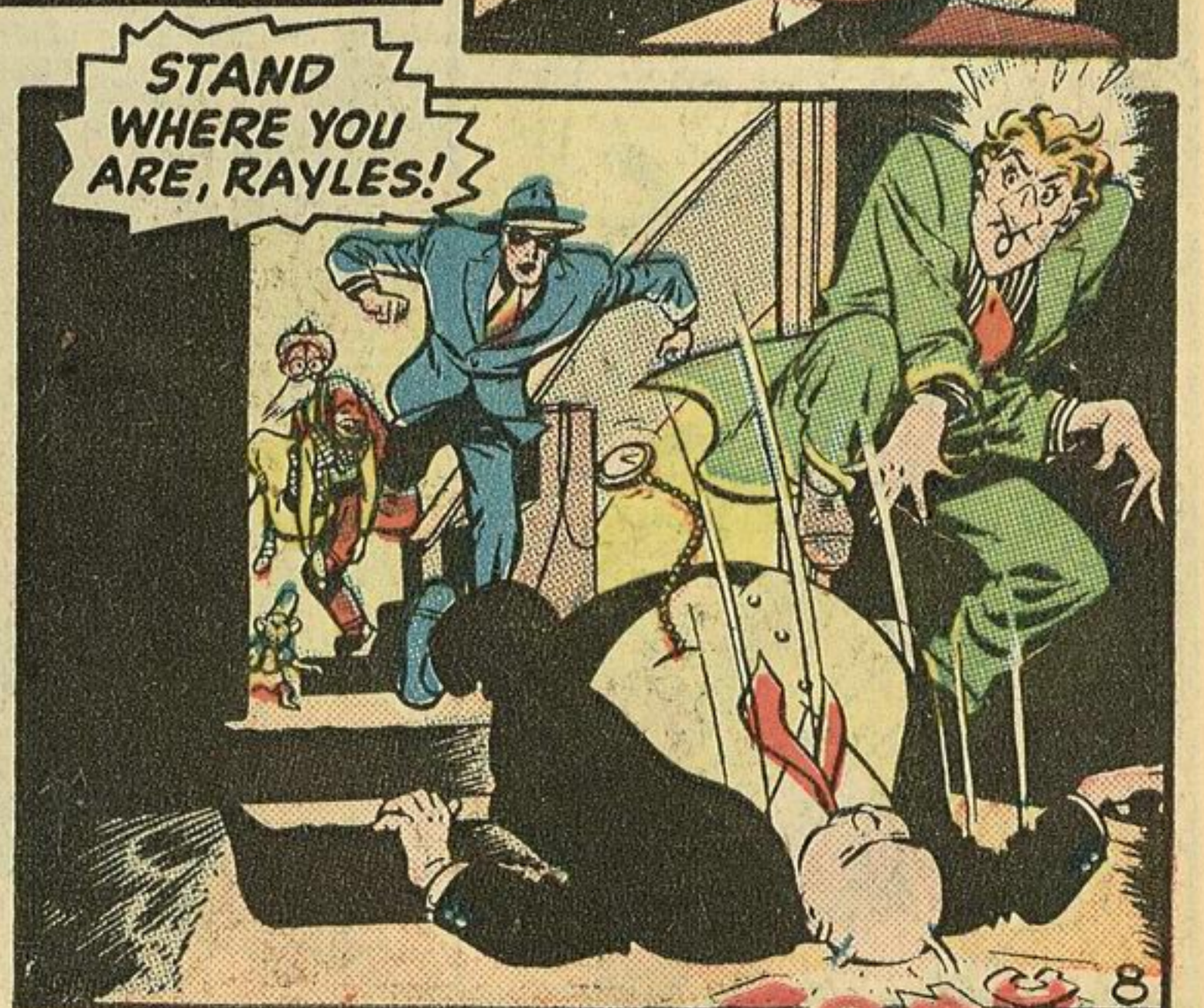
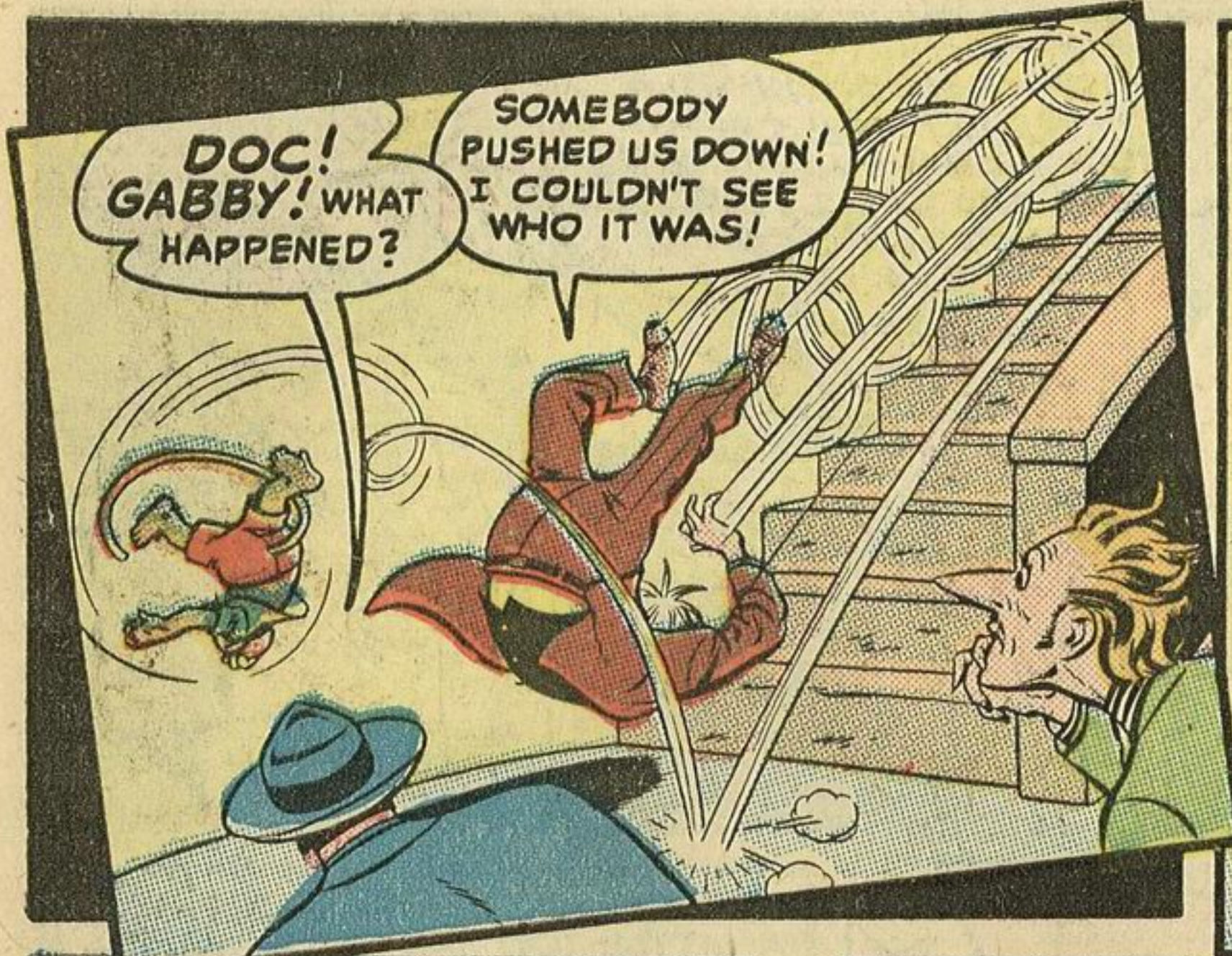


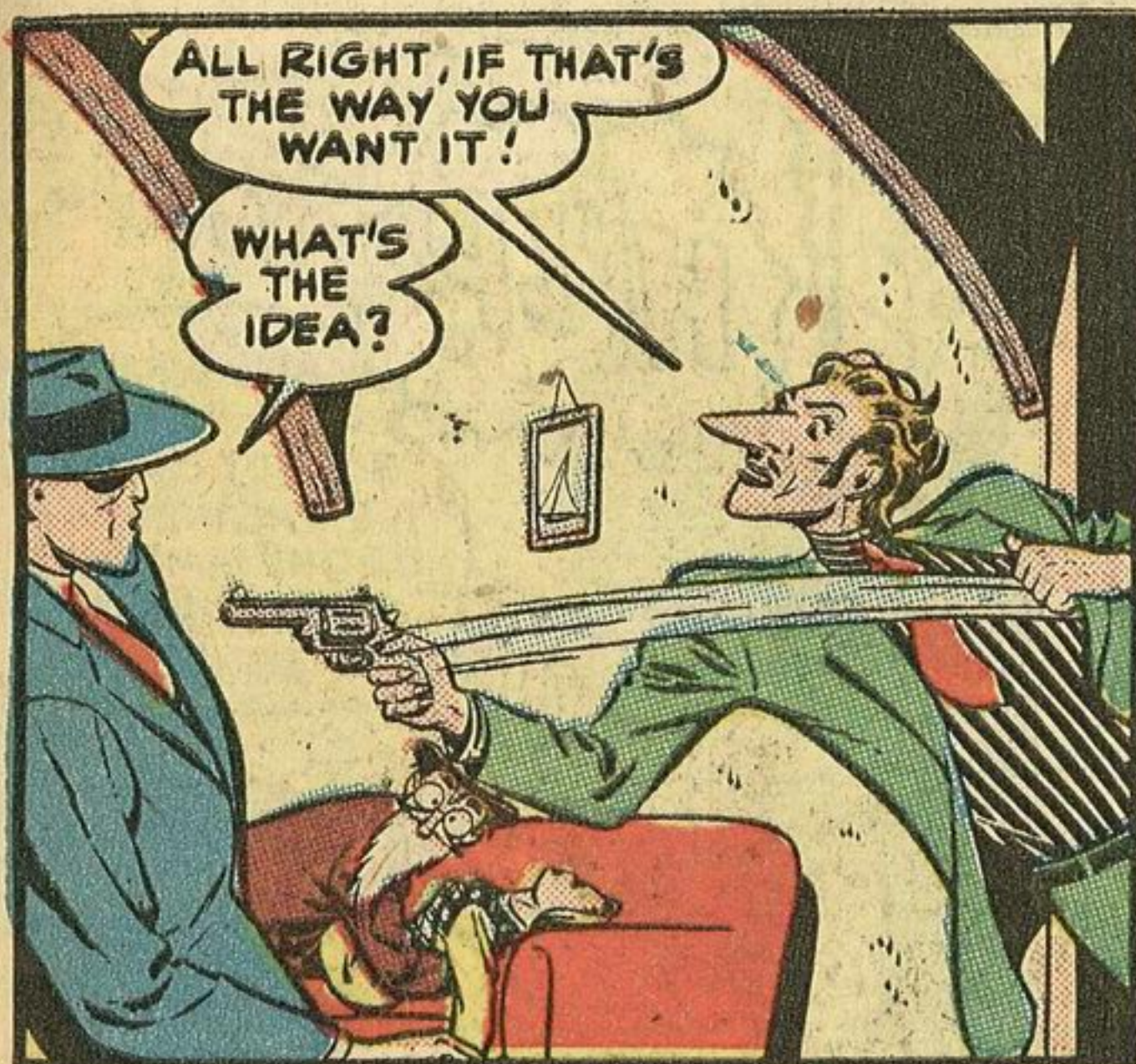


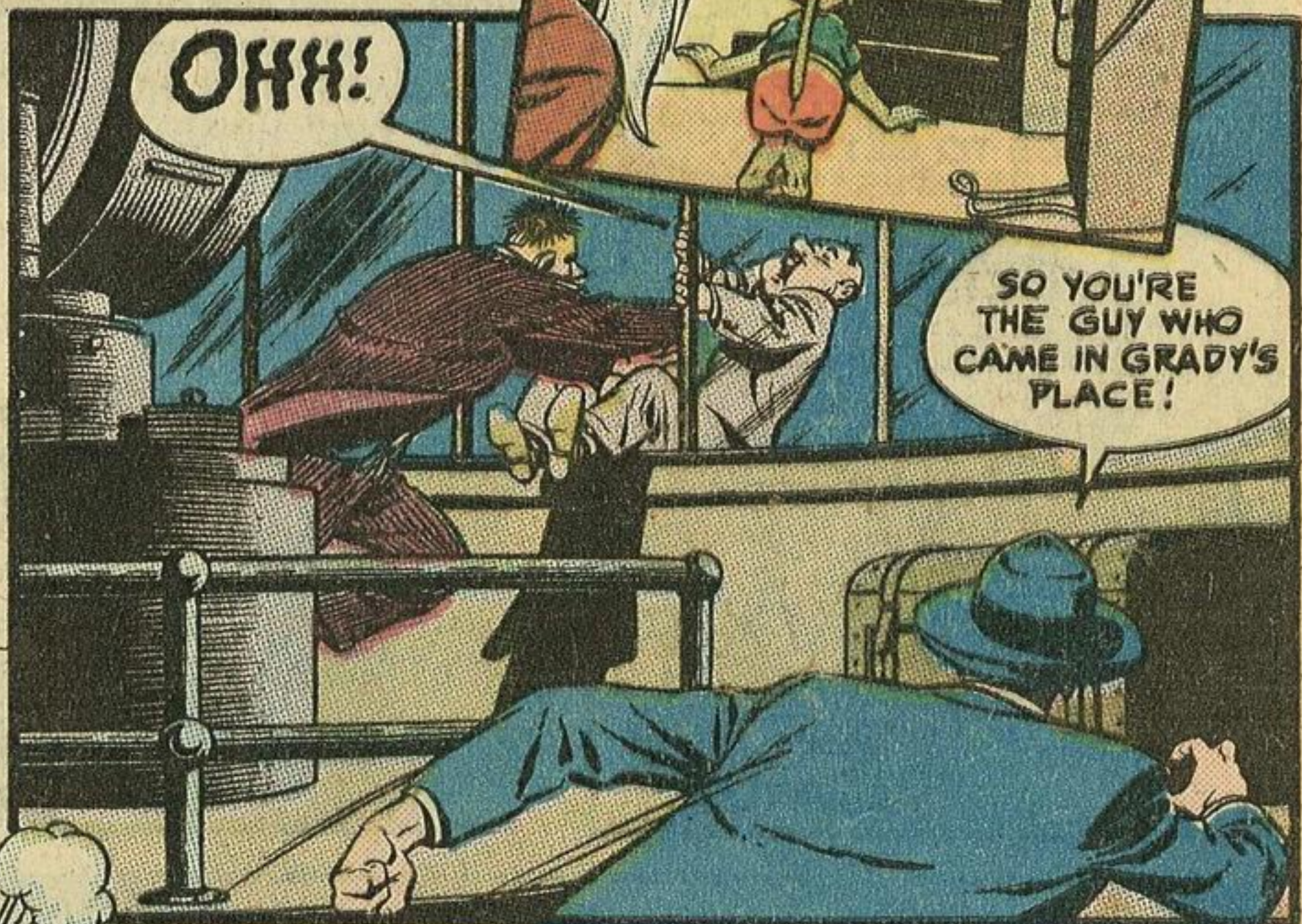
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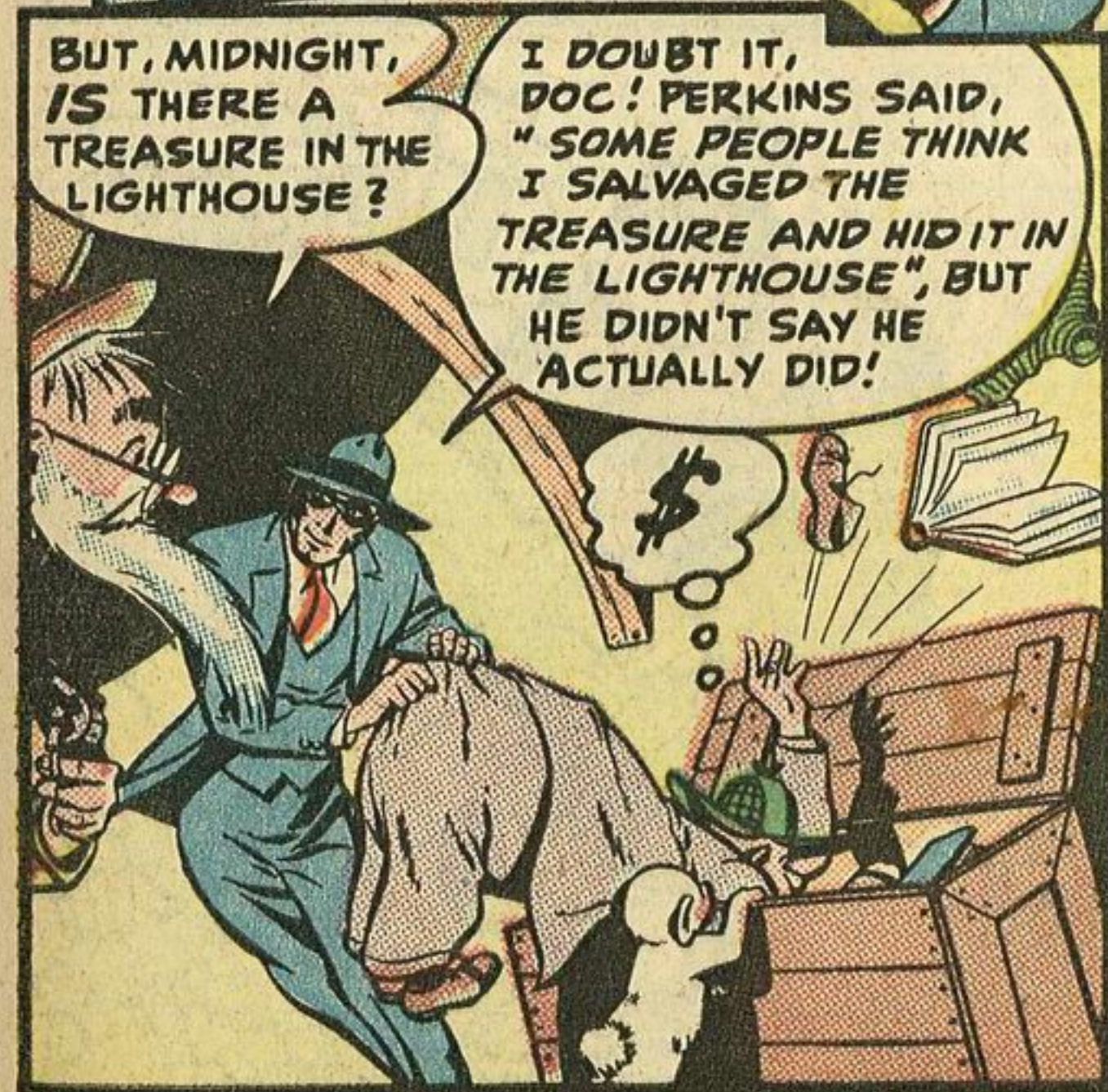


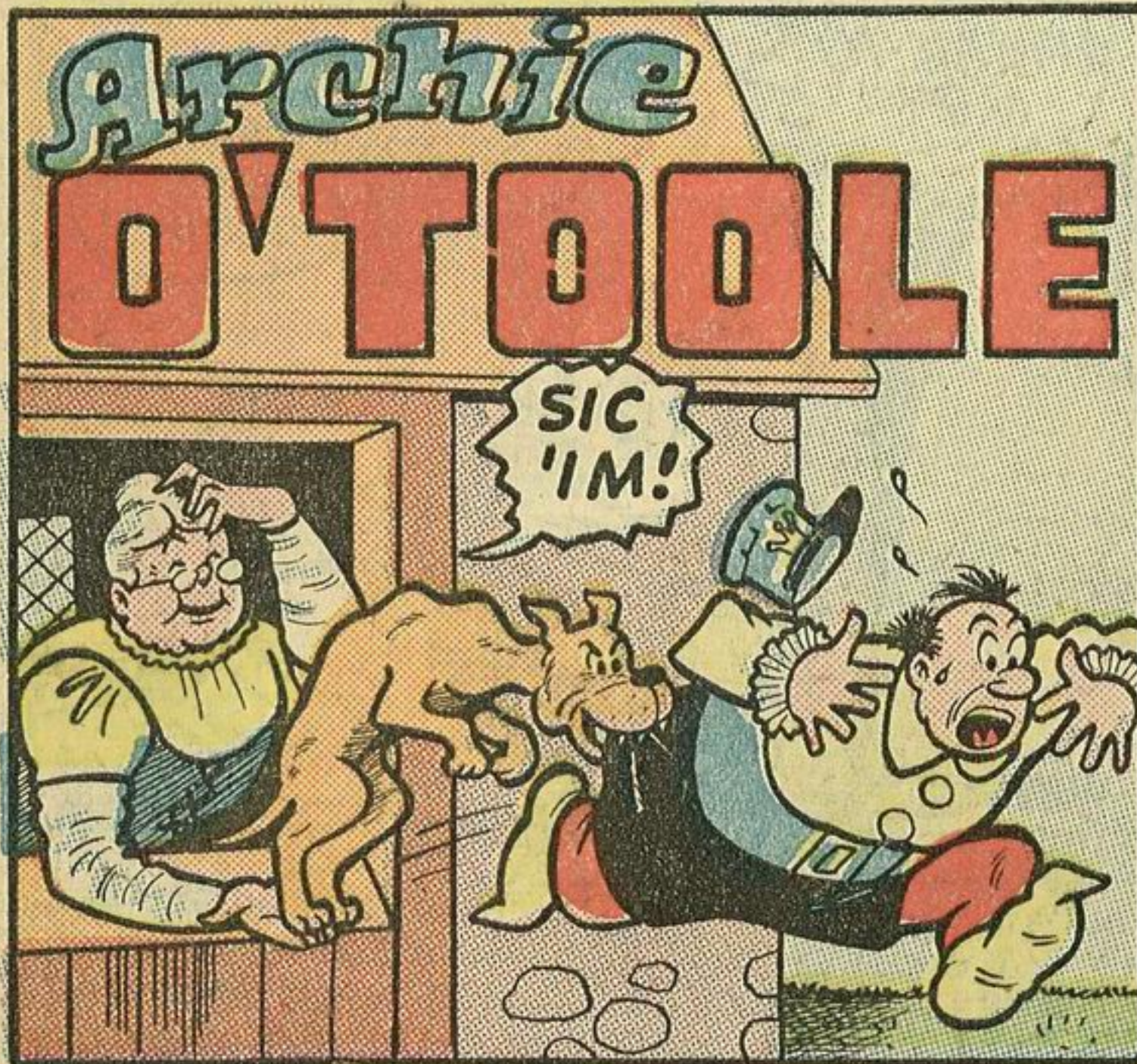






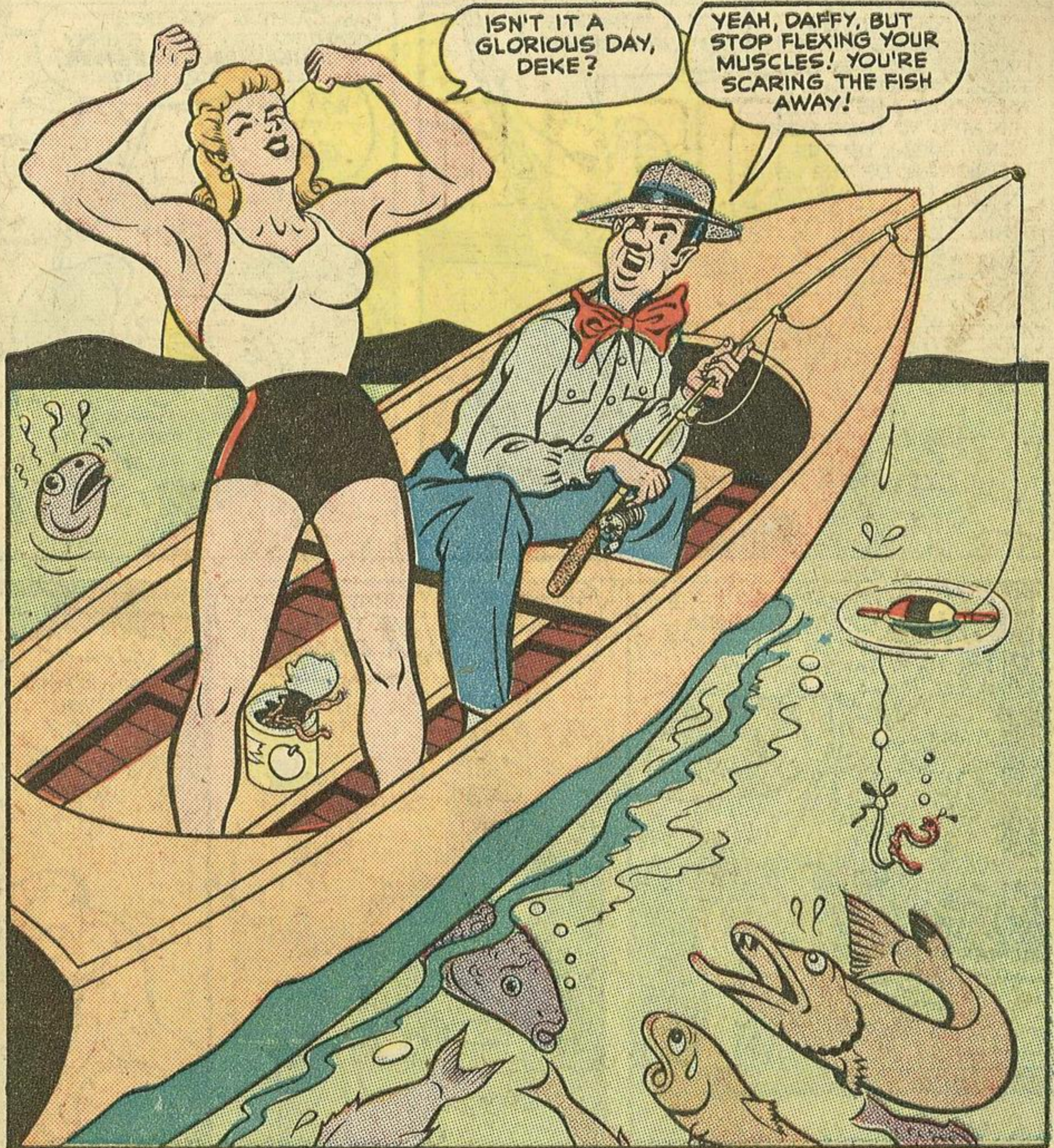




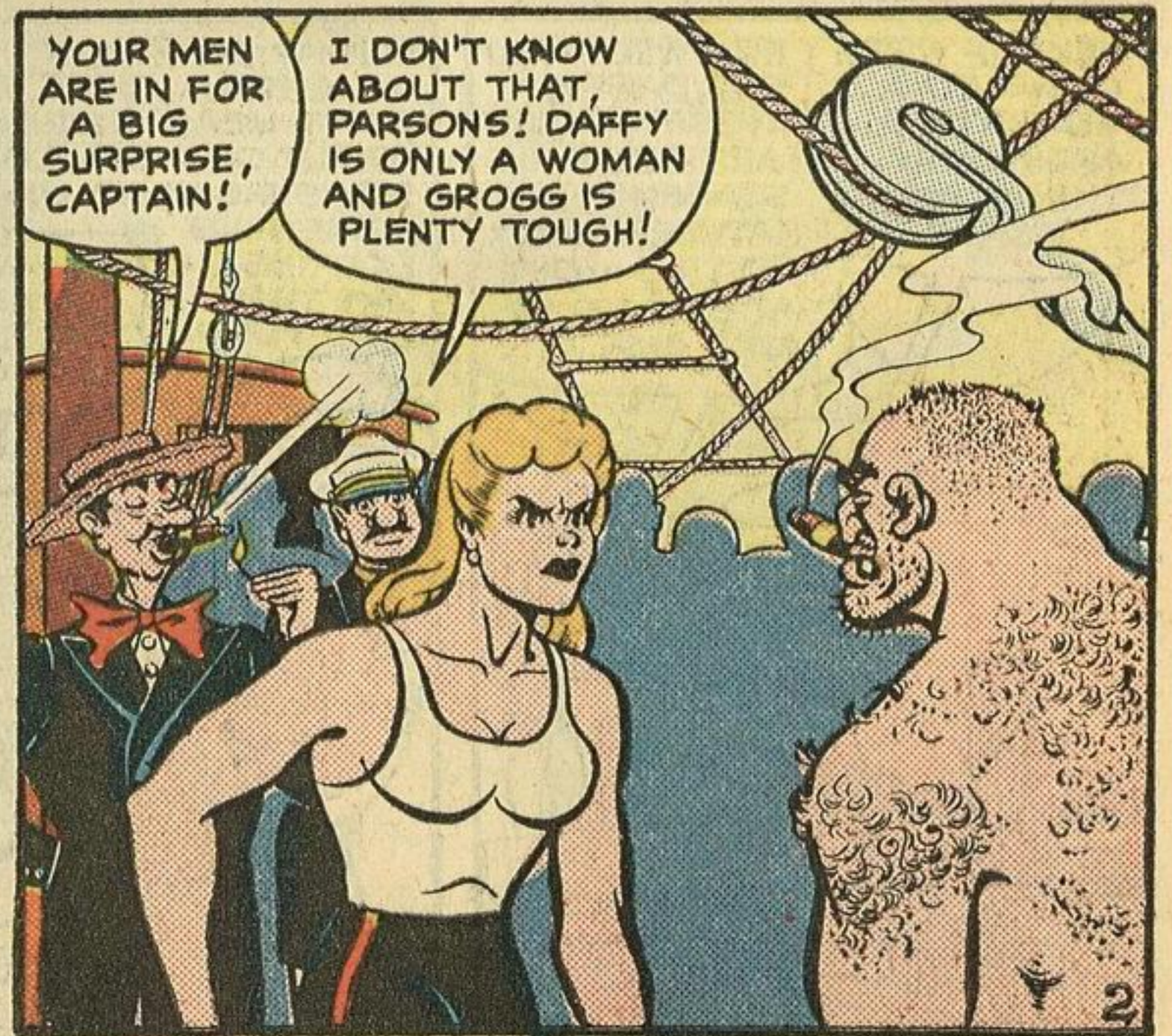
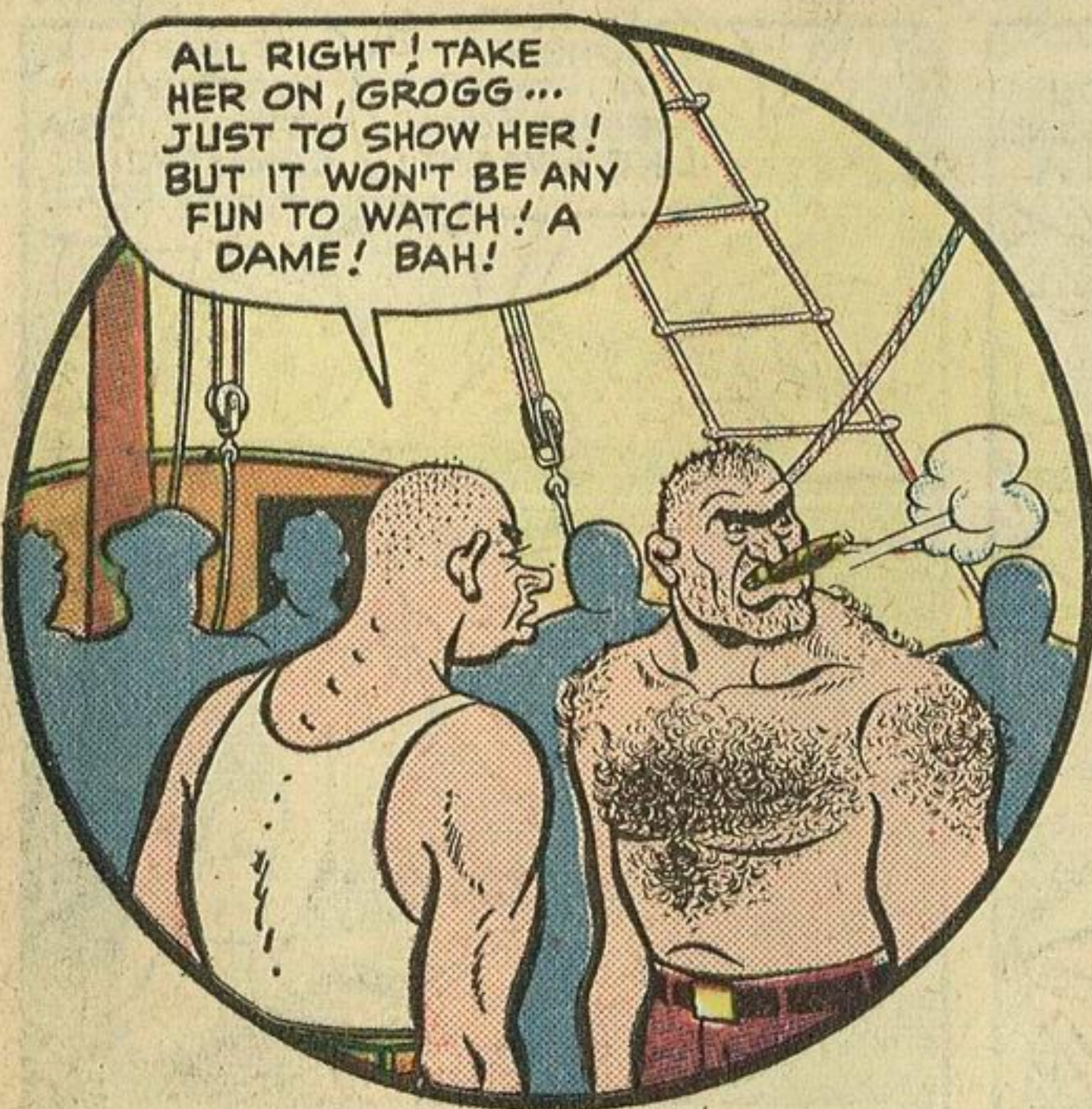
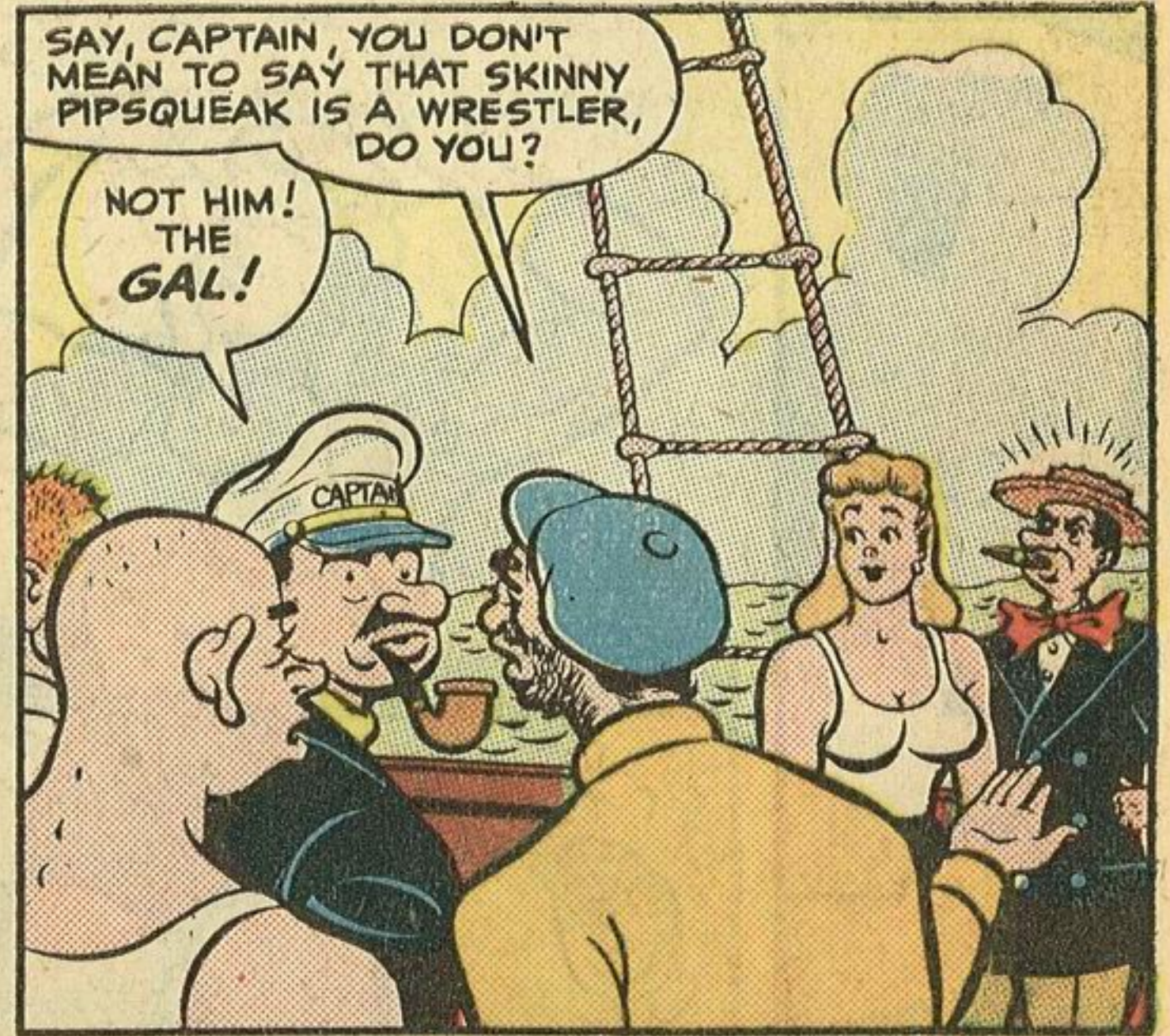
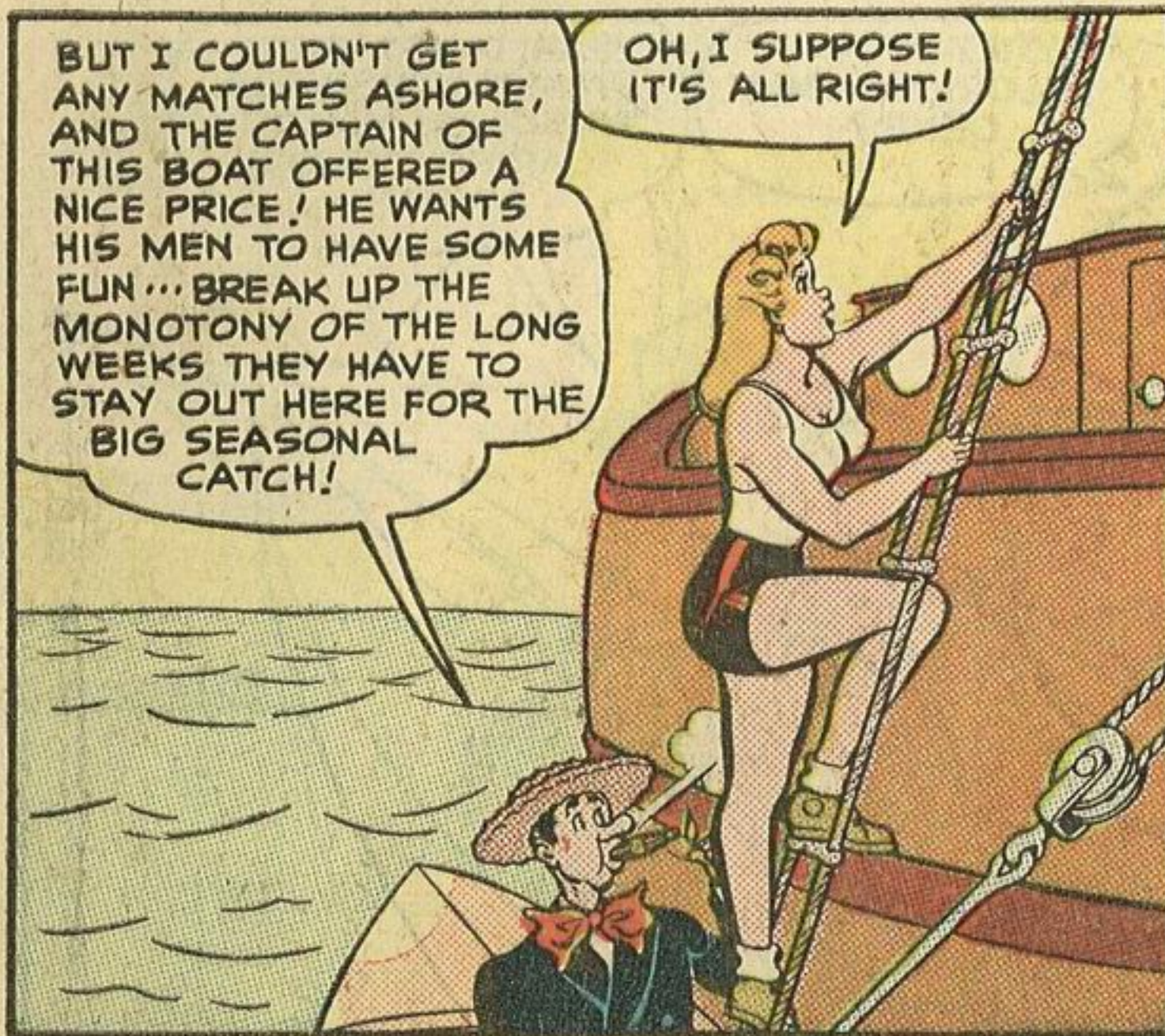


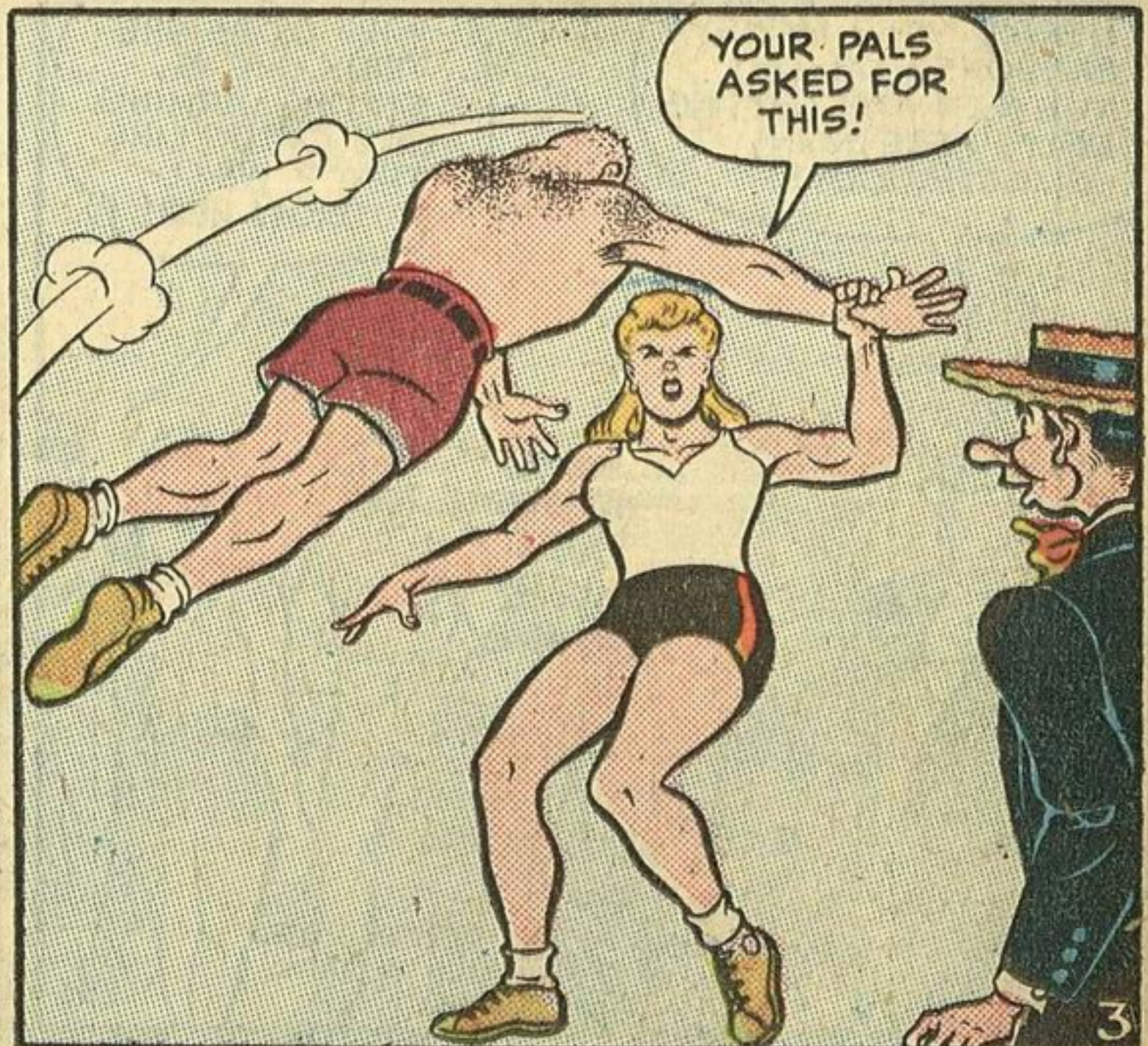
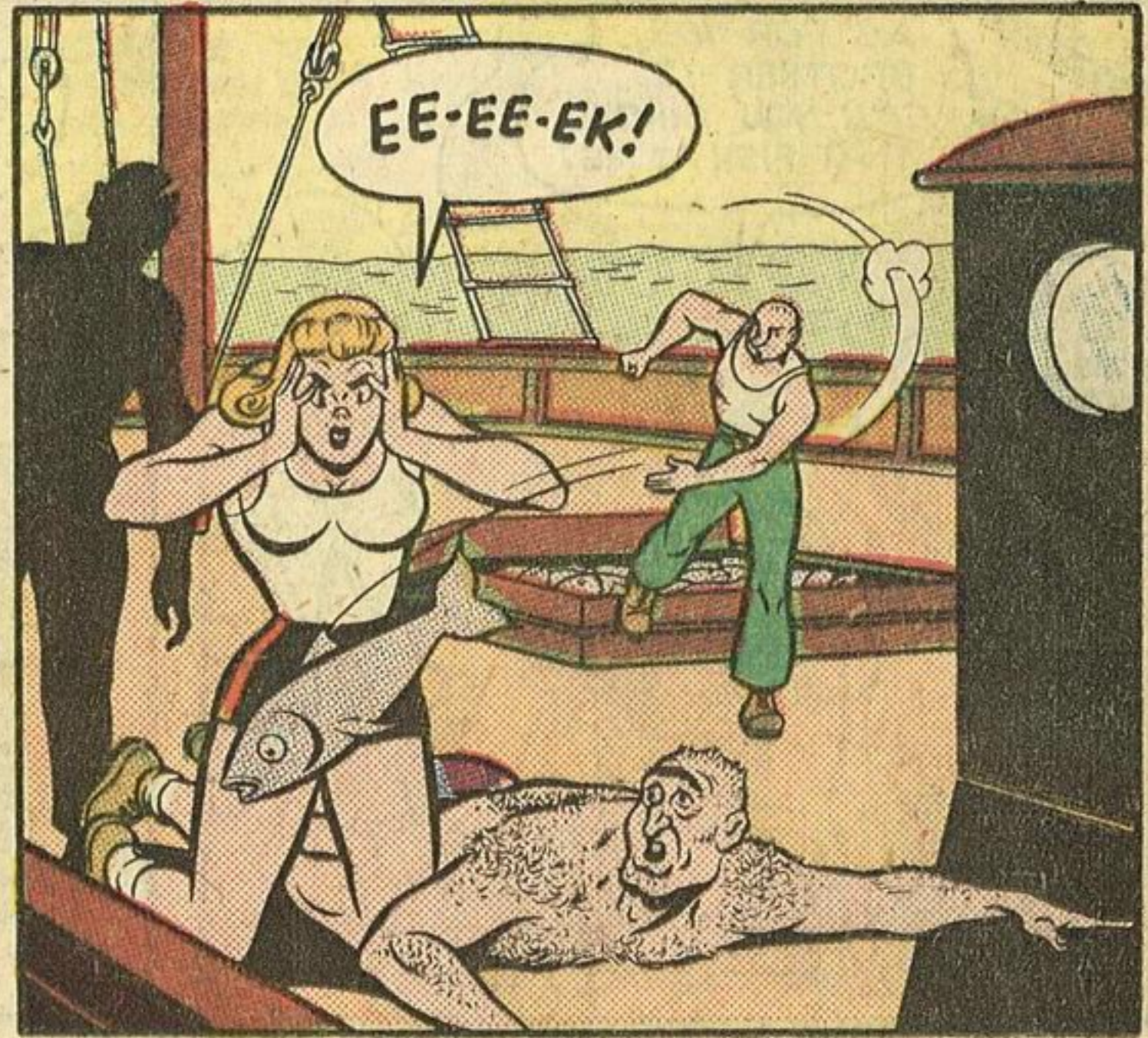
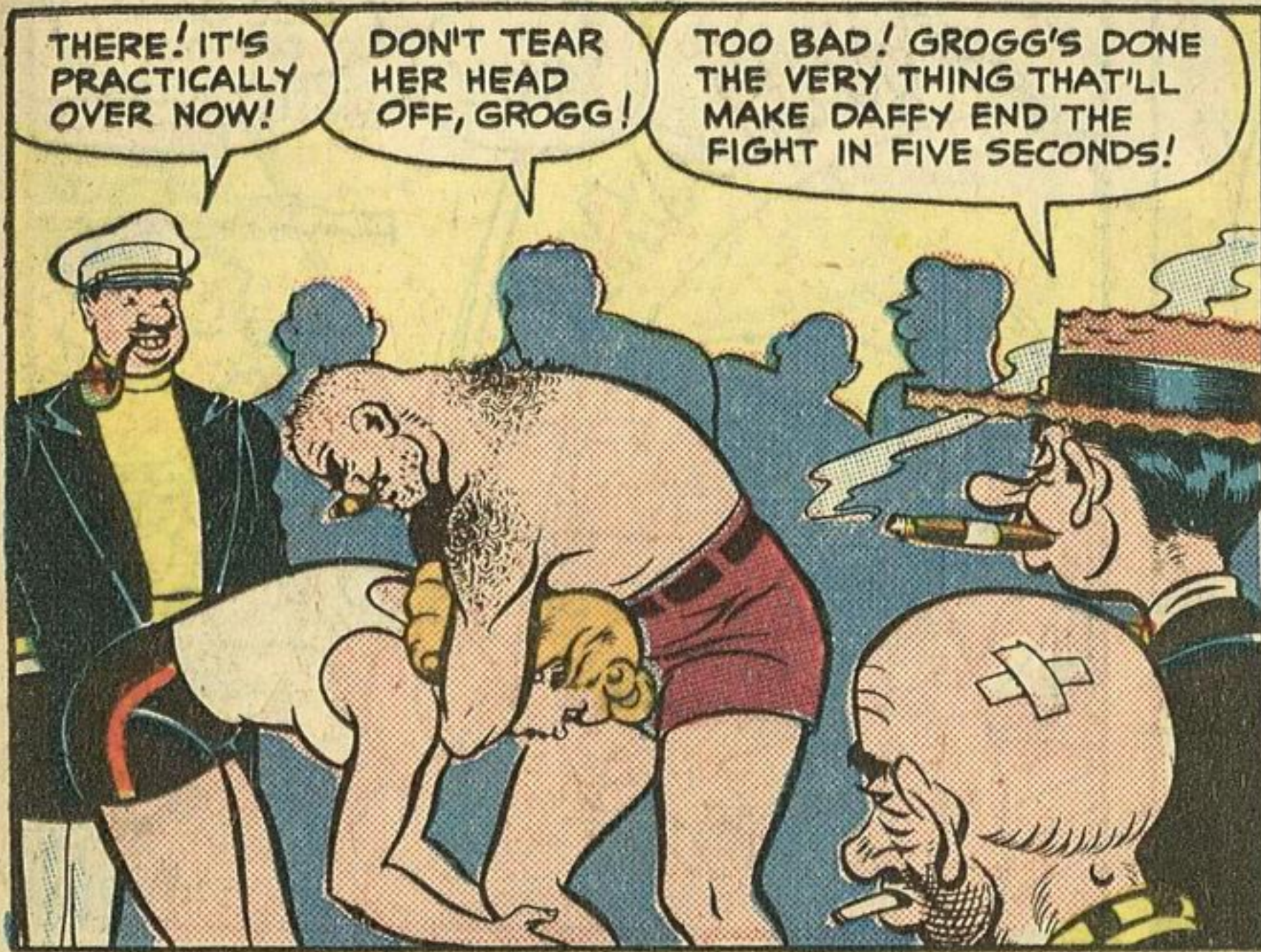
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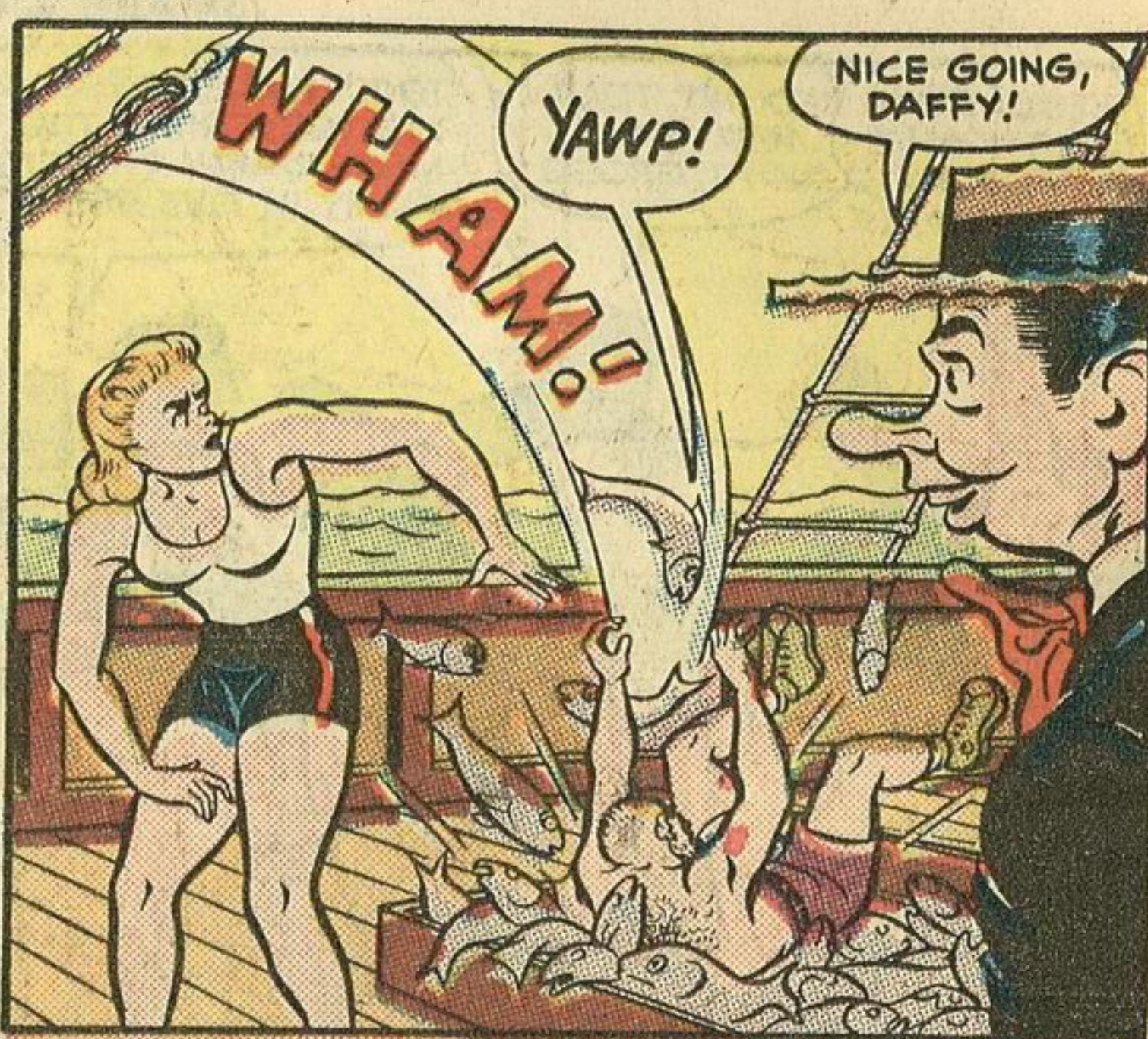
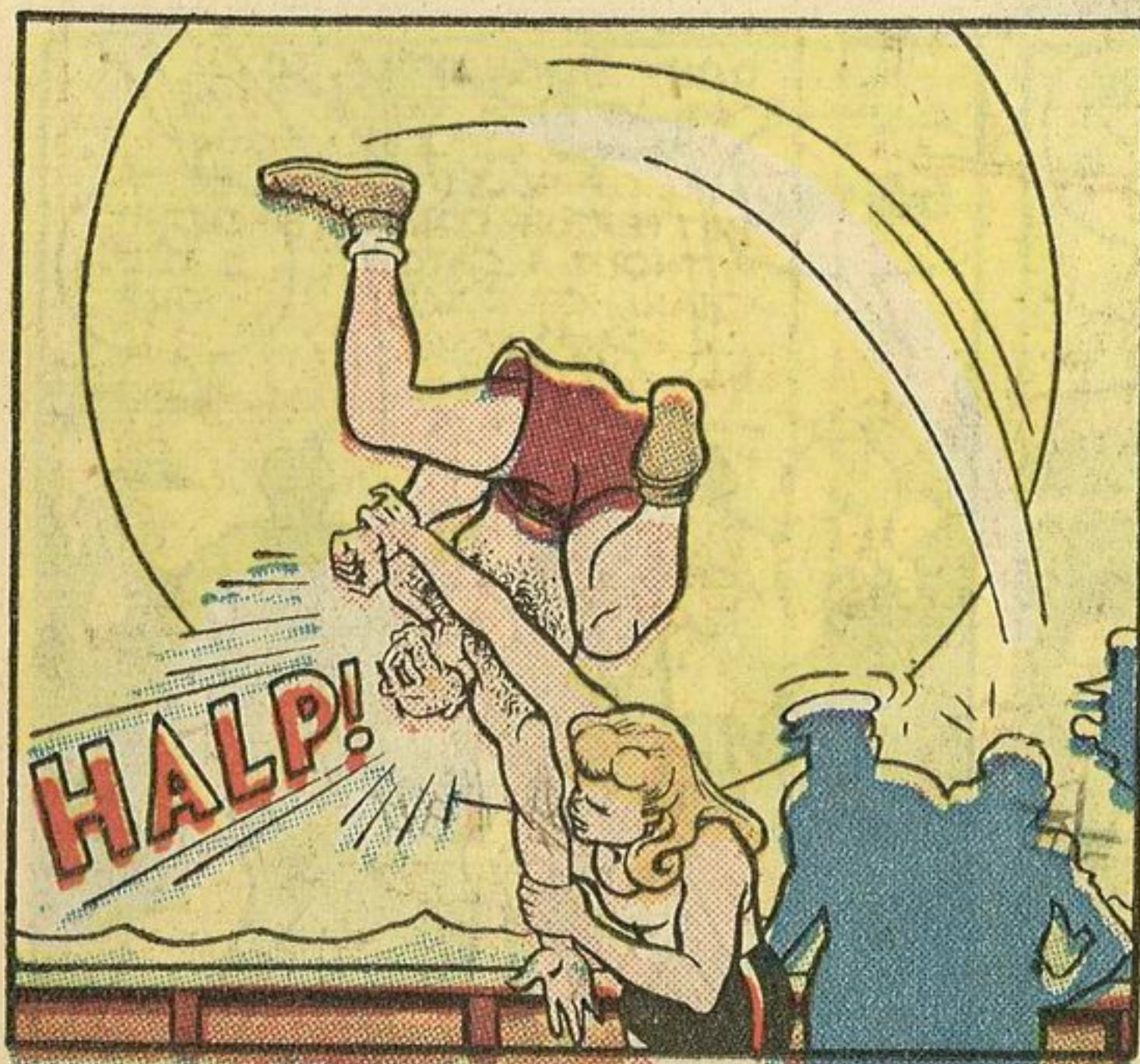
DAFFY

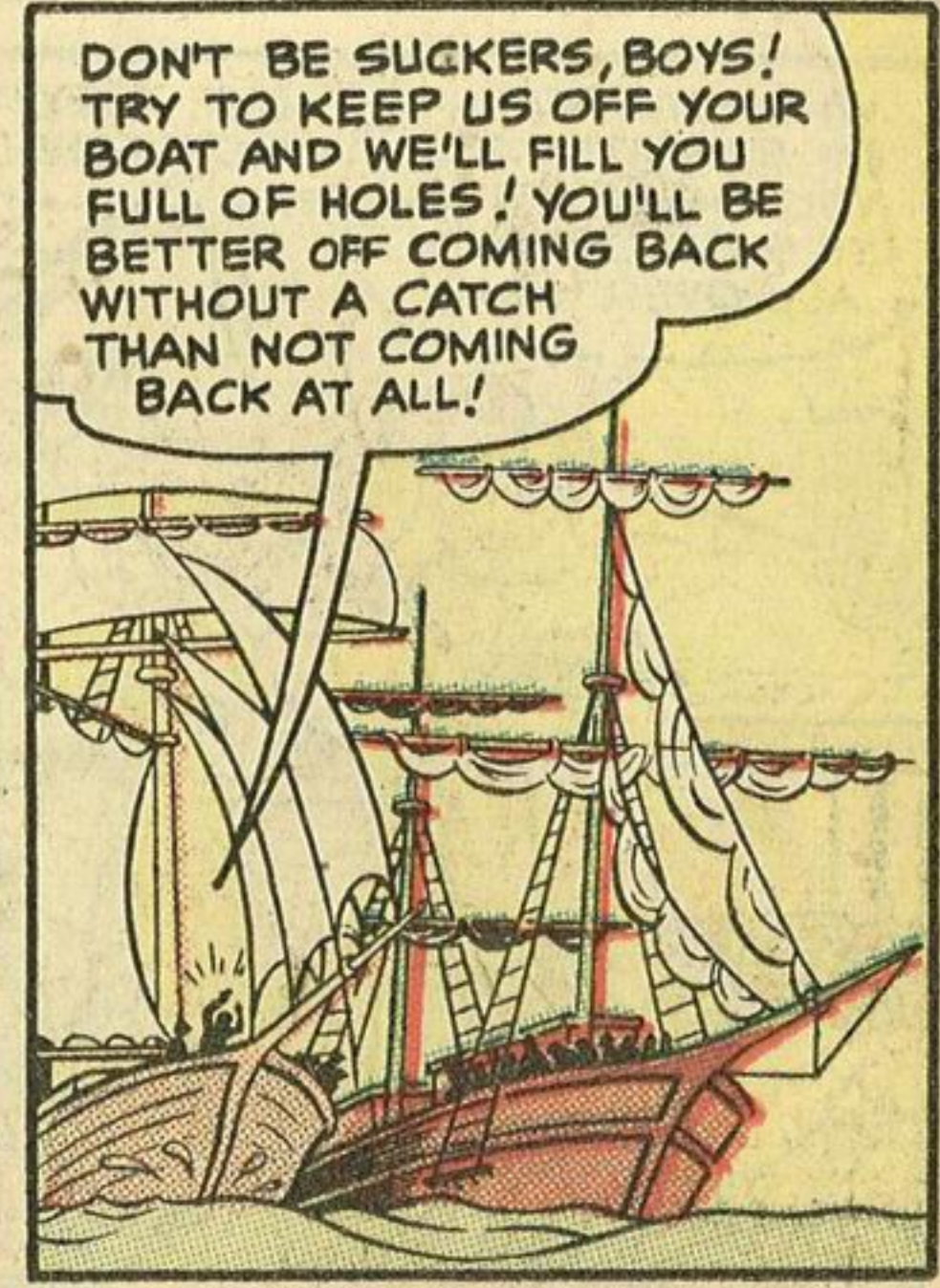


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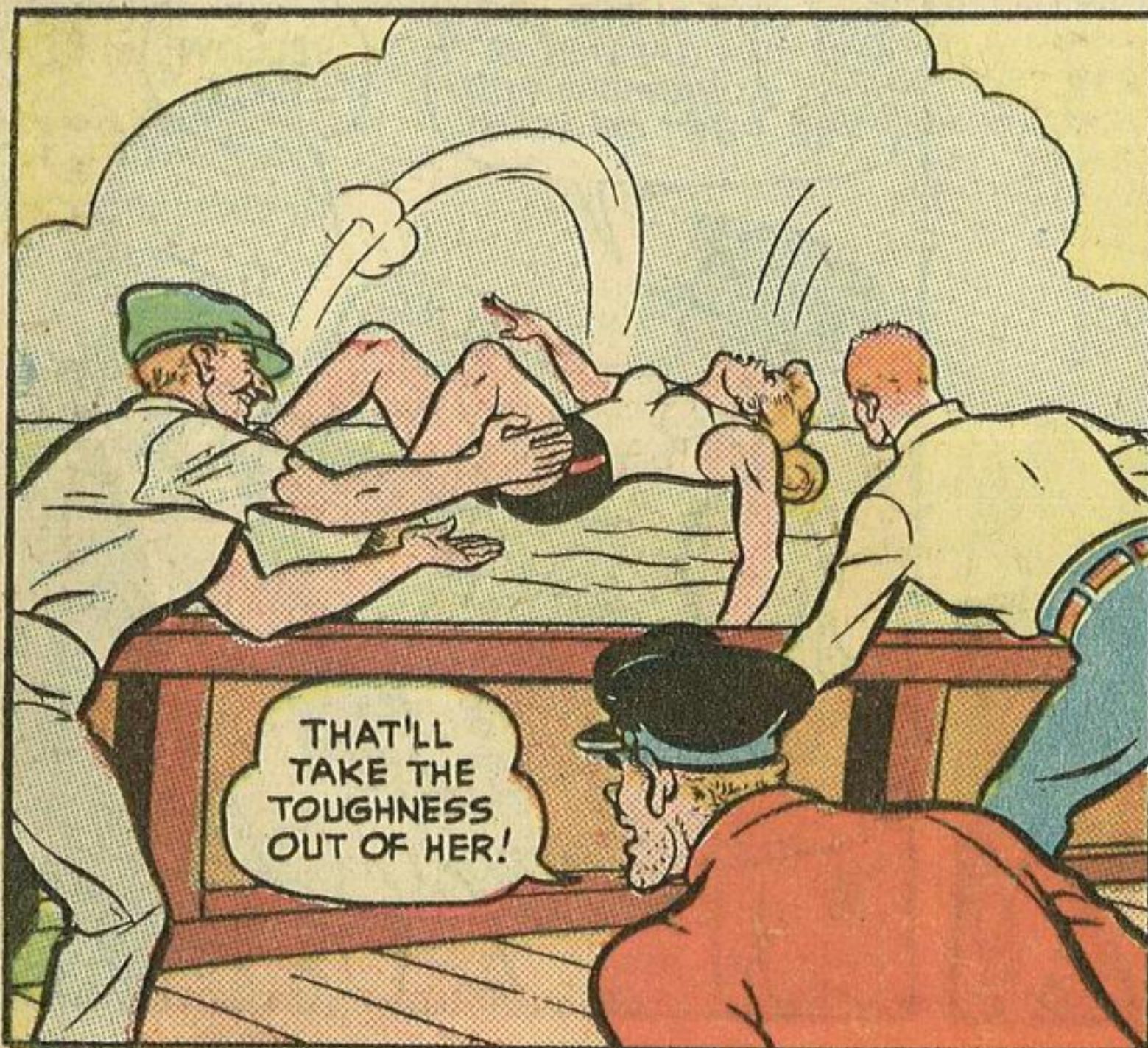
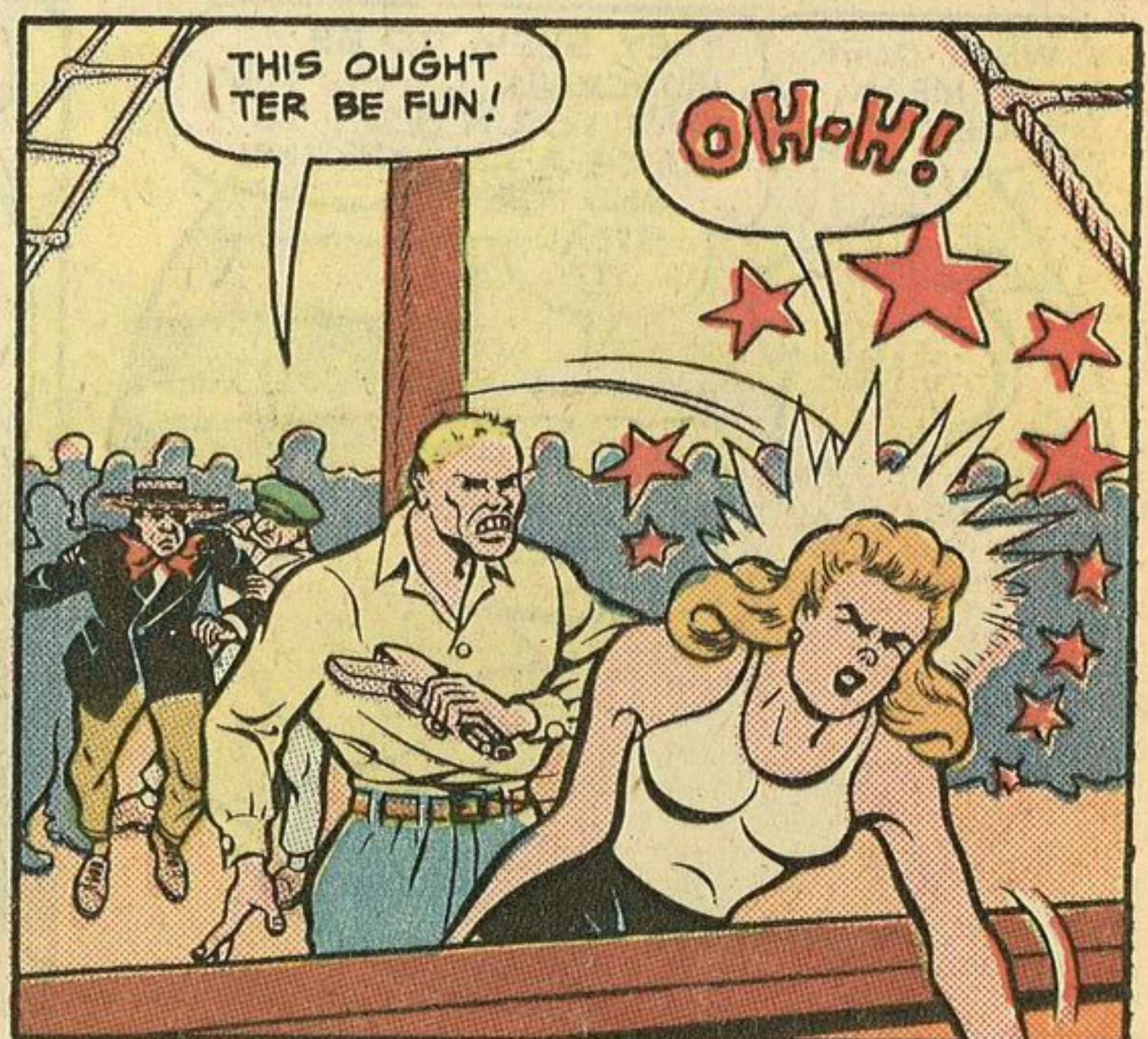
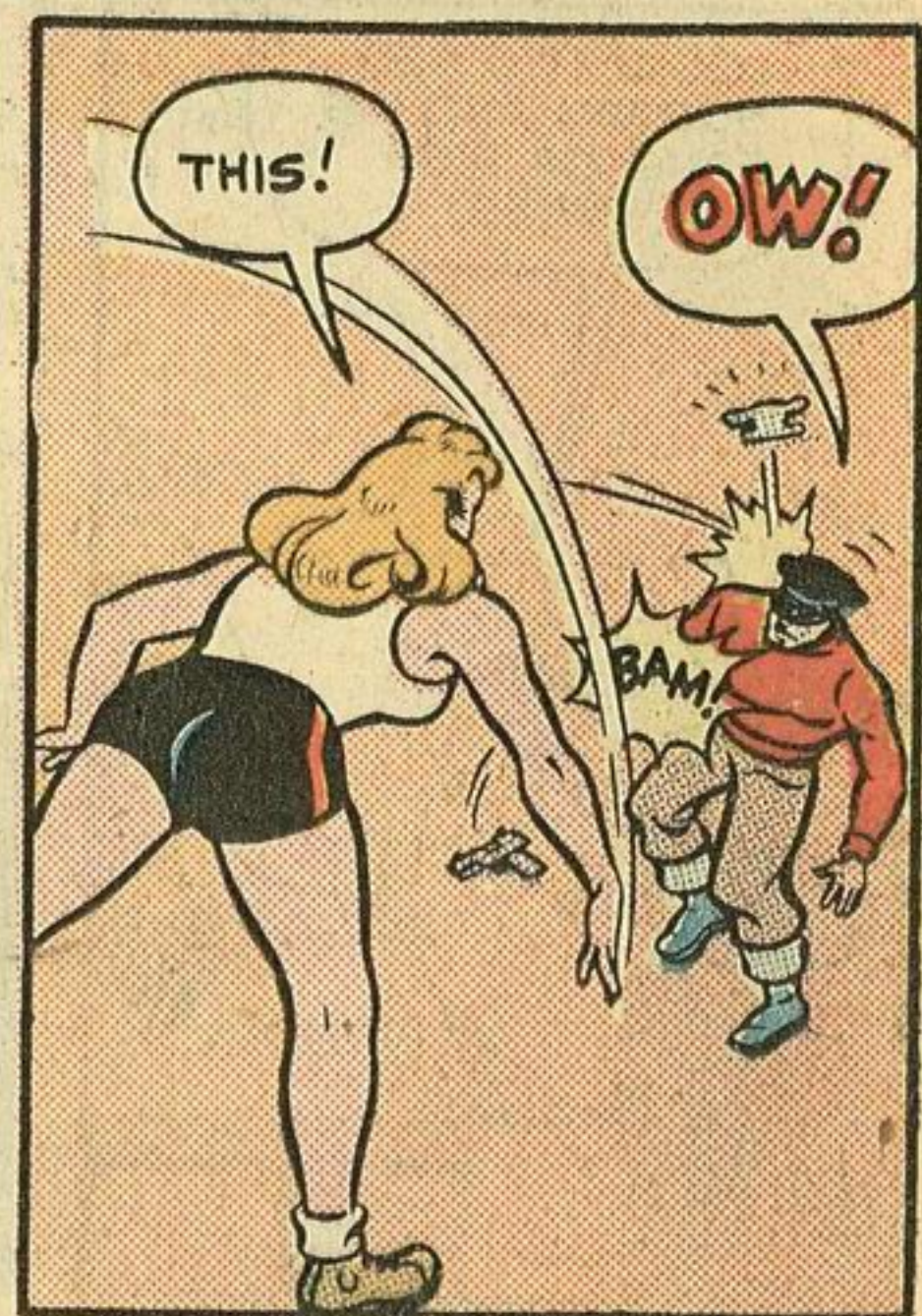








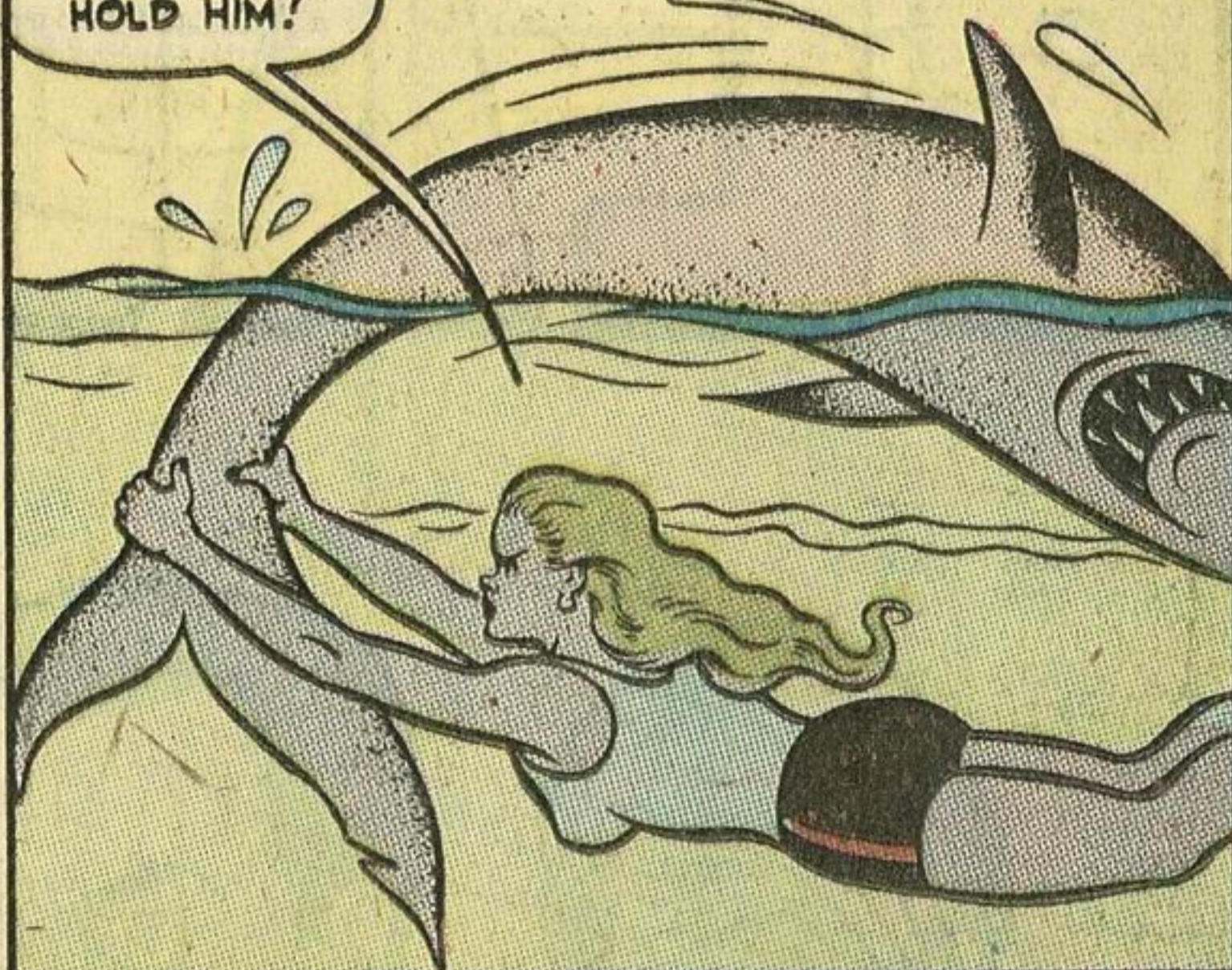
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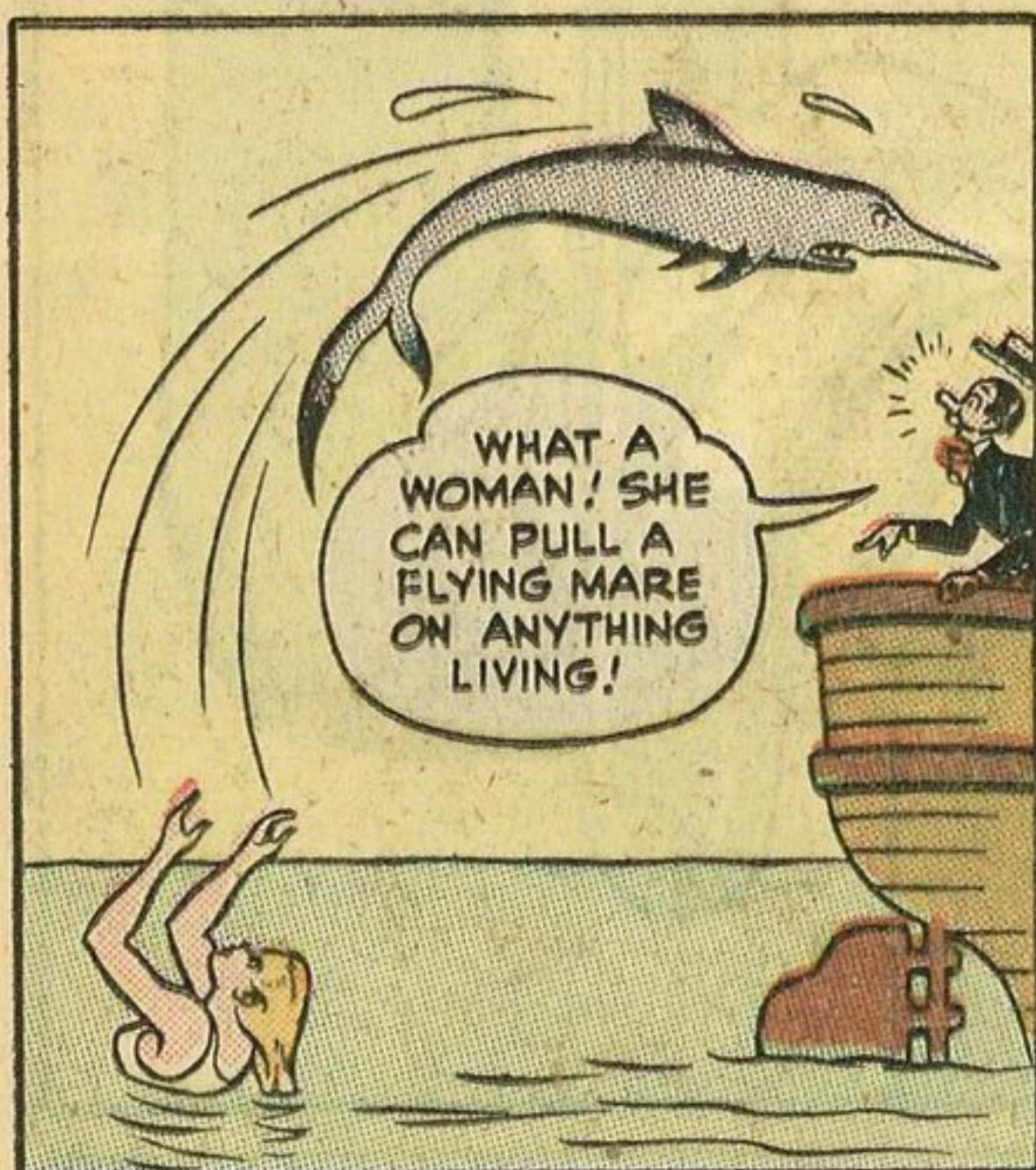
OH, DEAR! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO OUTSWIM HIM! MAYBE I CAN GET HIM UNDER!



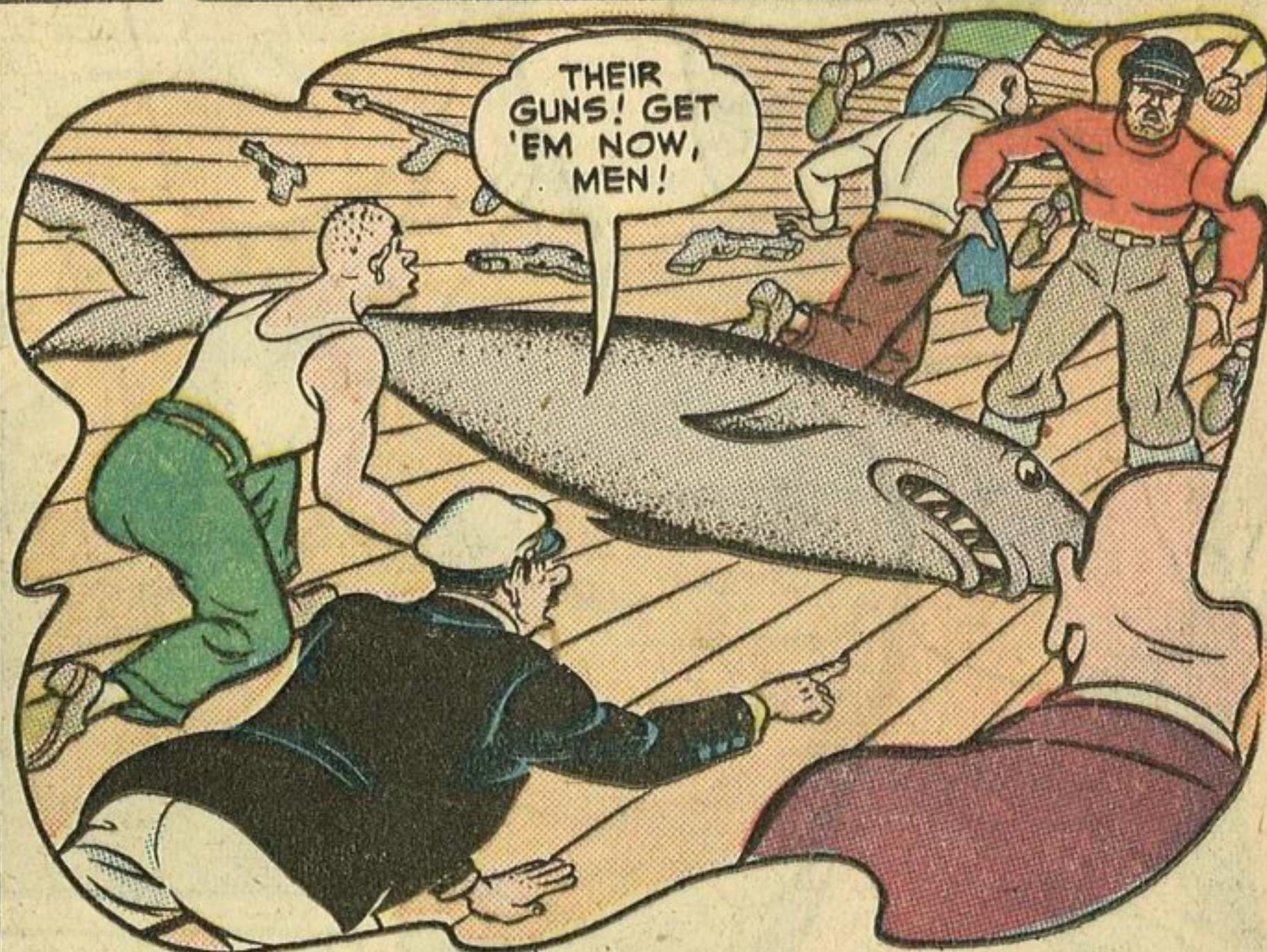
NOW IF I CAN HOLD HIM!



WHAT A WOMAN! SHE CAN PULL A FLYING MARE ON ANYTHING LIVING!



THEIR GUNS! GET 'EM NOW, MEN!

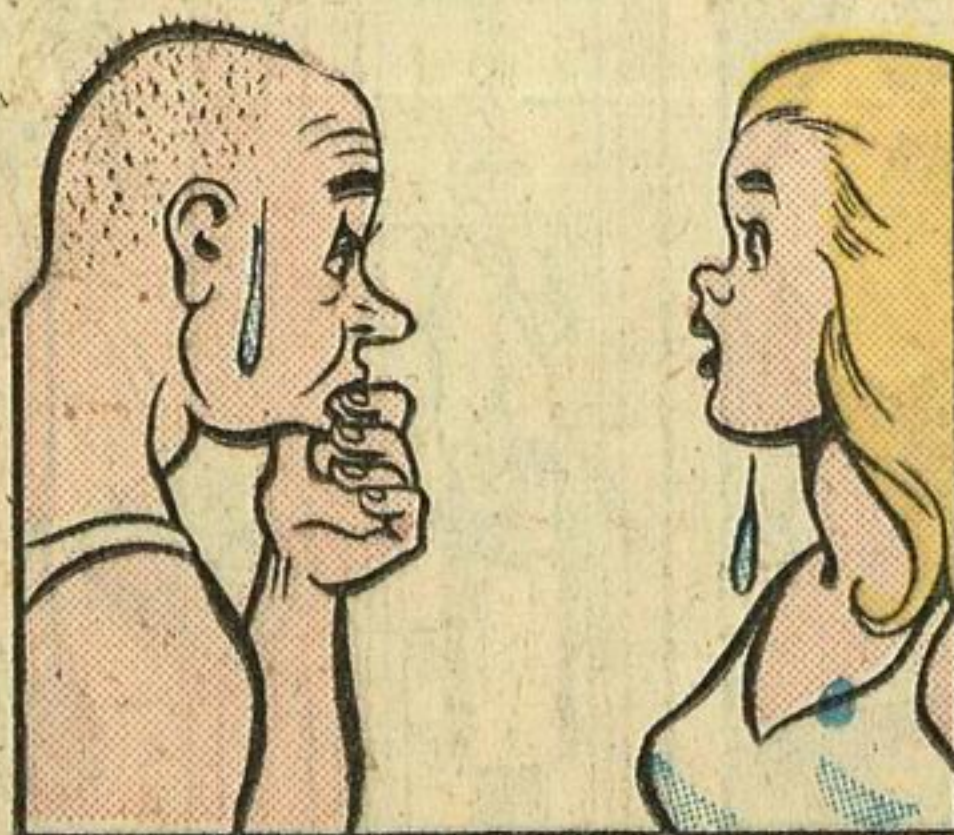


YOU'LL GET TWENTY YEARS THIS TIME, BORTON, AND THE FISHING FLEET'LL BE RID OF A DIRTY SCAVENGER!

DAFFY, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!

ALL US BOYS WANT TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU, MISS DAFFY! YOU'RE A TERRIFIC FIGHTER AND A GREAT LADY!

FORGET IT, BOYS! THERE WAS NO REAL HARM DONE!



DAFFY, LOOK! IT'S A PRESENT FROM THE MEN ON THE FISHING BOAT!

FISH! UGH! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT ANOTHER ONE FOR A YEAR!



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BLACK X

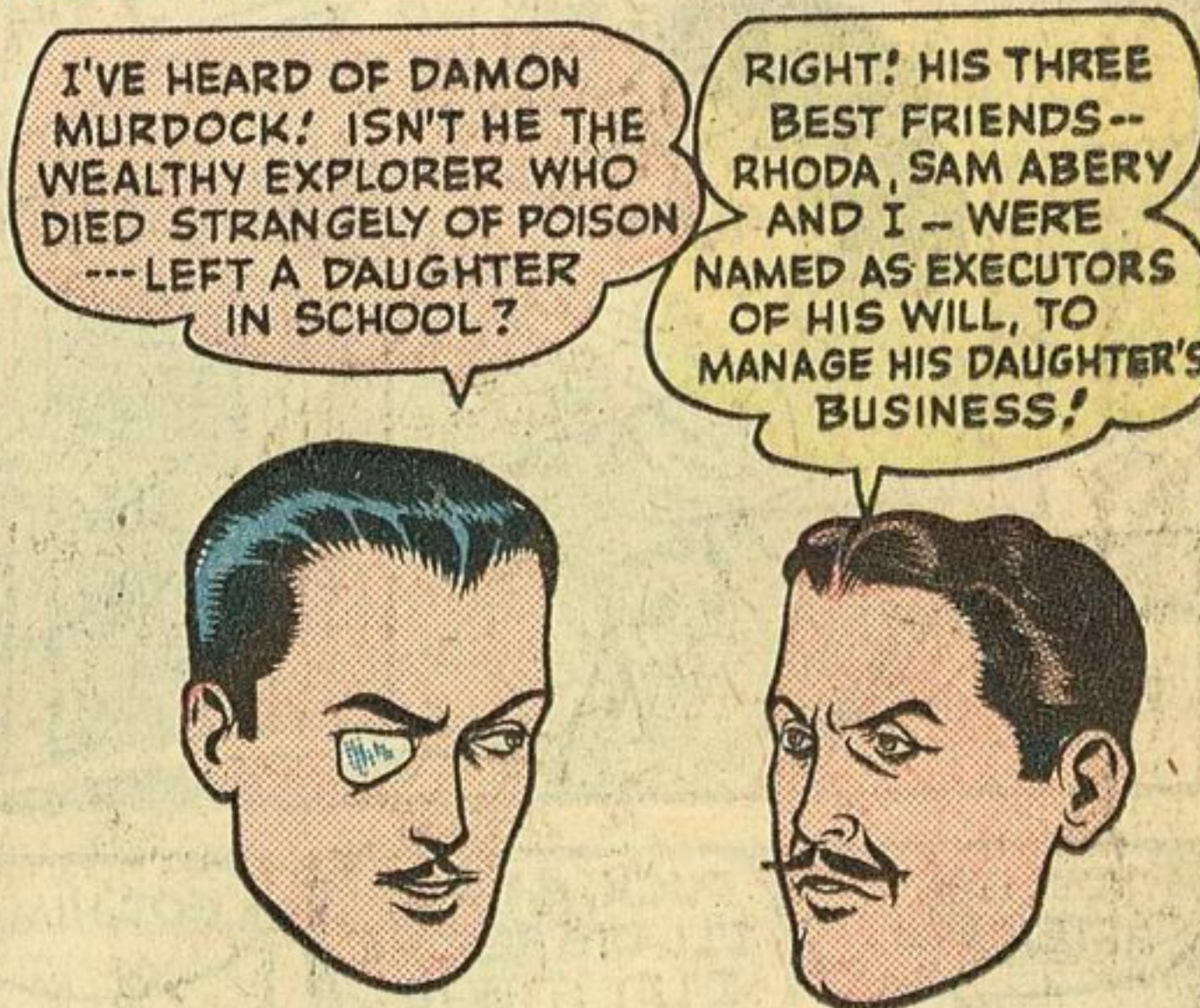


BLOOD...the stuff of life... and **DEATH!**
BLACK X, helped by the faithful BATU, his Eastern servant, uncovers a mystery that terrifies... then reveals an even more sinister plot!

WHO'S AT THE DOOR, BATU?

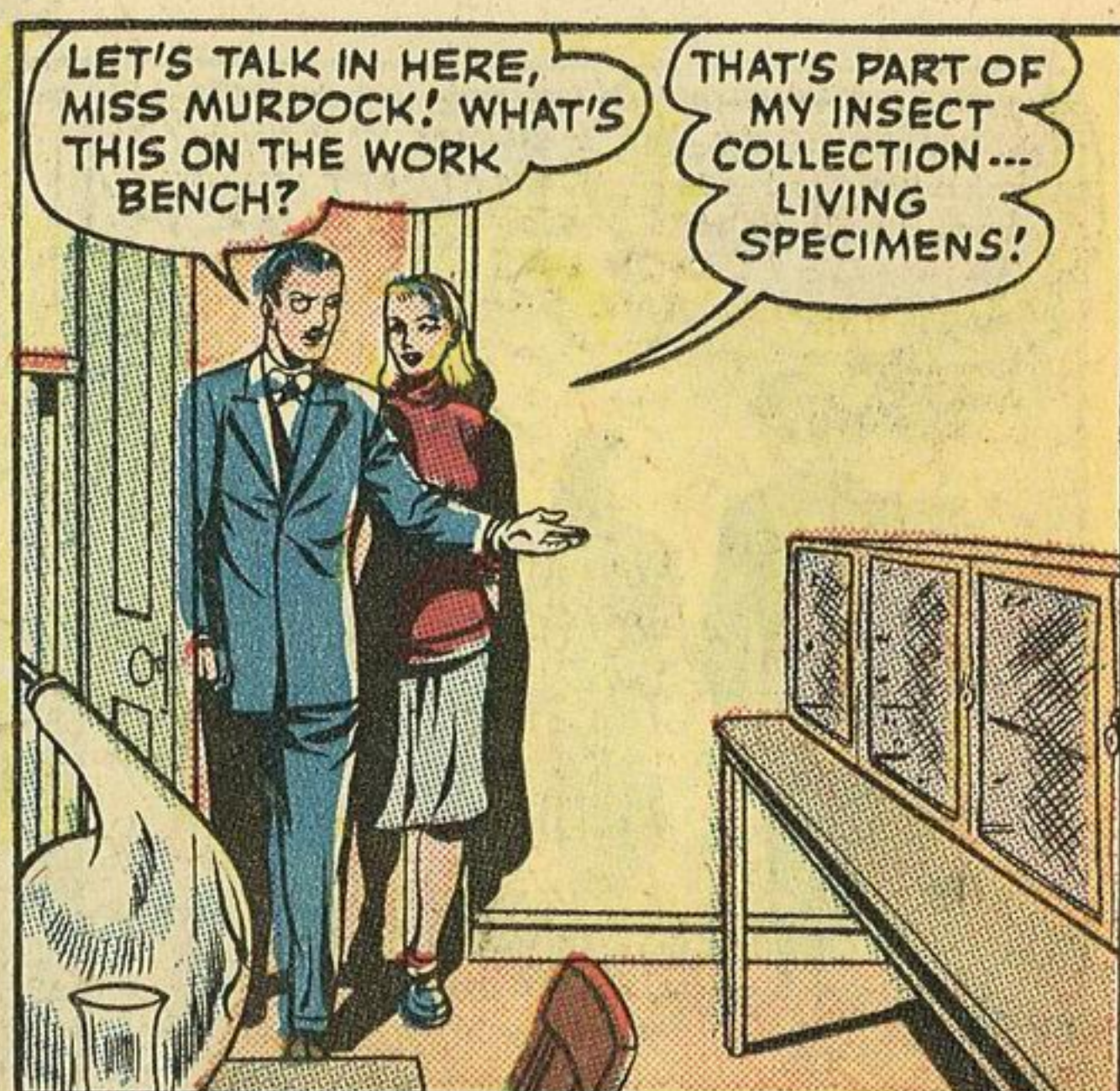
THIS LADY, SAHIB! A STRANGER... AND SHE SEEMS TO BE **DEATHLY ILL!**

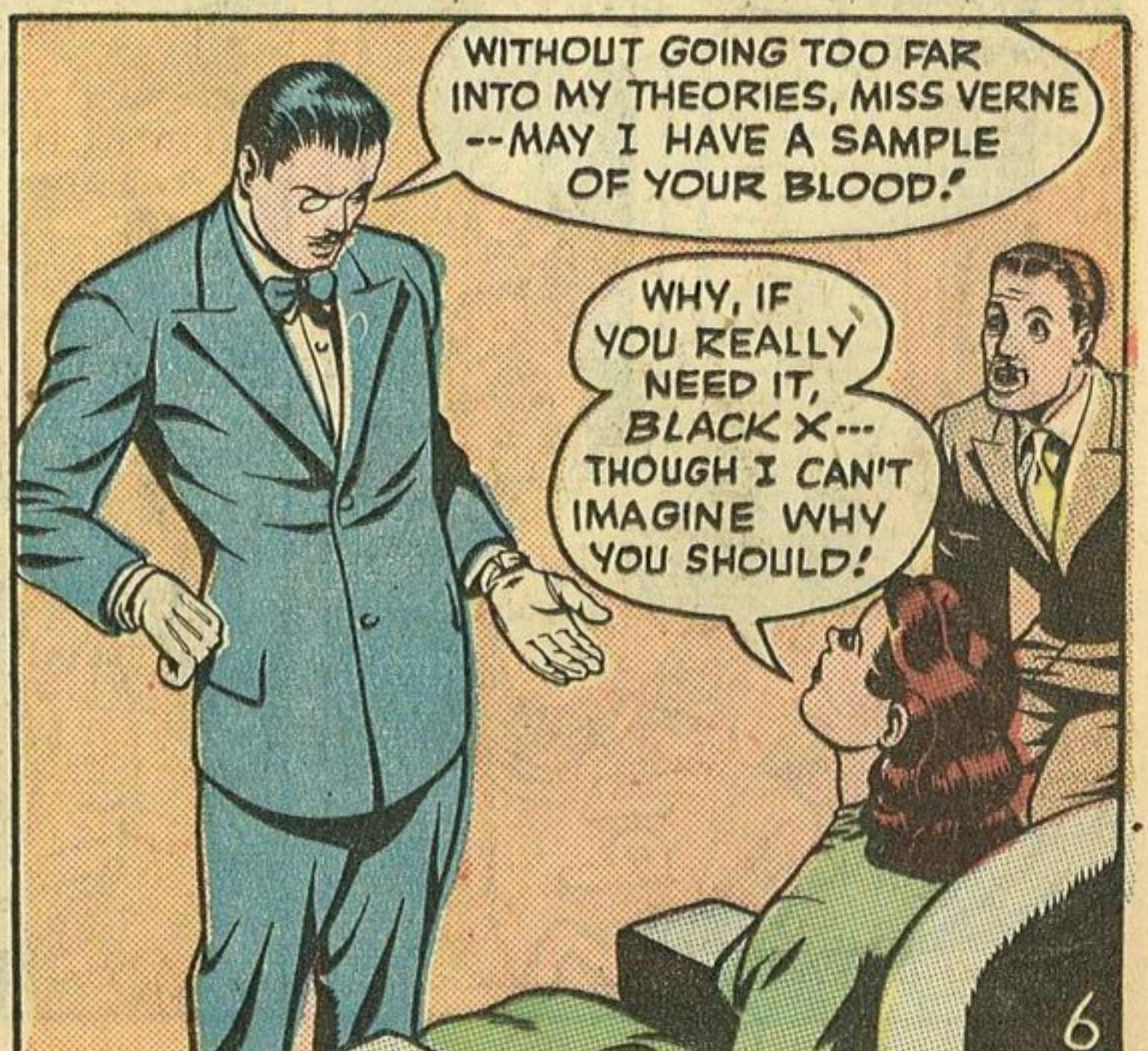


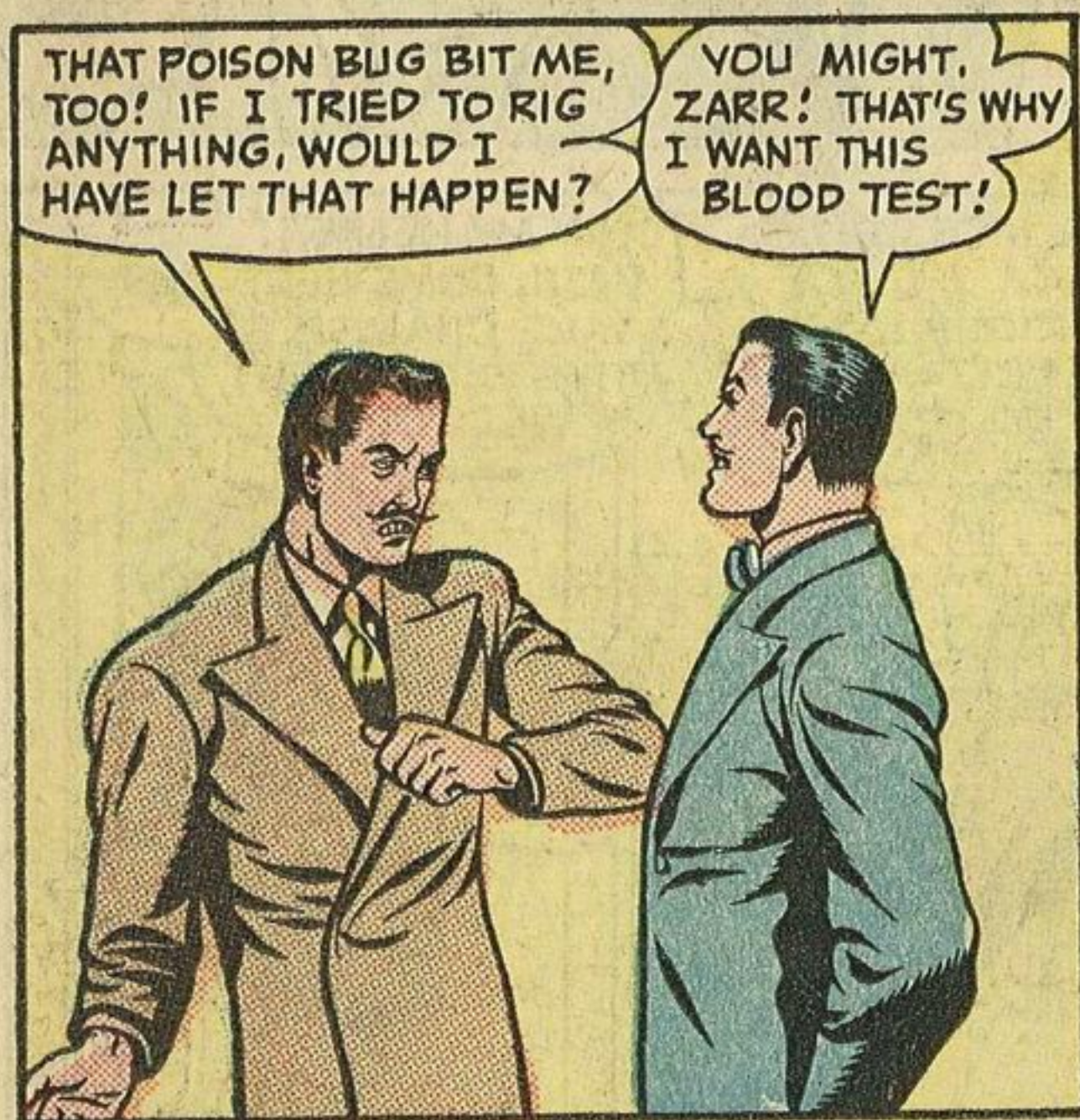






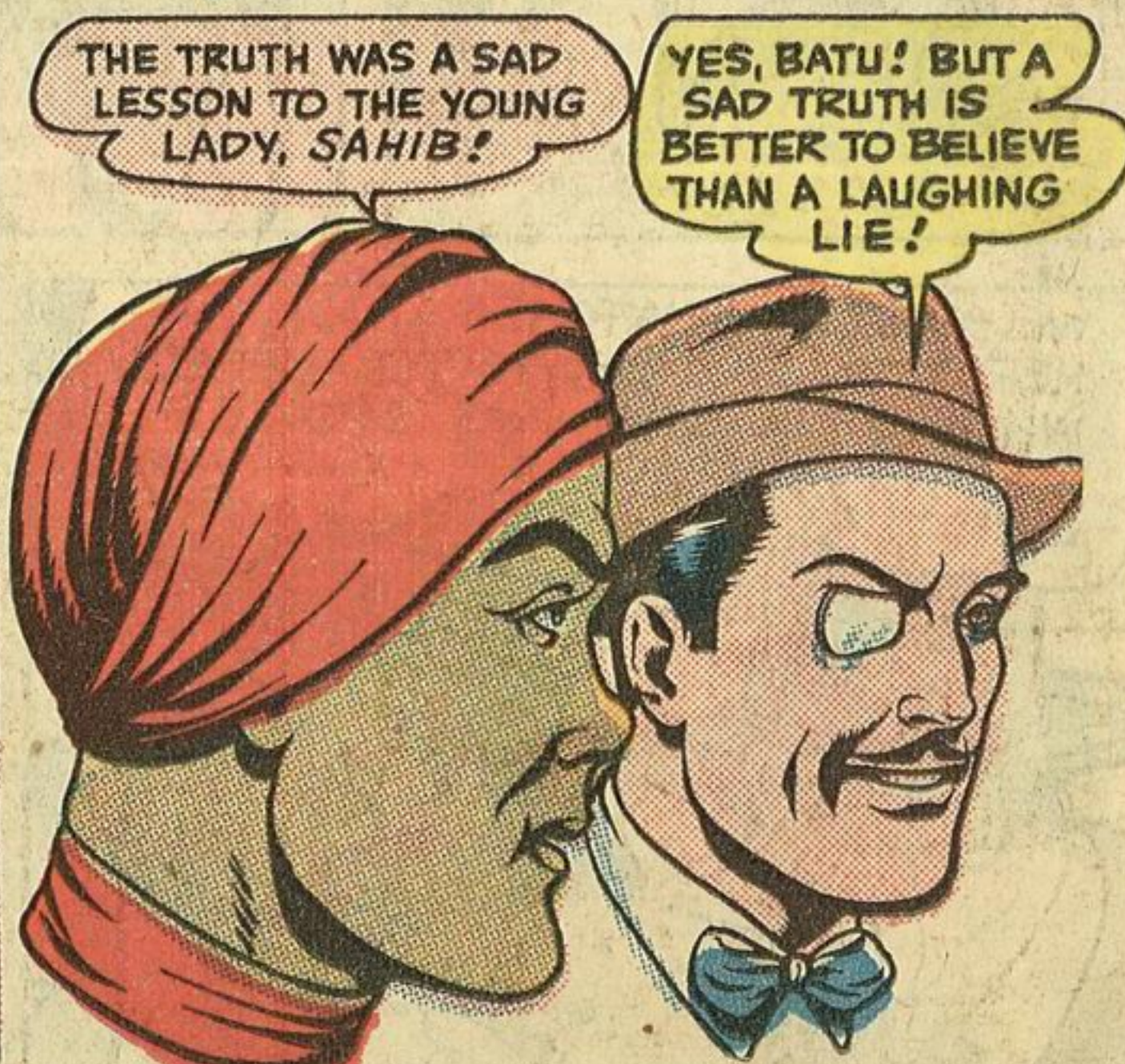
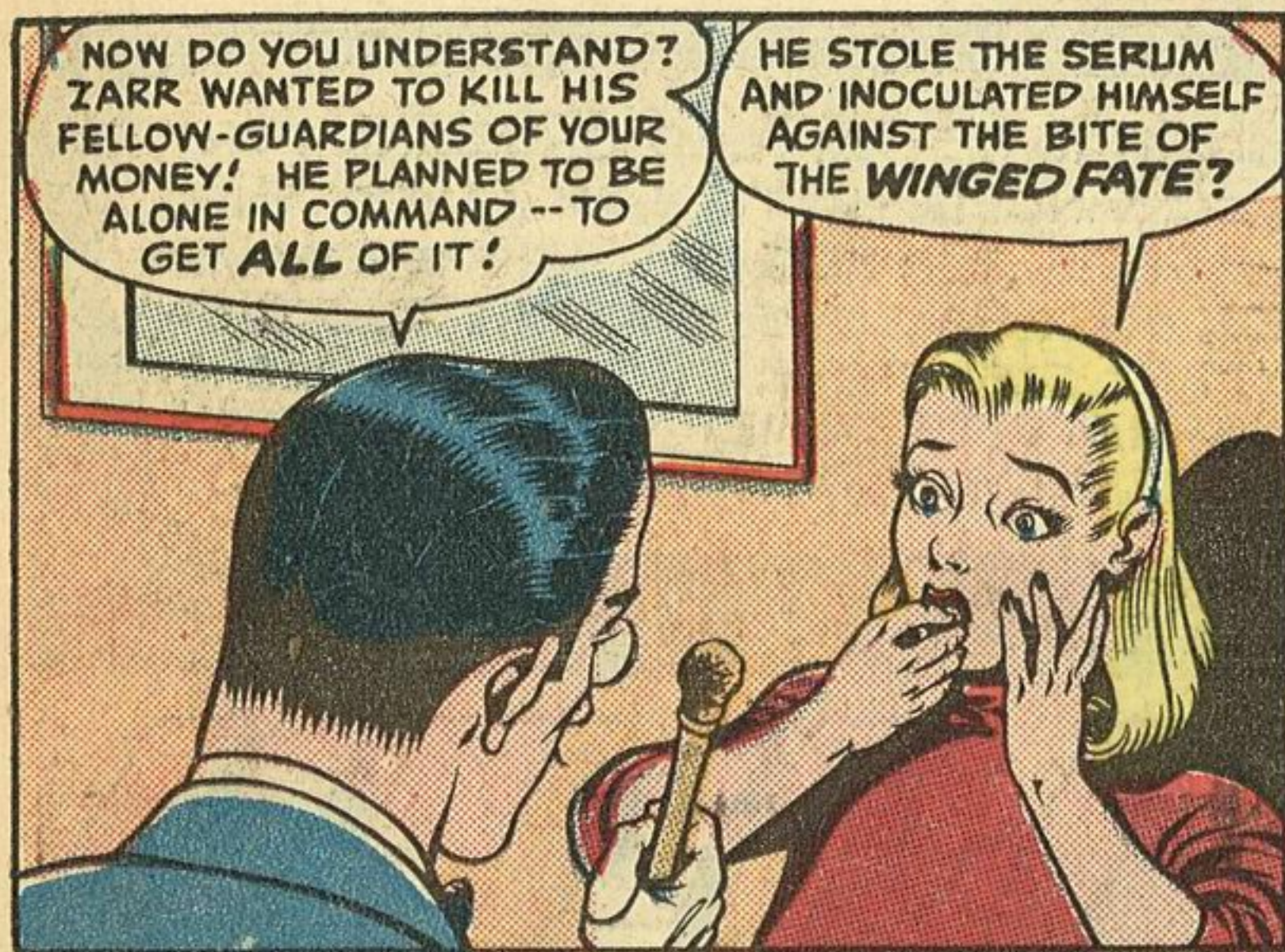


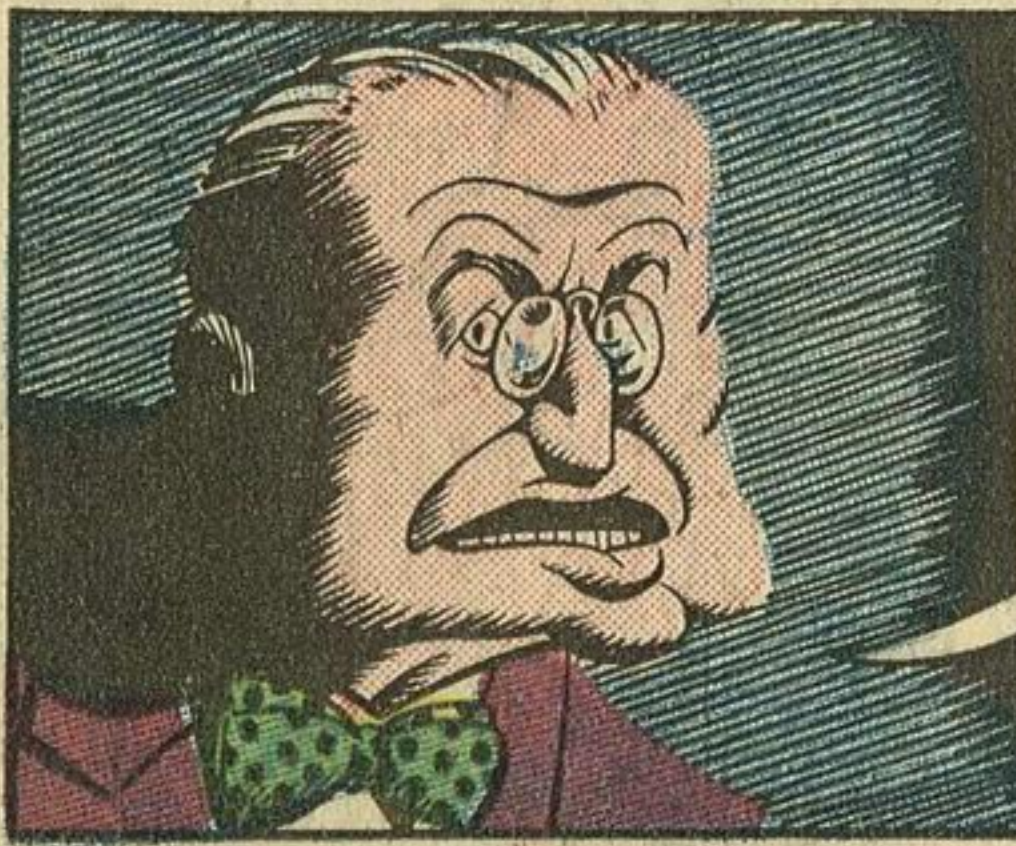




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THIS IS GOING TO BE SETTLED ONCE AND FOR ALL! I'M CONVINCED THAT **LADY LUCK** AND **BRENDA BANKS**, THE HEIRESS, ARE THE SAME PERSON... SO IT FOLLOWS THAT IF I RUB THE SOCIETY GIRL OUT OF THE PICTURE, I WILL ALSO ELIMINATE THE CHIEF OBSTACLE TO MY FINANCIALLY FRUITFUL FUTURE ----

V24 Klaus Nordling

LADY LUCK



EXCUSE ME, PEECOLO!



WE SHOULD'VE SNATCHED HER NOW.. WHO KNOWS WHEN WE'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THAT !

NAW.. THE CHAUFFEUR SPOILED IT....



..AND **COLONEL SNATH** SAID THE JOB CALLS FOR NO WITNESSES! NAW, WE GOTTA WAIT UNTIL WE CATCH THE DOLL **ALONE!!**

THE **COLONEL'S** BECOMING A BIT OF A NUISANCE WITH HIS SUSPICIONS OF MY IDENTITY... I THINK I SEE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SETTLE HIS HASH FOR GOOD!

ONCE HE'S RID OF THE IDEA I'M **LADY LUCK**, HE'S RIPE FOR THE POKEY! IF YOU FOLLOW MY PLAN TO THE LETTER, **PEECOLO**, WE CAN BEFUDDLE HIM...

DON' WORRY... EES NOT THE FIRST TIME I'MA BEFODDLE SOMEBODIES!



DUKE! HERE SHE COMES.. **ALONE!**

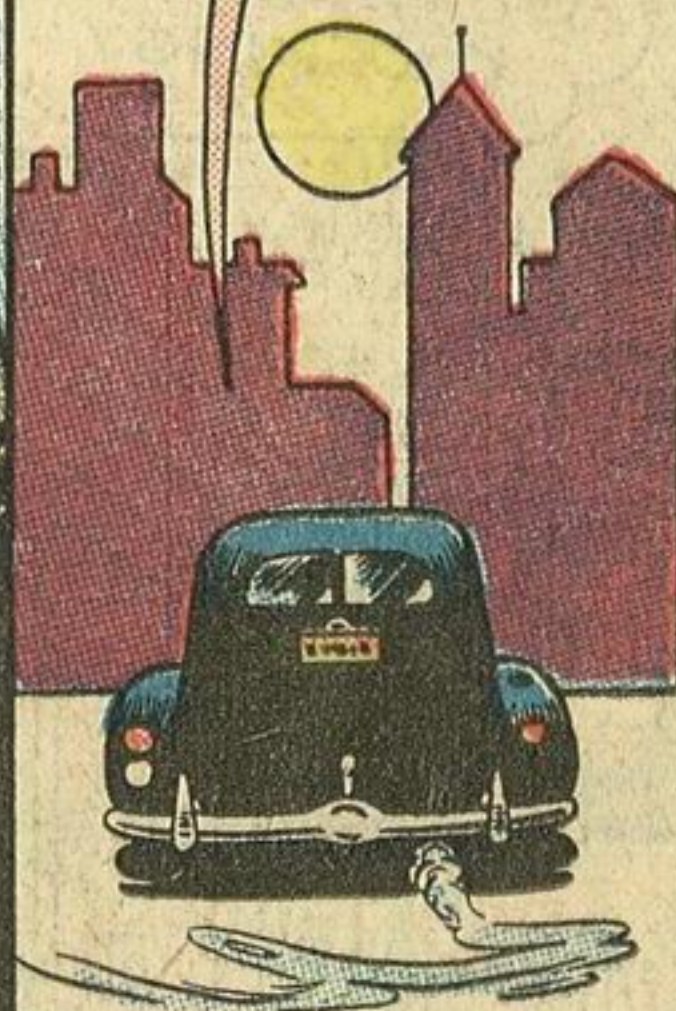
WOW! THIS IS PERFECT!... ALL CLEAR, **LUKE!**



DON'T LET OUT A CHIRP, SISTER! JUST KEEP WALKIN' DOWN TO THAT SEDAN!



SOMEBODY'S GONNA BE MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU, SIS...



WELL, **MISS BRENDA BANKS**, I'M AFRAID I'VE PLACED YOU AT A DISADVANTAGE TO DISPLAY YOUR VERSATILITY AS **LADY LUCK**...

WOULD YOU KINDLY TRANSLATE THAT DOUBLE-TALK?



IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE, MY DEAR-- IF **YOU** ARE **NOT** **LADY LUCK**, WHY DON'T YOU PHONE HER TO HELP YOU OUT OF THIS? SHE **IS** A FRIEND OF YOURS, I PRESUME....

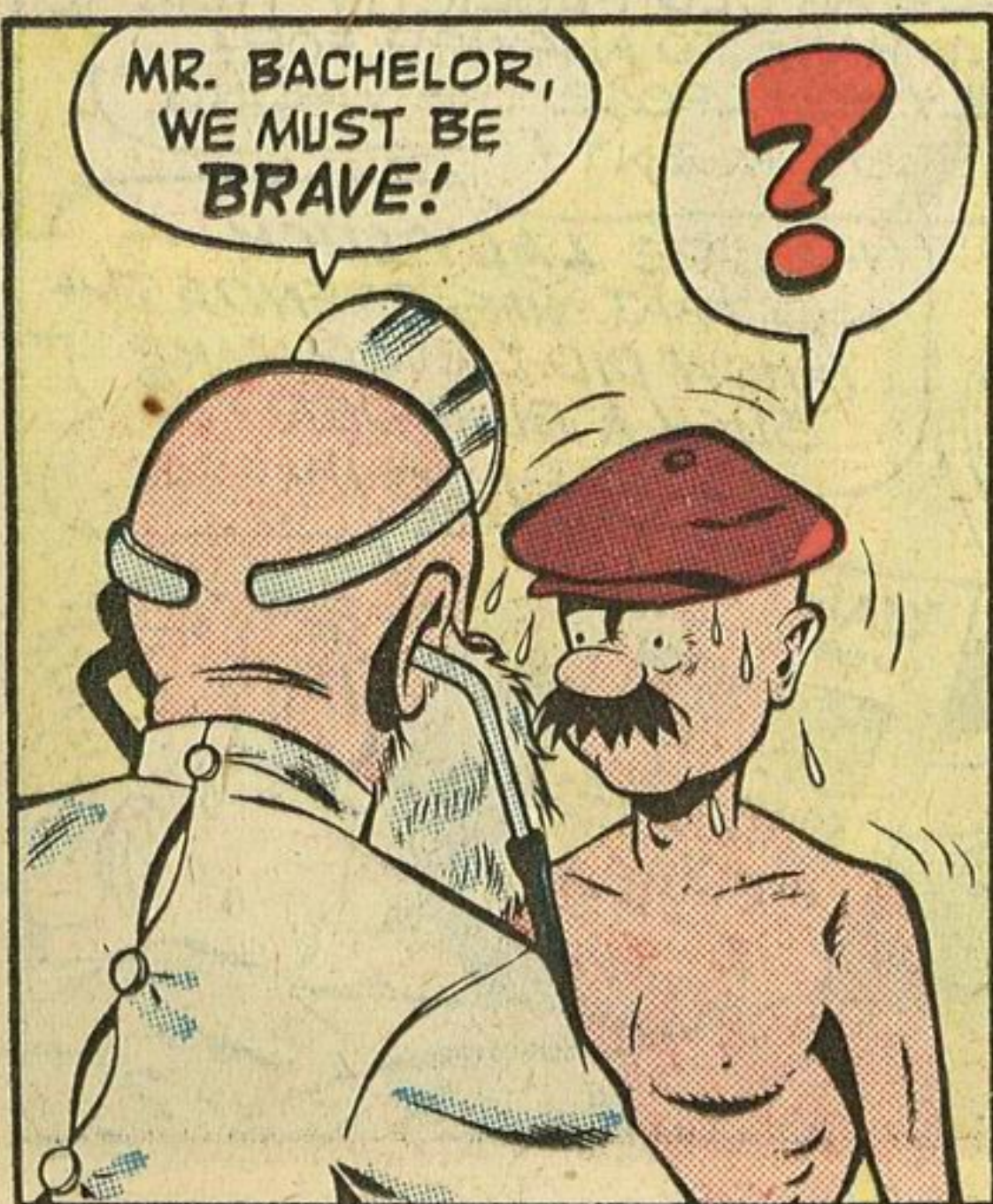
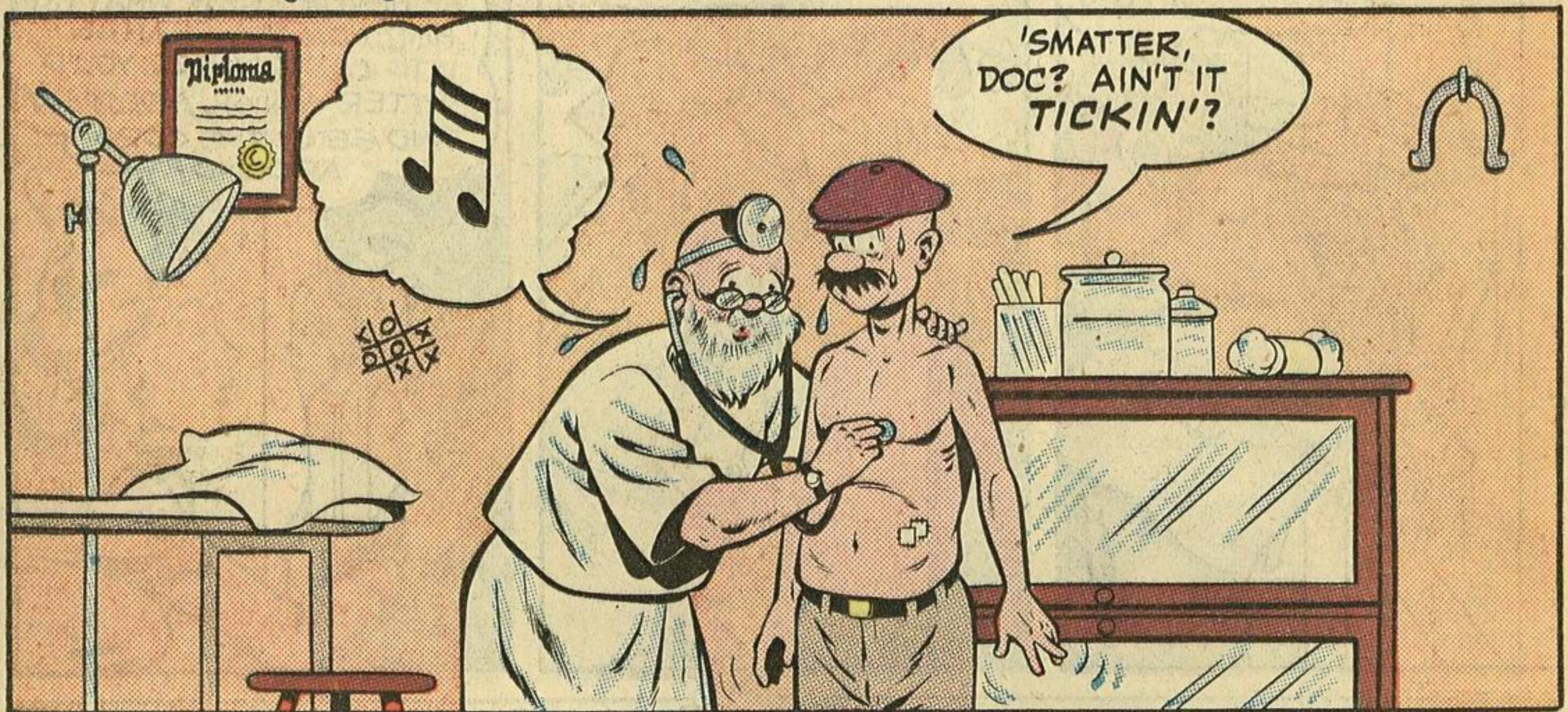
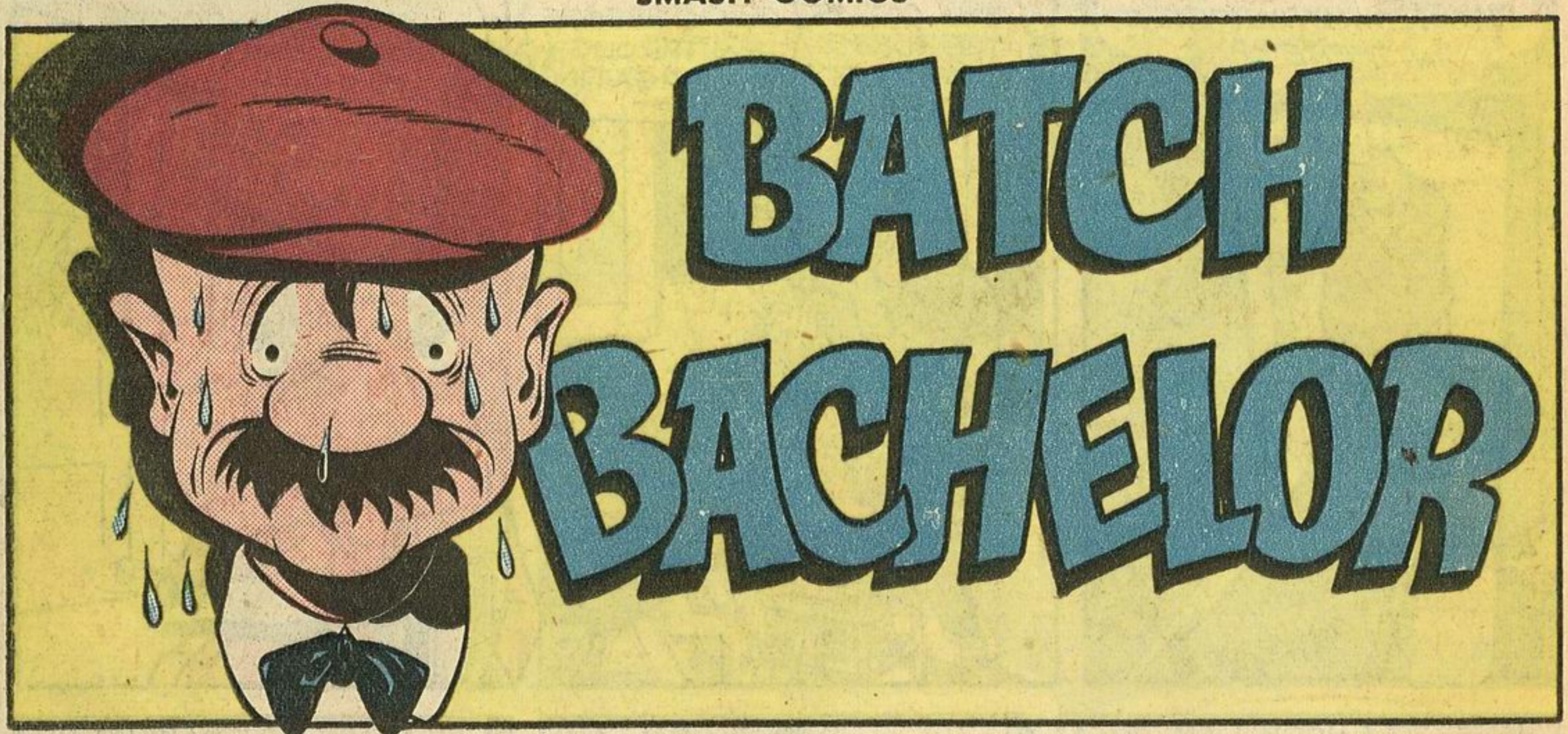
DIAL **HAWTHORN 5-6880!**





SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS

HOWEVER, ALL HOPE ISN'T LOST!
IF YOU CUT OUT EATIN' IN
CAFETERIAS AN' RESTAURANTS,
YOU'LL WHIP THIS DREADED
DEVITAMIZED GERM!

I CAN'T DO THAT,
DOC! I'LL STARVE!
SURELY THERE MUST
BE AN **EASIER**
WAY OUT!

HMMMM!

NOW THAT YOU
MENTION IT,
THERE **IS!**

MARRIAGE!

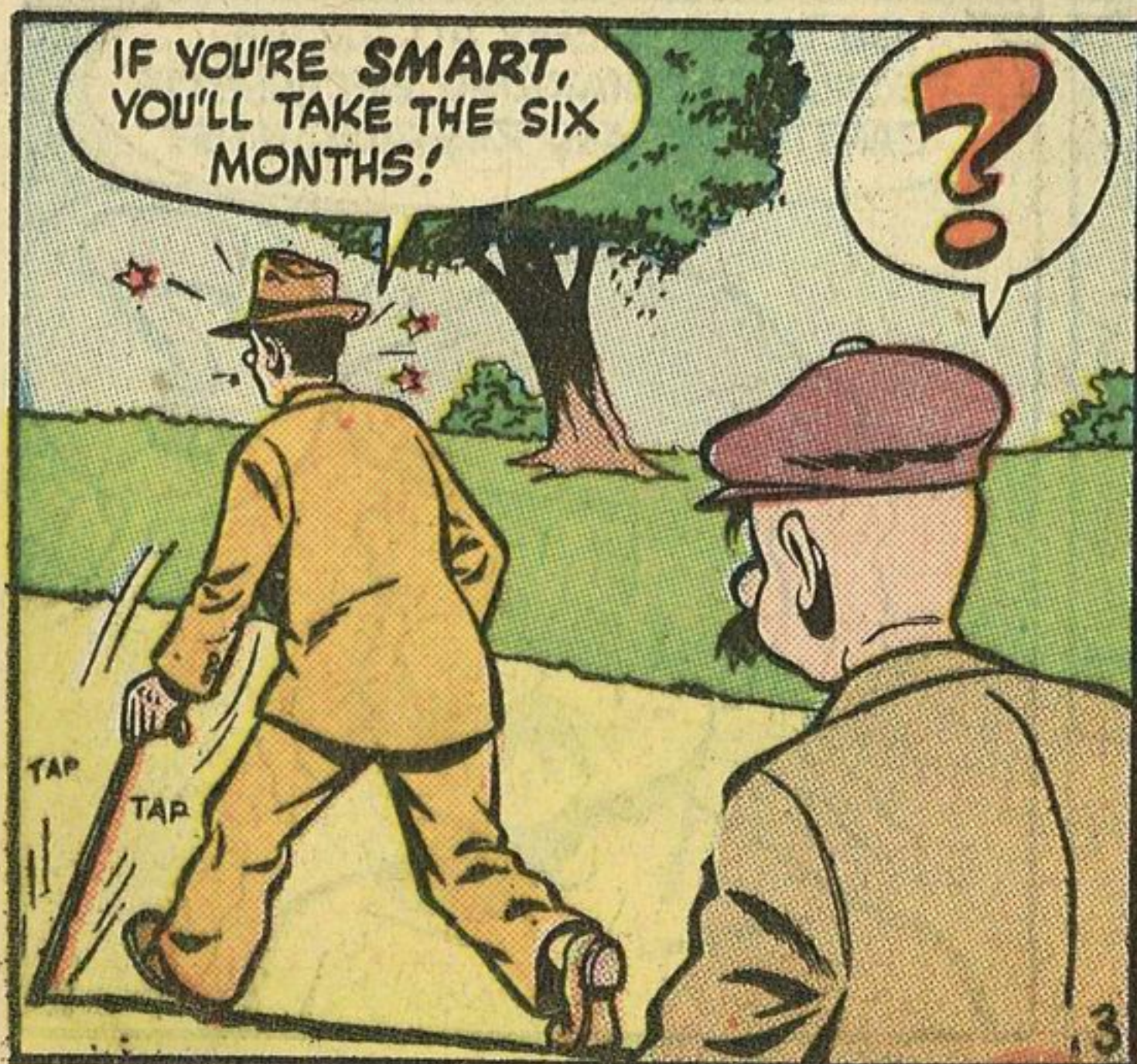
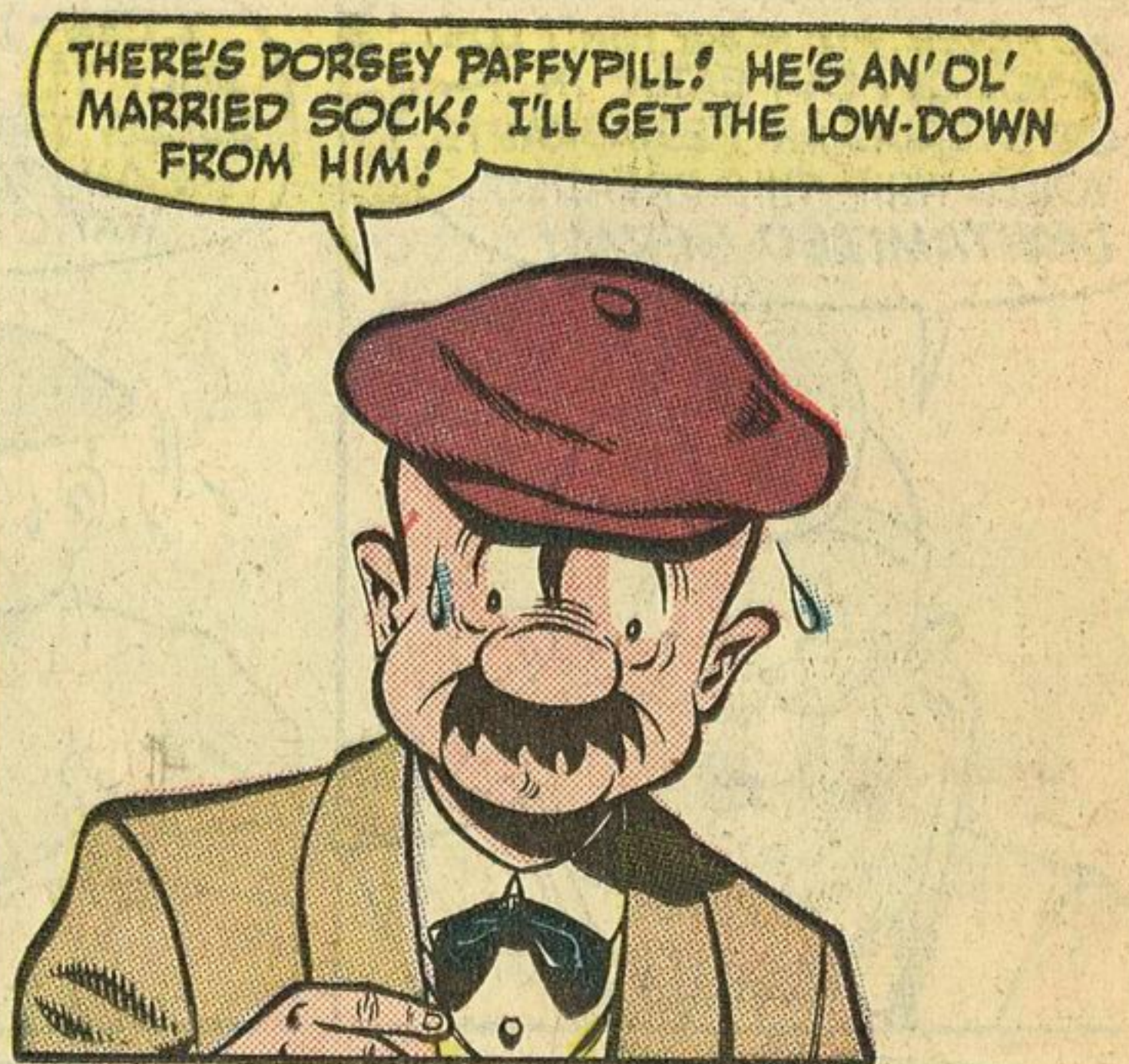
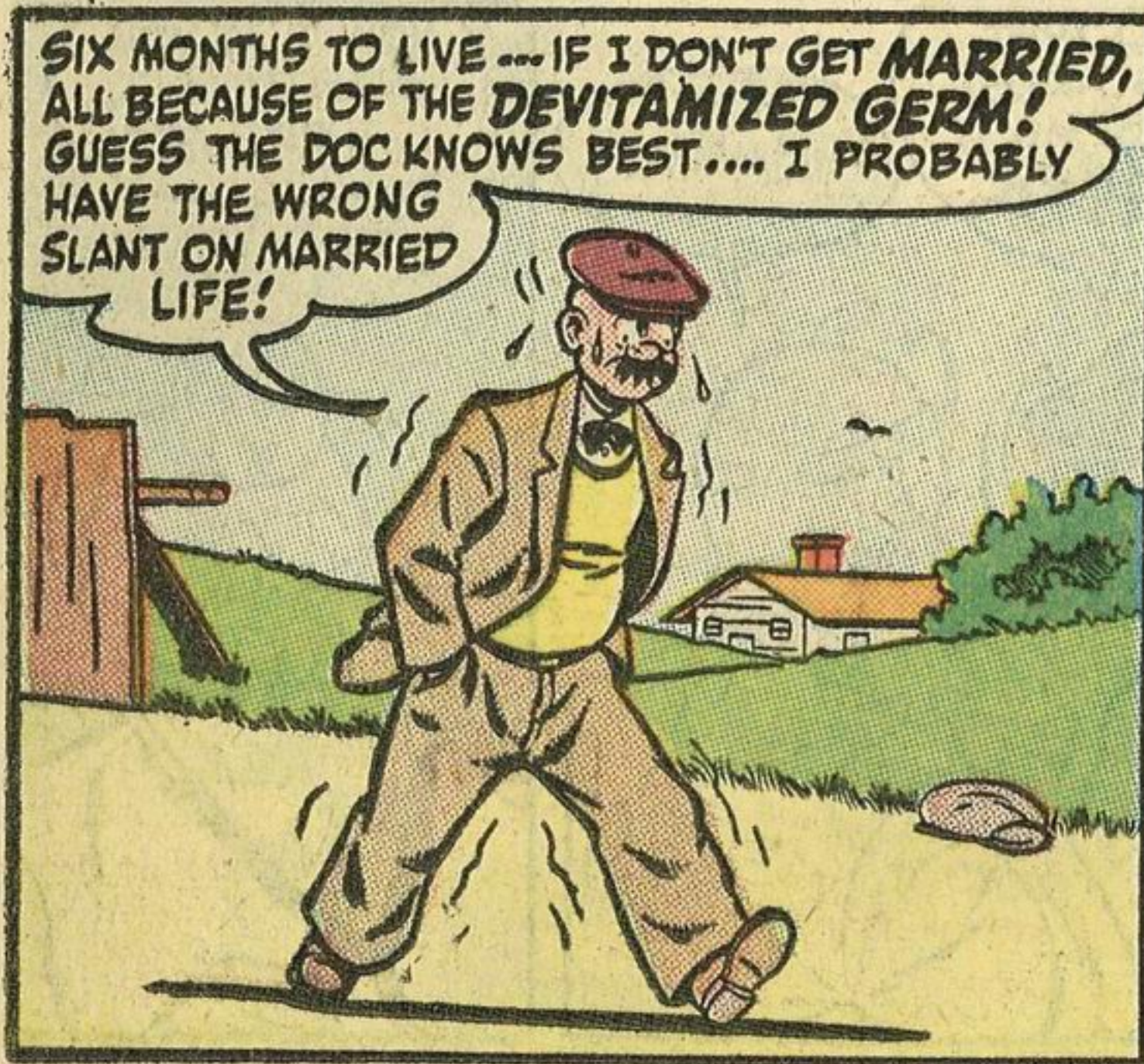
HOLY CATS! I--I HOPE
THESE **SMELLIN'**
SALTS WORK!

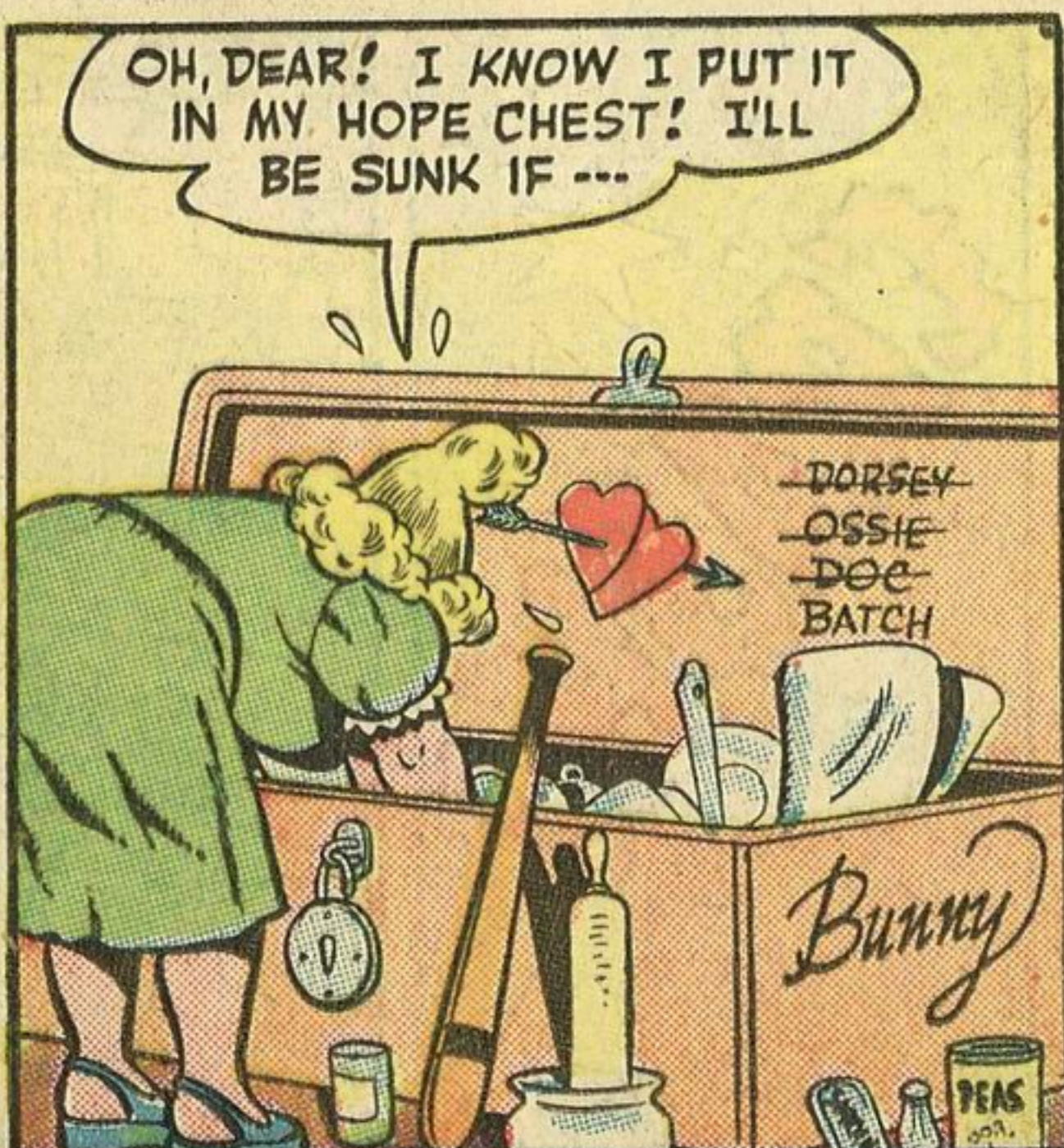
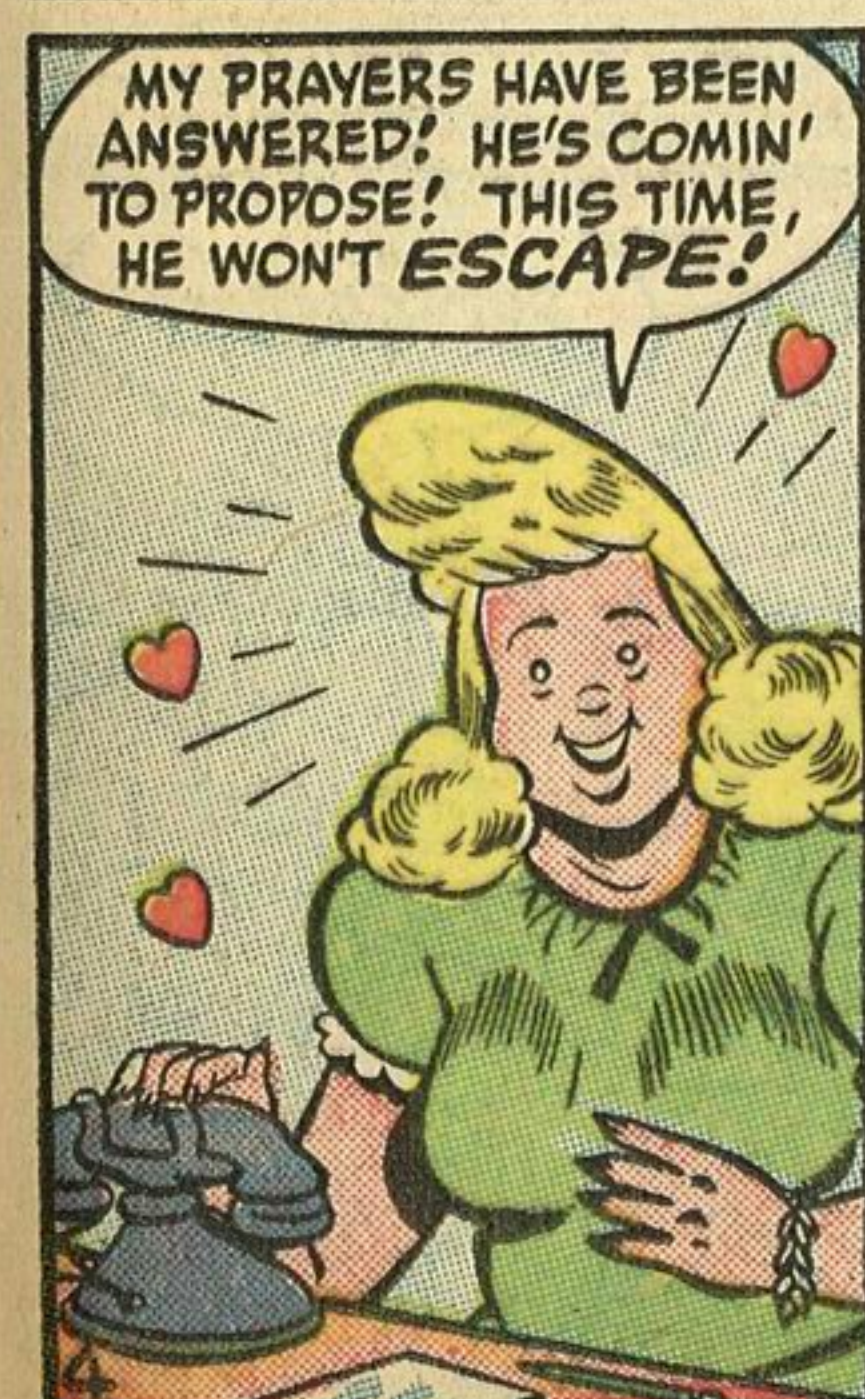
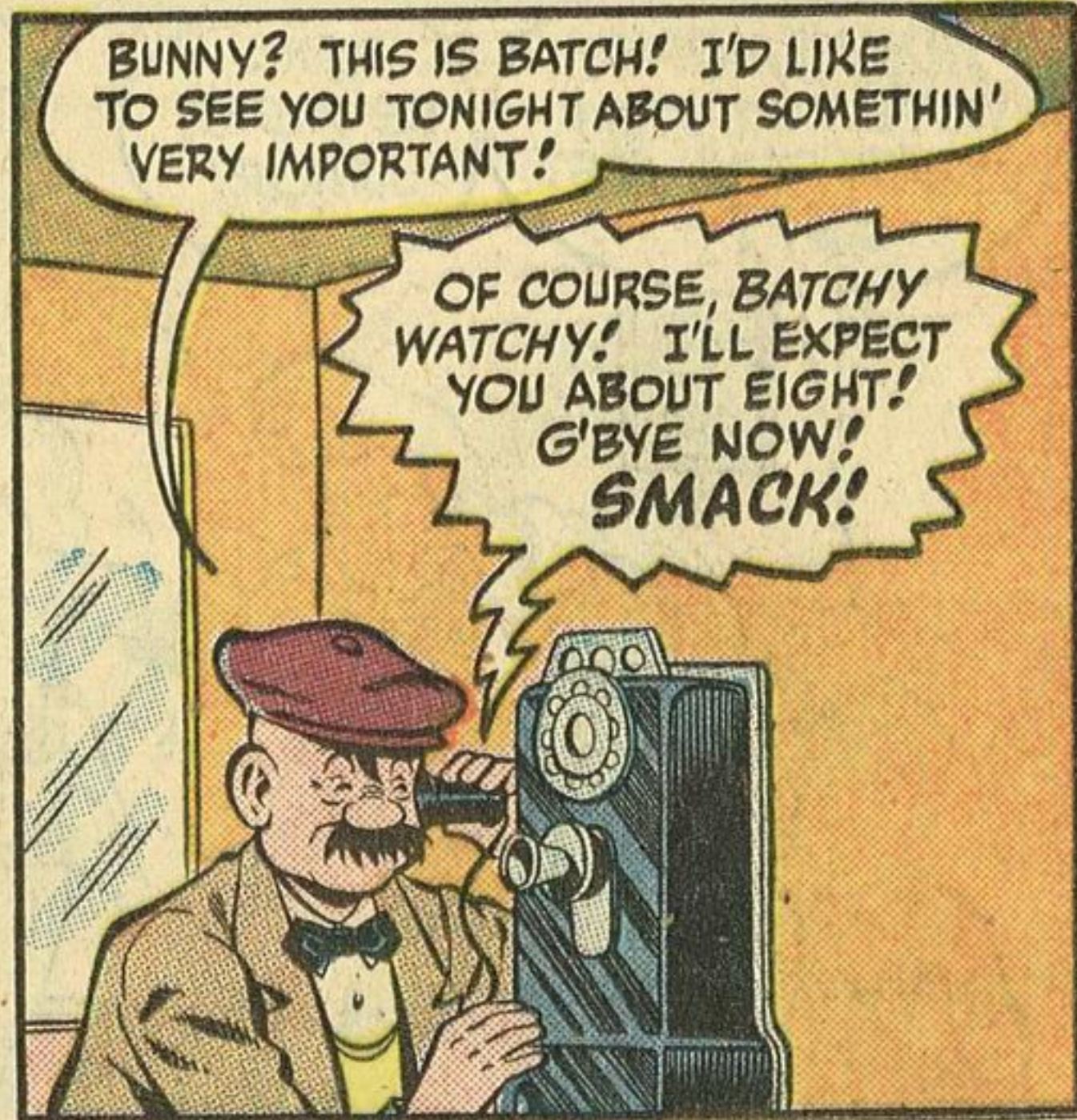
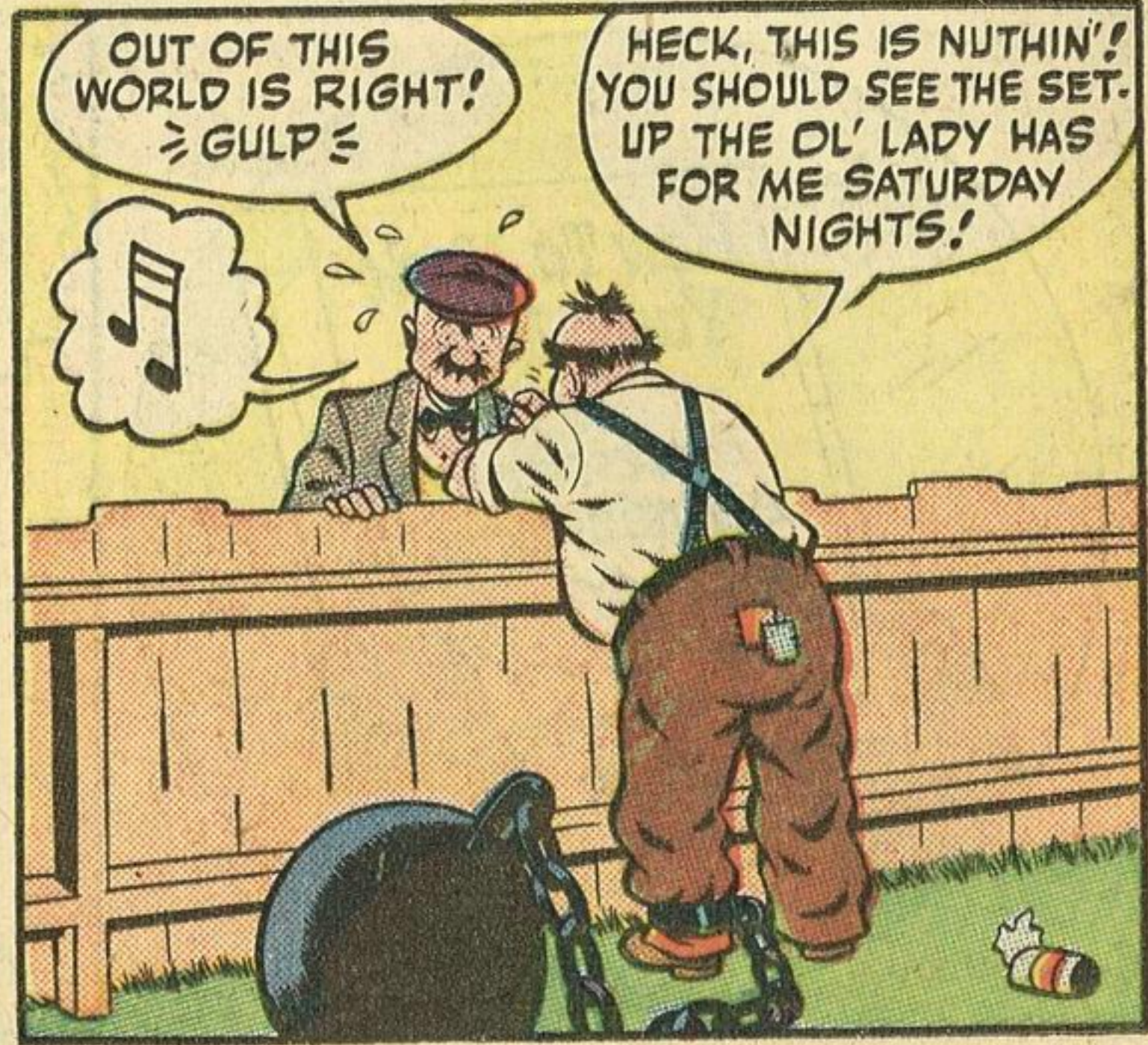
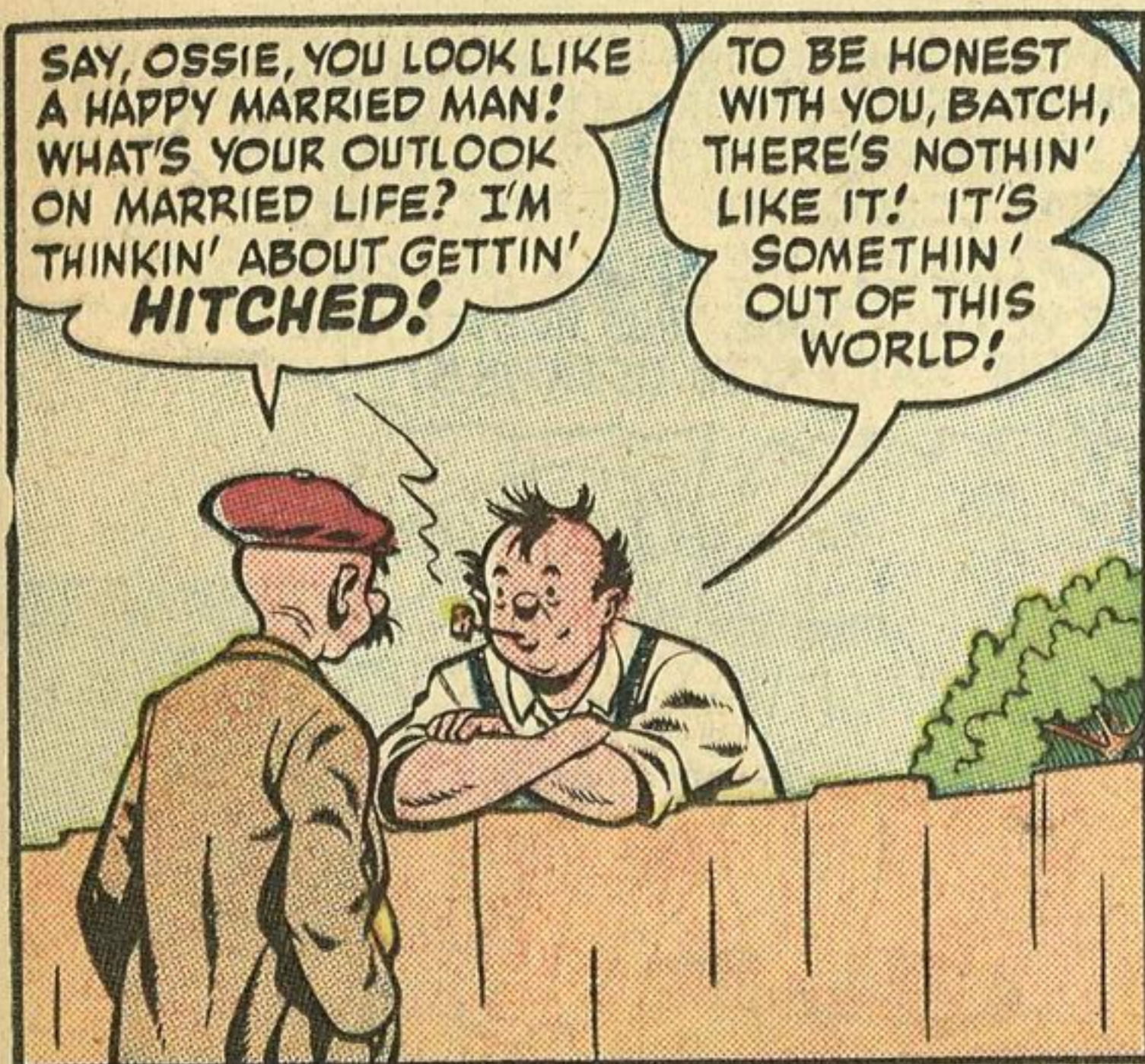
WHAT A HORRIBLE PRICE
TO PAY FOR GETTING RID
OF THE DEVITAMIZED
GERM!

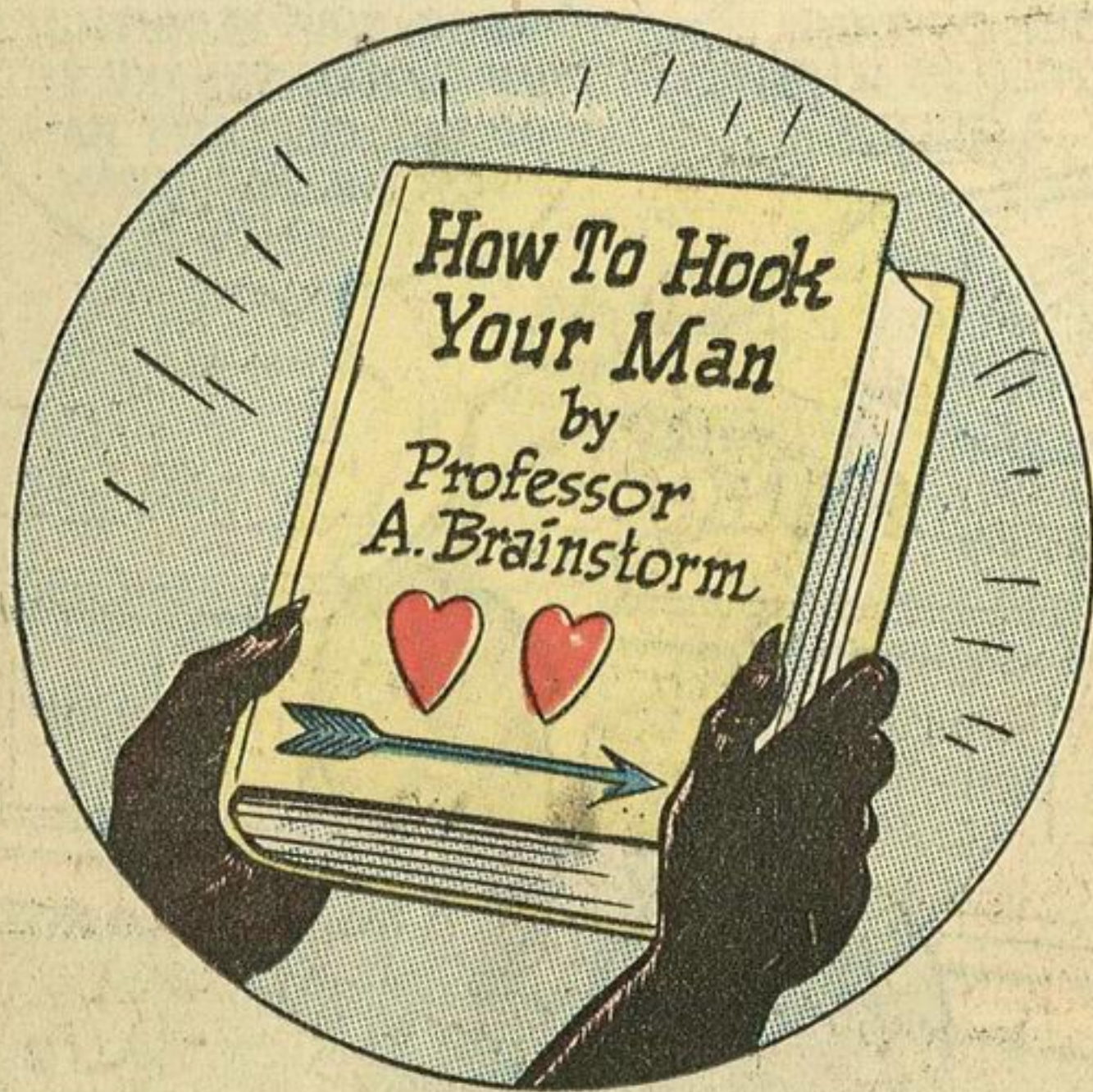
COME, COME,
MR. BACHELOR! MARRIED
LIFE ISN'T AS BAD AS ALL
THAT! EVER SINCE TIME
BEGAN, PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN GETTIN' HOOKED...
ER... I--I MEAN,
MARRIED!

YOU MEAN TO SAY ALL THOSE
PEOPLE GOT MARRIED BECAUSE OF
CAFETERIAS AND RESTAURANTS?

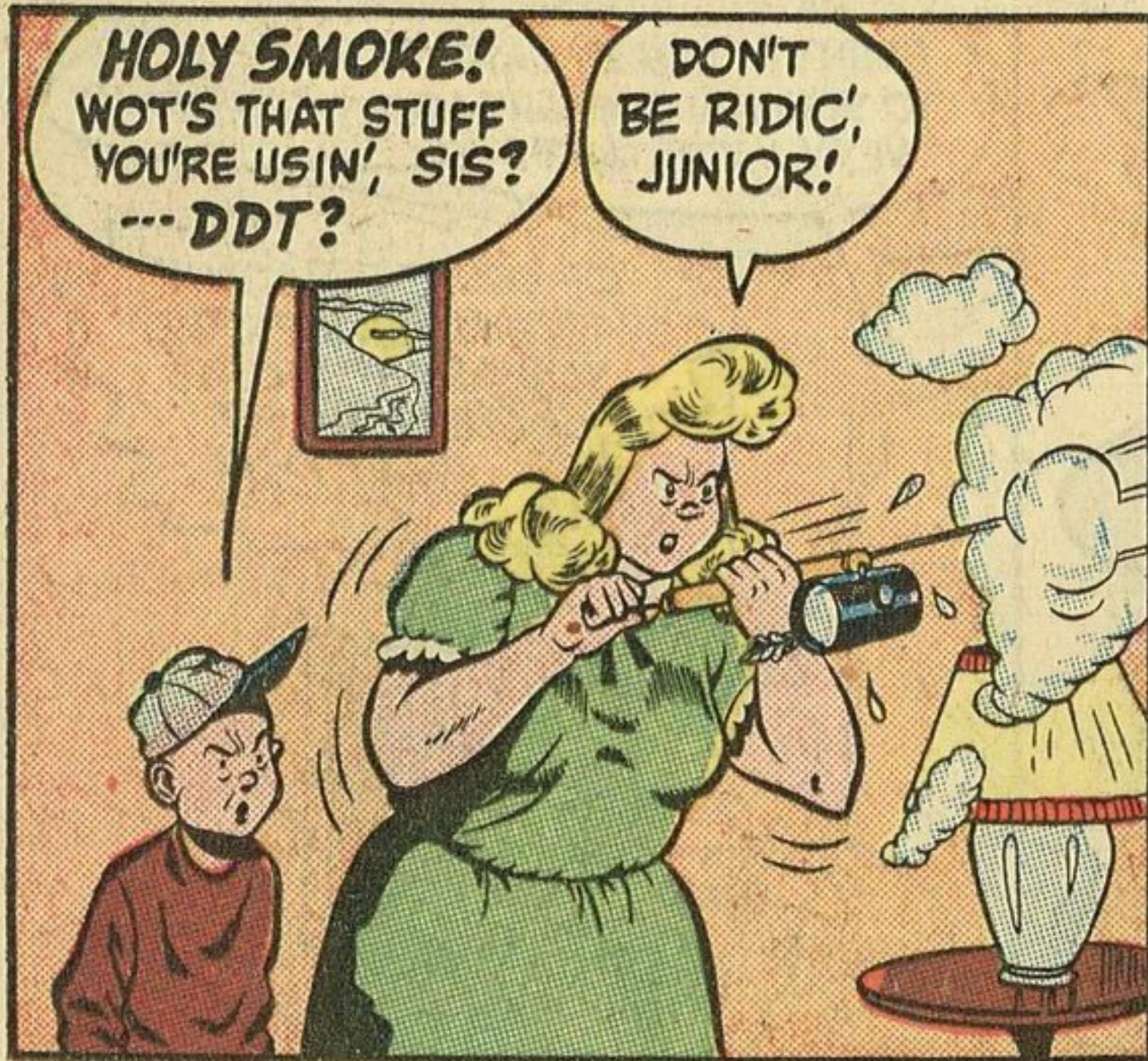
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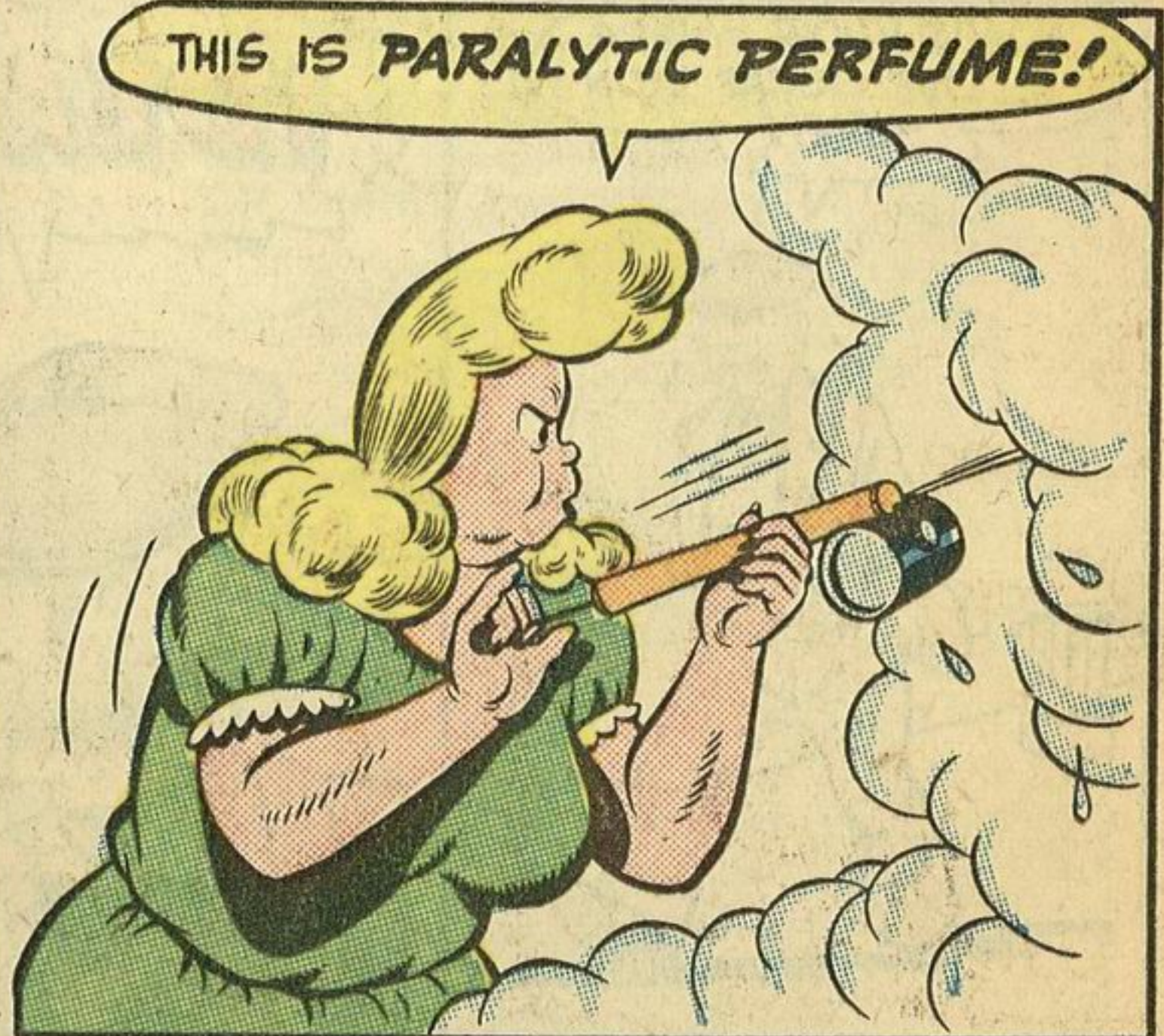


M'DEARS, BEFORE THE INTENDED VICTIM ARRIVES, IT IS IMPORTANT TO SATURATE THE DEN OF DOOM WITH ONE QUART OF MY SPECIAL CONCOCTED **PARALYTIC PERFUME!** THE AROMA WILL PARALYZE THE VICTIM'S PINS, THUS PREVENTING THE RAT FROM ESCAPING!



HOLY SMOKE!
WOT'S THAT STUFF
YOU'RE USIN', SIS?
--- DDT?

DON'T
BE RIDIC,
JUNIOR!



THIS IS **PARALYTIC PERFUME!**

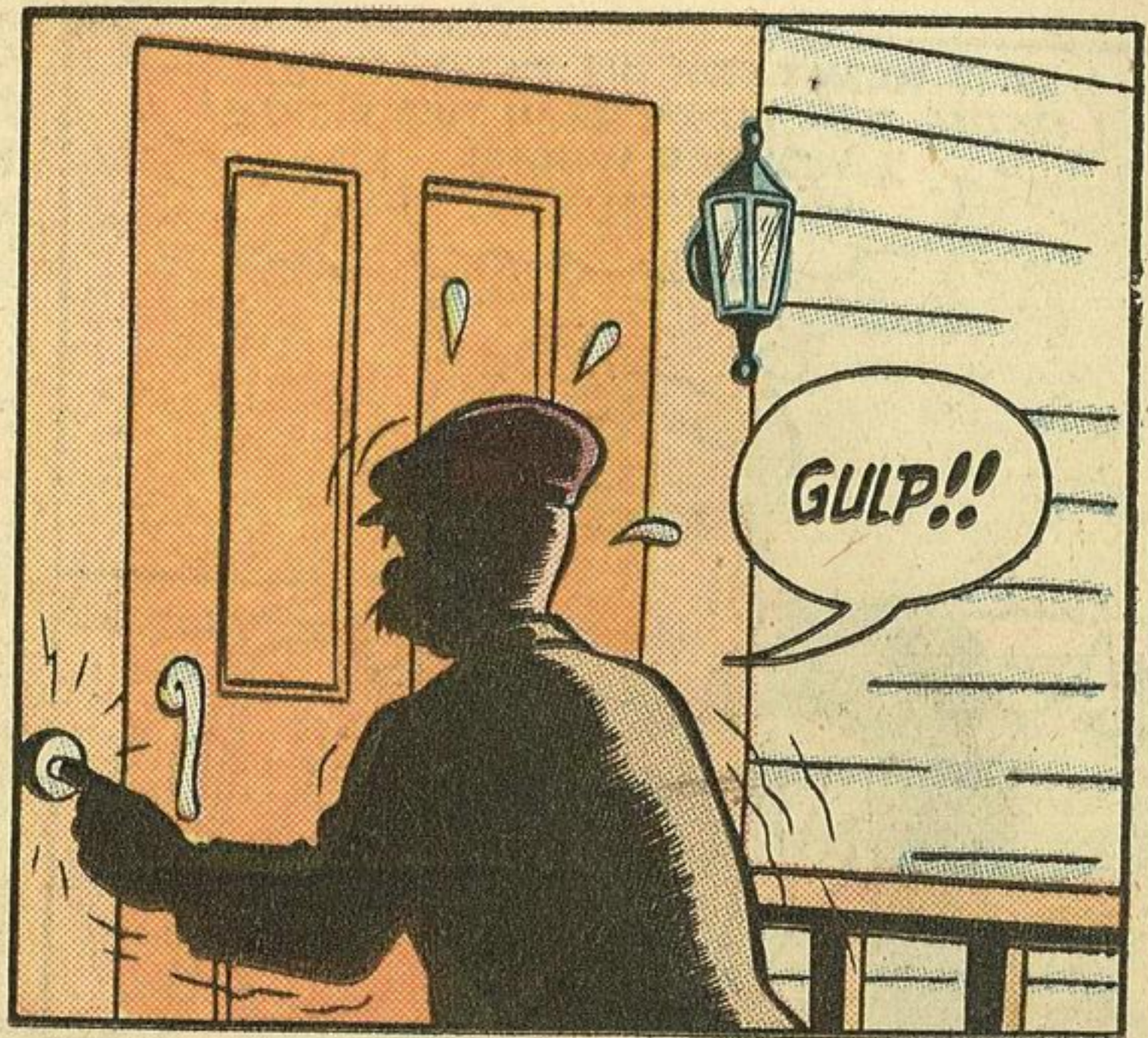


SIS!! LOOKOUT!!
THAT STUFF SMELLS
LIKE ---



OH,
PROFESSOR!

AND NOW, LADIES, WE COME TO MY **BAIT APPEARANCE PLAN!** I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO KNOCK OFF YEARS! YOUTHFULNESS IS AN IMPORTANT WEAPON IN HELPING YOU HOOK YOUR FISH! TO LOSE TEN YEARS, TURN TO PAGE EIGHTY...



JUNIOR! OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOUR FUTURE BROTHER-IN-LAW!

OKAY!

RR-R-RING!
RR-R-RING!



H'YA,
BROTHER?
STEP RIGHT IN!!

?



THIS WAY ---
SUCKER!

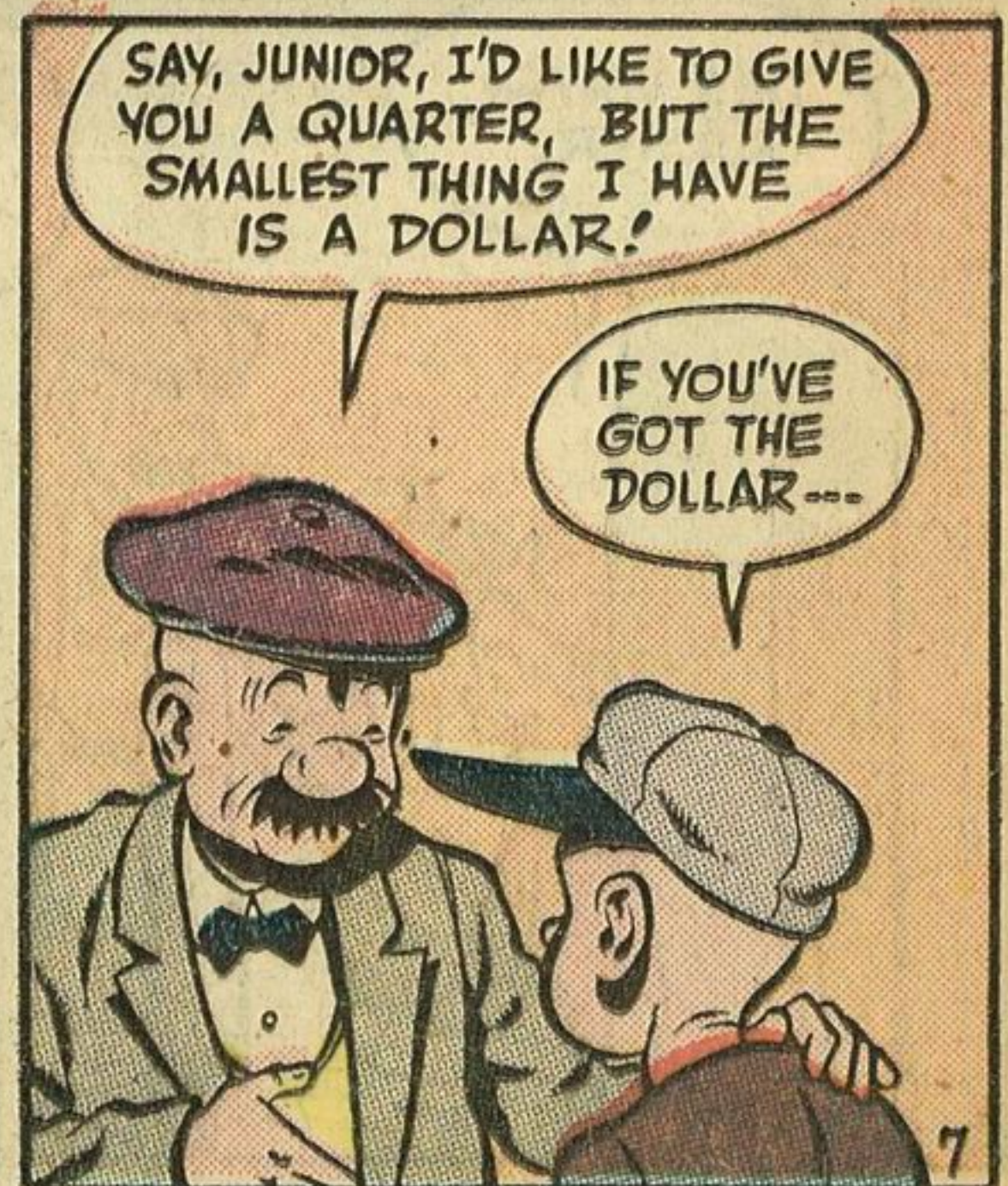
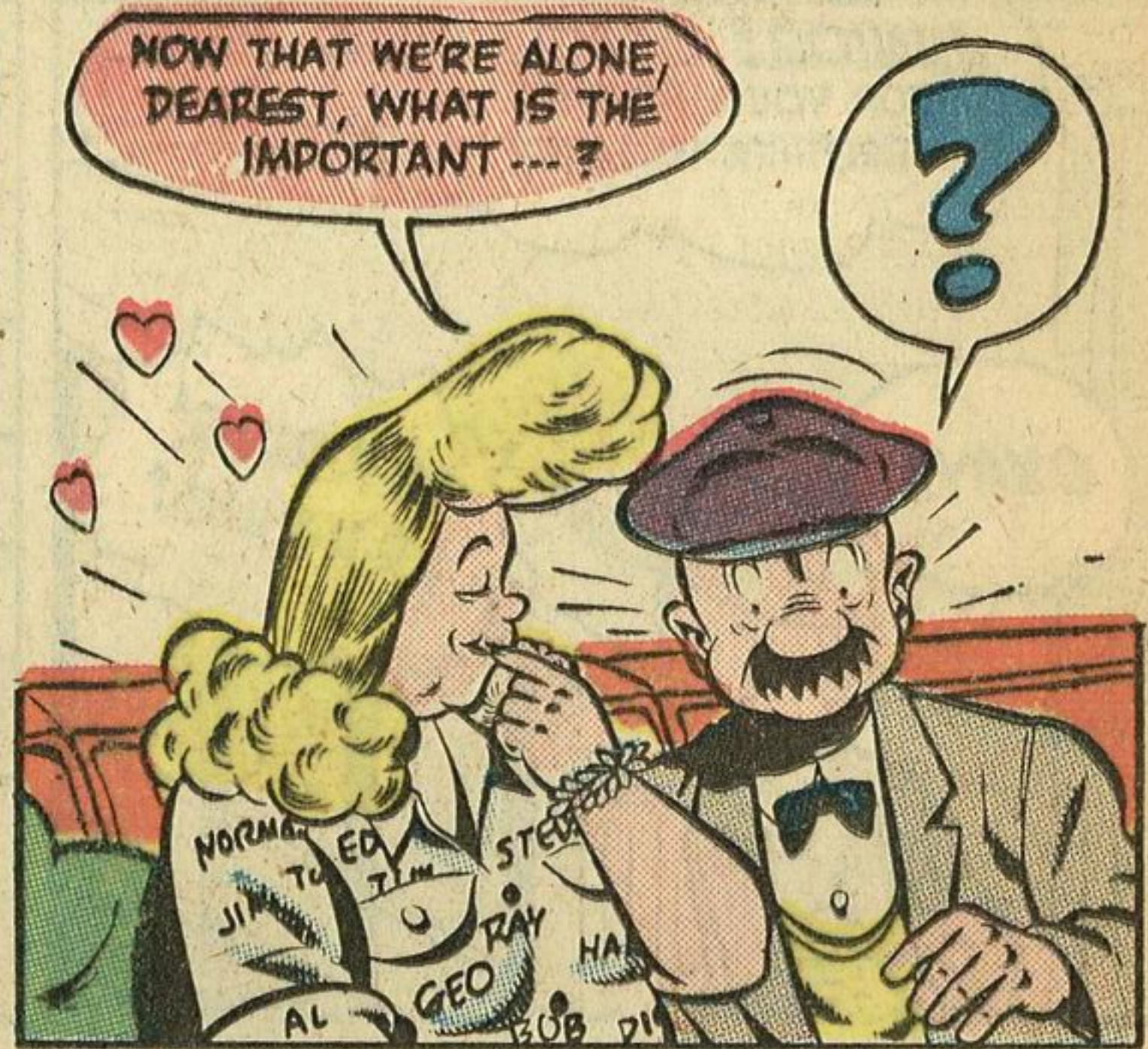
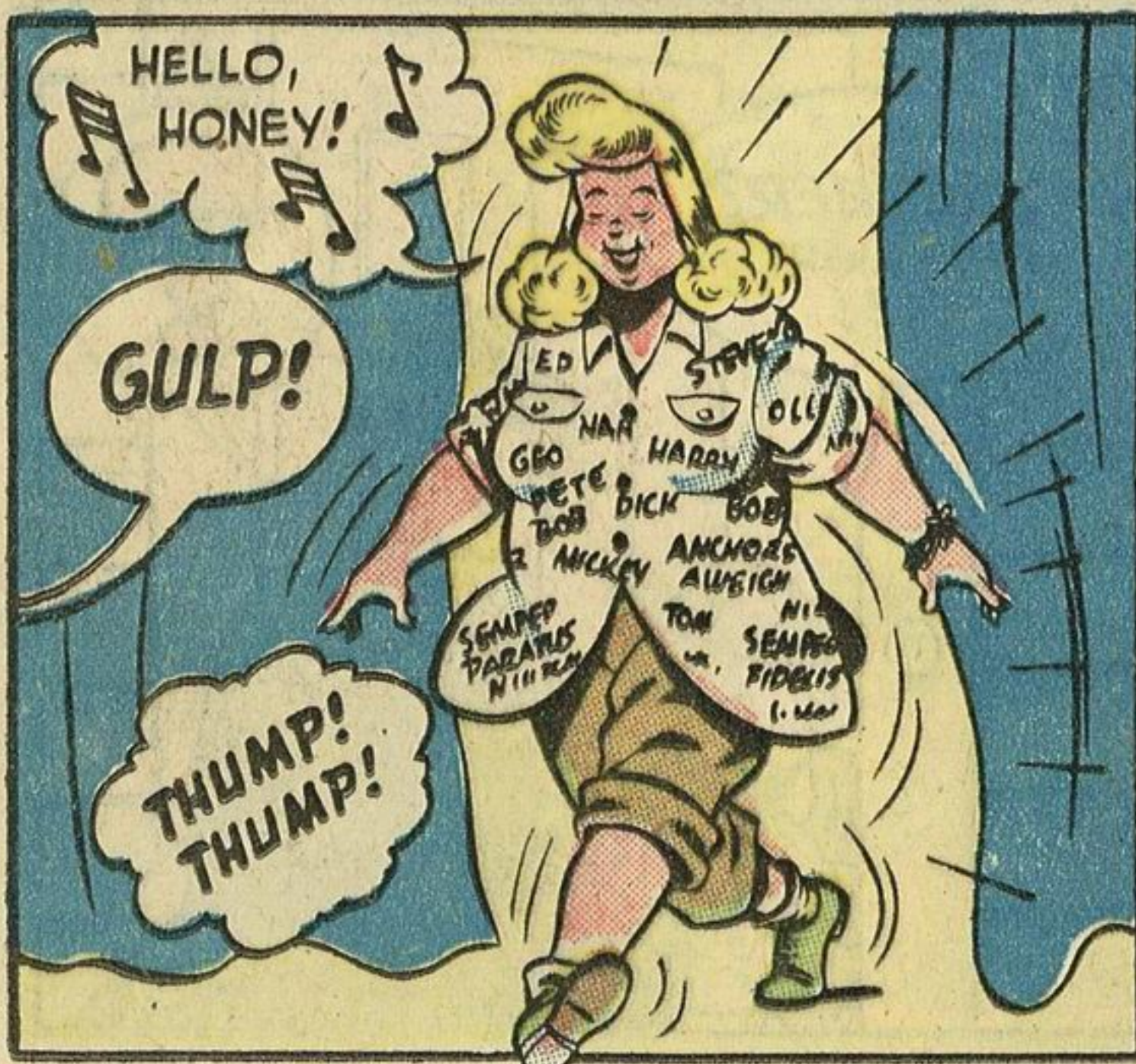
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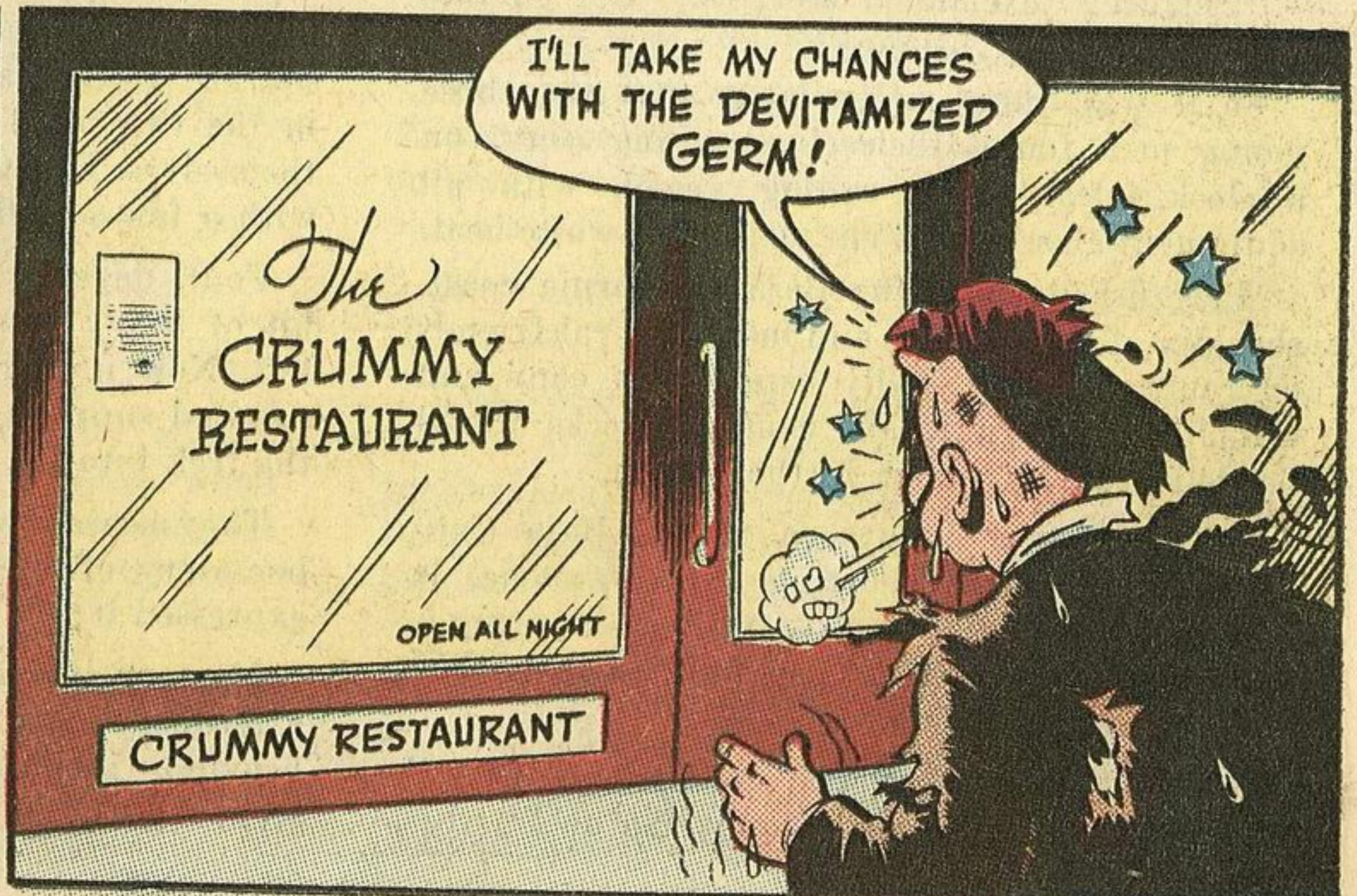
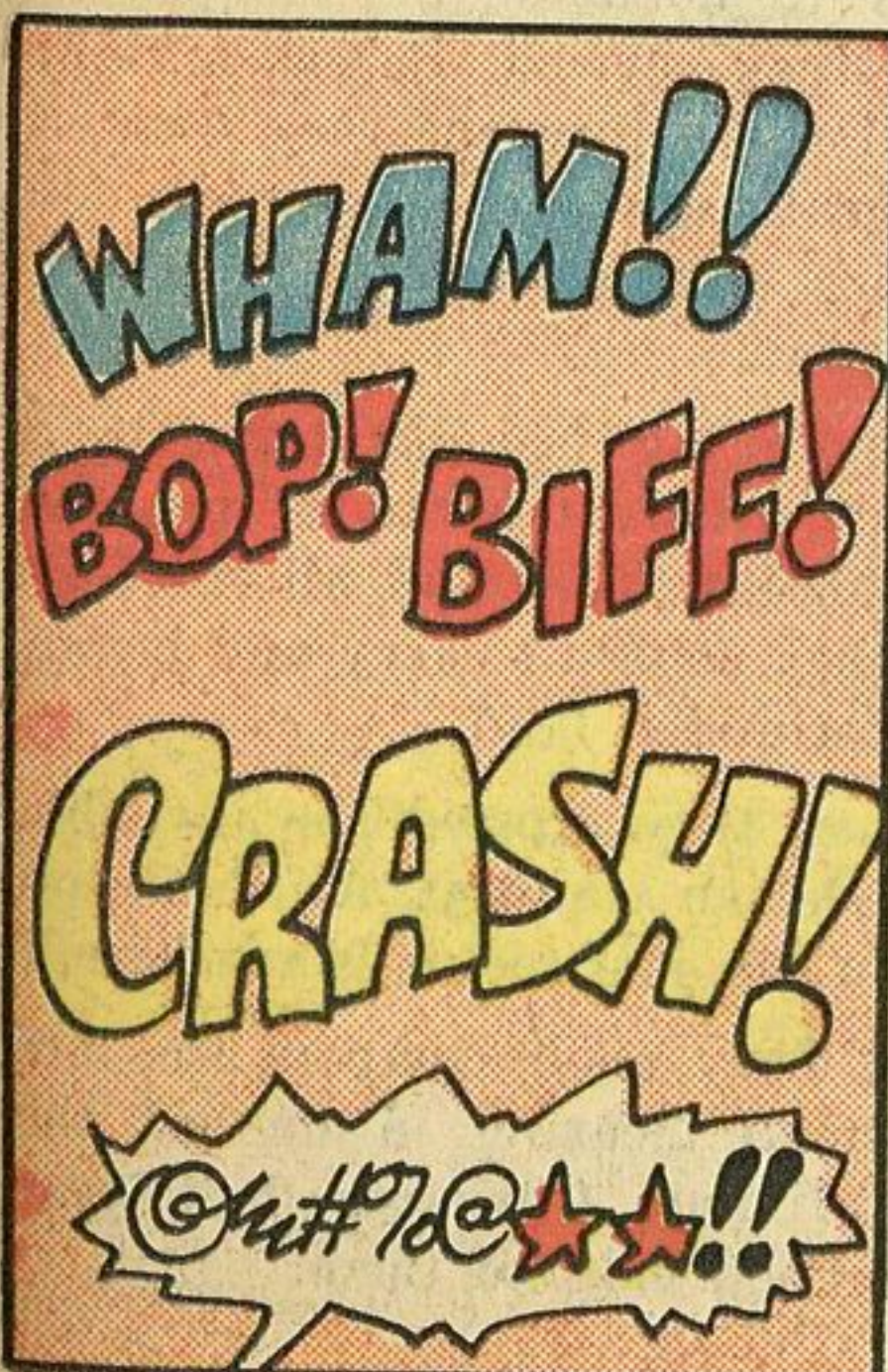
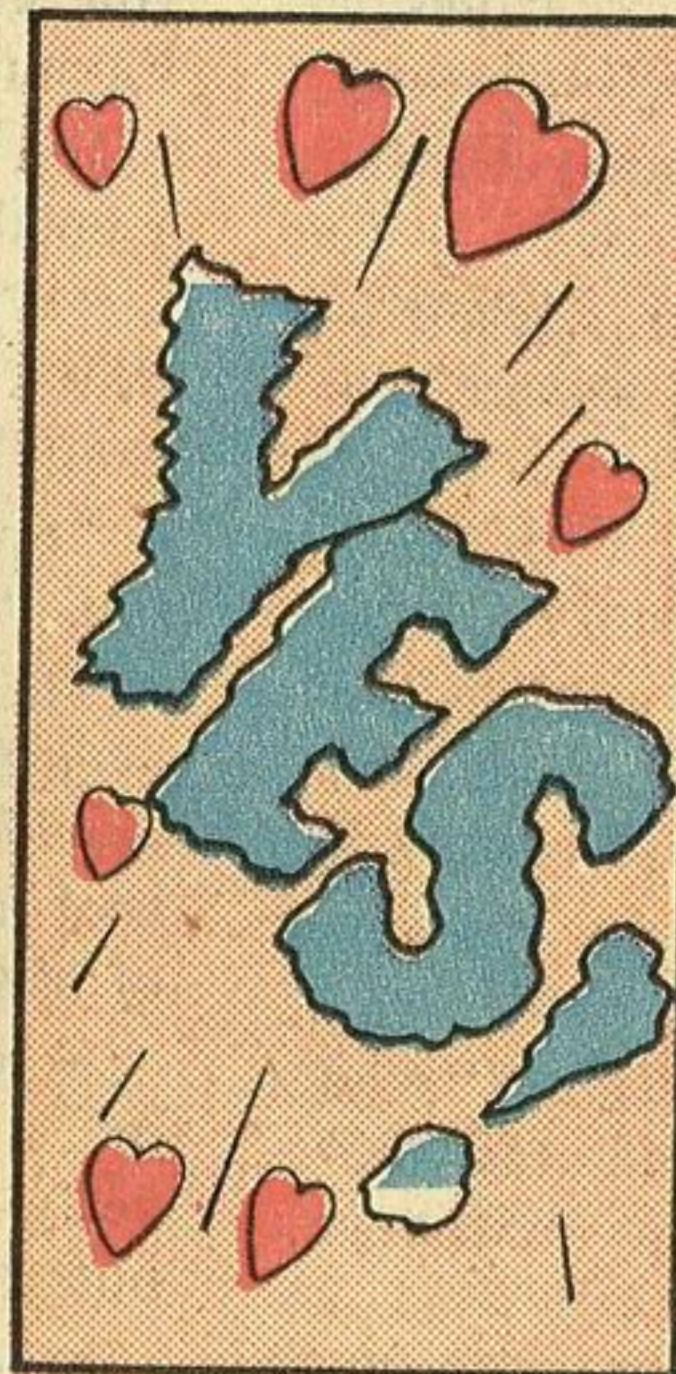
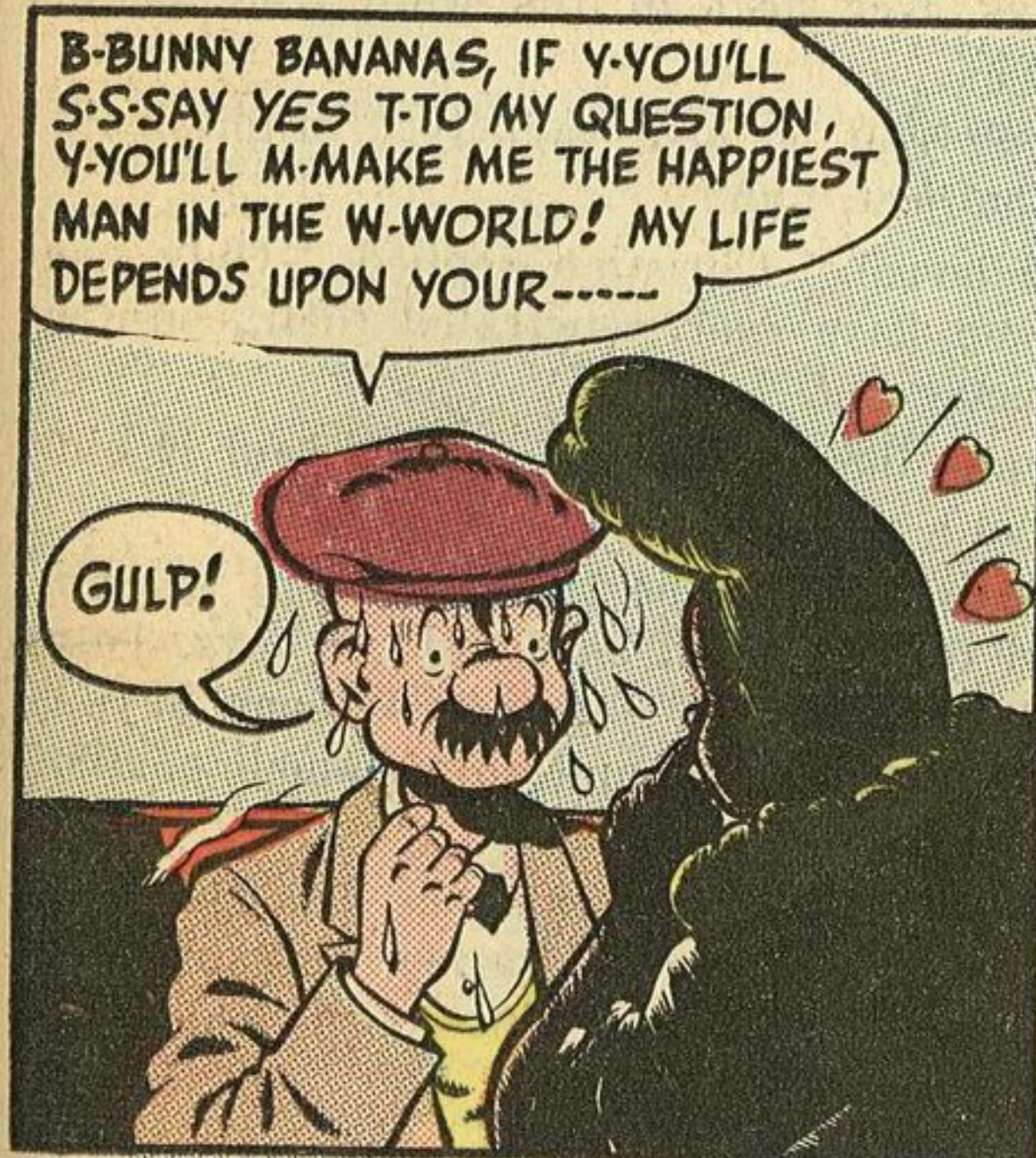
I SMELL SOMETHIN'
BURNIN'! WHAT
IS IT, JUNIOR?

BROTHER,
YOU'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH!





SMASH COMICS



THE WHITE INDIANS

MERRICK had the thing figured down to the nub. They would take a 16mm movie camera, a still camera, a battered portable typewriter, and a few guns.

They would head south, either by boat or station wagon over Lower California. They would shoot stills galore, in color, and take several educational 16mm jobs, also in color. The public was simply sitting on the edge of its seat for that sort of thing.

"Where are you going to sell these fancy products?" Robinson wanted to know.

"The movie studios, syndicates, magazines," Merrick was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Where do I come in?" asked Jimmy Christian.

Merrick said, "You'll be general advisor—sort of look out about handling the savage natives, things like that."

Jimmy nodded. "Have you talked with these people who are going to buy the stuff?"

"Sure," Merrick replied. "Two studios are signed up. And it's a cinch to get magazine assignments. Letters are out to a lot of editors."

"Then," said Robinson, "Nothing remains but the boat—or the station wagon, eh?"

"I have a friend," said Christian, "who might contribute a boat. Nice boat, too—55-footer. Ketch-rigged sloop, with an auxiliary. How does that sound?"

"Perfect!" exclaimed Merrick. "Get on this deal immediately, Jimmy!"

So it was, three weeks later, that the three young men found themselves sailing south on a sleek, clean little sailing vessel, with all equipment aboard, and enthusiasm at white-heat.

They fished along the Baja California coast, shot pix of the natives, and made several friends en route. Merrick busily banged out copy and airmailed it back to the States. Checks would be delivered to a port farther south.

At the extreme southern tip of Baja California, they began shooting a color movie. It had to do with native life—fishing—hunting—sports. It looked good. They finished it as they took off for Panama.

"We'll get it developed in Panama City," Merrick said. "And see what we've got."

They did that. The film was good. They ran it off for a lot of tourists in one of the movie houses. Merrick gave a running account of their adventures. The people applauded. They were on their way.

"Maybe I'll do like the late Haliburton," said Merrick. "Give illustrated lectures, and then write a book or two, and autograph them in department stores for the eager women."

Robinson said, "We've only got one film so far, Merrick. What's our next subject?"

Jimmy Christian came up at this point. "Did you guys ever hear of the white Indians of Panama?"

Merrick said he had, vaguely. "Might make a good subject, huh?"

"Wonderful," Christian replied. "Only two white men have ever penetrated their country—and come out."

"Sounds like action and color," said Robinson. "Let's go!"

The trip through the Panama Canal was uneventful for the small boat and the boys. They reached the Atlantic entrance without having shot any of the movie and only a small portion of still film.

South of the Colon entrance lay the land of mystery, where the Darien Indians hold sway—where only two white men had come out after a visit.

Here, they had to abandon the sloop and fit up two canoes they carried. It was a tight squeeze getting all the equipment they wanted in the two small craft, and still have room for themselves. But they managed after a time, and with a few sacrifices.

Four days of paddling brought them to a bit of heavy jungle, where the canoes must be left. Now it was hoof-it. They hid all the luggage and supplies they couldn't carry and began the trek into the forbidden land.

They sensed when they crossed the invisible boundary of the Darien country. As Robinson expressed it; "You can just feel mystery here."

Mystery it was. They made camp in the late afternoon in a small clearing in one of the heaviest jungles Jimmy Christian had ever seen. And he had tried most of them.

SMASH COMICS

That night around the campfire the young men discussed their plans as they ate. A thought occurred to Robinson:

"What're we going to do in case we bump into some of these so-called 'white Indians'?" he asked.

"That's exactly what we want," said Merrick. "What do you think we came down here for?"

"Yeah," answered Robinson, "but remember that these chaps are plenty tough; they don't particularly like us."

"We really should not have a campfire, boys," offered Christian. "I don't like it."

"Pshaw!" Merrick finished his sandwich. "You guys are scared!"

A sound like a banjo string being plucked started them all. There was a whispering in the distant bushes.

"Arrow!" cried Christian, and began kicking the coals of the fire apart. "Down you fellows!"

They all flopped on their bellies. Another *twang* came, and an arrow struck a thick tree near them. "Get your guns," whispered Christian, "and be ready if they charge us."

This put a different complexion on the party. There is nothing so disconcerting as arrows flying out of the darkness at you. Poisoned arrows, at that!

"What'll we do?" asked Merrick hoarsely.

"Lie still," Christian said. "If they try rushing us, let 'em have it."

The coals of fire were now hardly glimmering, scattered far and wide. There was no light for shooting on either side.

The three lads lay as they were for an hour. They were getting cramped in the unnatural positions.

Christian said, "You fellows roll into your blankets and I'll keep watch for a couple of hours, then I'll call Robinson."

"Okay," replied Robinson.

The two hours passed uneventfully. Christian was just about to shake Robinson when he heard a yell. It came from quite a distance away. It was taken up still farther off by other yells. He wakened Robinson.

"Don't know what's up," said Christian, "but we'd better be on our toes. Wake Merrick."

Merrick grumbled, "What's the idea? I just got asleep."

"Wanta lose your scalp, mug?" Robinson asked.

They had some cold coffee left which they drank. Then they prepared to wait and see what happened. There was no further sound from the Indians. Had they decided against attacking? Christian didn't think so. He drew a very special weapon from under his jacket and opened the catch. It might work and it might not.

Then a series of savage yells broke out. They were closer now.

"They're coming," said Christian. "Have your guns ready."

"You mean we should shoot 'em?" Merrick wanted to know.

"On second thought, no," Christian told him. "Let's see what they intend doing first. It may only be to frighten us away. Here they come!"

A loud crashing of underbrush told of the savages' approach. There was no yelling now, only a steady pushing through the thick maze of creepers and bushes. In a moment a few of the vanguard broke through the jungle and stood in the clearing. The moon had come out now, and the Indians were dimly visible where they halted. The leader began talking to them in a barking sound.

"Parleying," said Christian. "They're mad."

Suddenly a rain of arrows flew over their heads and the first native began leaping up and down and shouting. Now was the time. Christian prayed his idea would work. He aimed the instrument in his hand and pulled the trigger. There was hardly any noise. But soon a blinding umbrella of white light broke out above them and began floating downward. The jungle was dazzling in the intense glare.

Silence, total and deadly, gripped the Indians. Even Robinson and Merrick, who knew nothing about Christian's stunt, watched the phenomenon with open mouths.

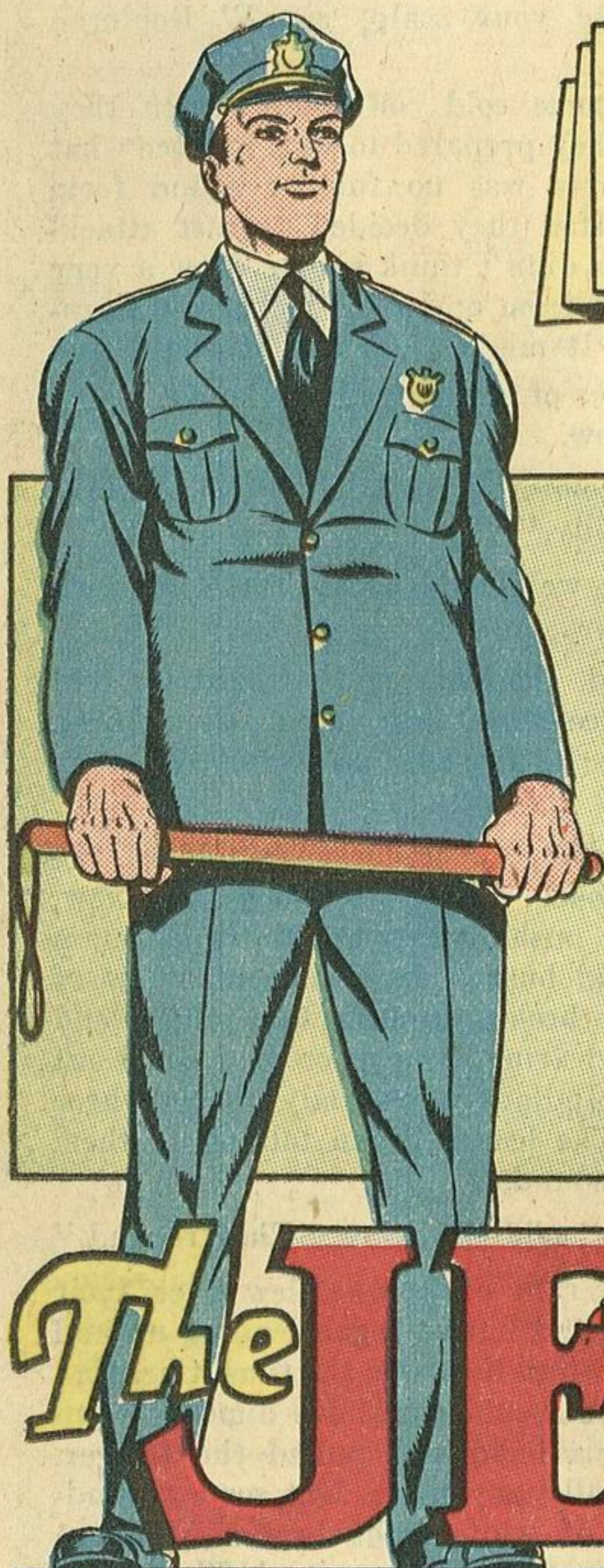
Christian said, softly, "Grab your stuff and follow me."

They soon had their packs and were trodding on Christian's heels as he led off into the jungle, away from the Indians. There was no further sound of pursuit. It was as if the light had knocked them dumb.

After a half dozen miles, Merrick gasped, "Where did you get the flare, Jimmy?"

"I brought it along. Sometimes the simplest thing, like a Very pistol, will work wonders with natives."

OFFICER CHUCK LANE REPRESENTS THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW! The beat he walks is his kingdom --- his badge is his honorable certificate of the *RIGHT TO RULE!* But every king has a **JESTER** and Chuck Lane is that, too, when he is off duty!



The JESTER

THEY'VE ANNOUNCED NEW EXAMS FOR PROMOTION, CHUCK! HOW'S ABOUT YOU TRYING FOR SERGEANT -- MAYBE LIEUTENANT?

NO THANKS, McGINTY! I DON'T WANT A DESK JOB --- THE OPEN AIR ON THE BEAT FOR ME!



I LIKE THIS JOB! NICE NEIGHBORHOOD --- NICE KIDS IN THE HOMES!

HIYA, OFFICER LANE?



I HAVE A LOT OF FRIENDS!

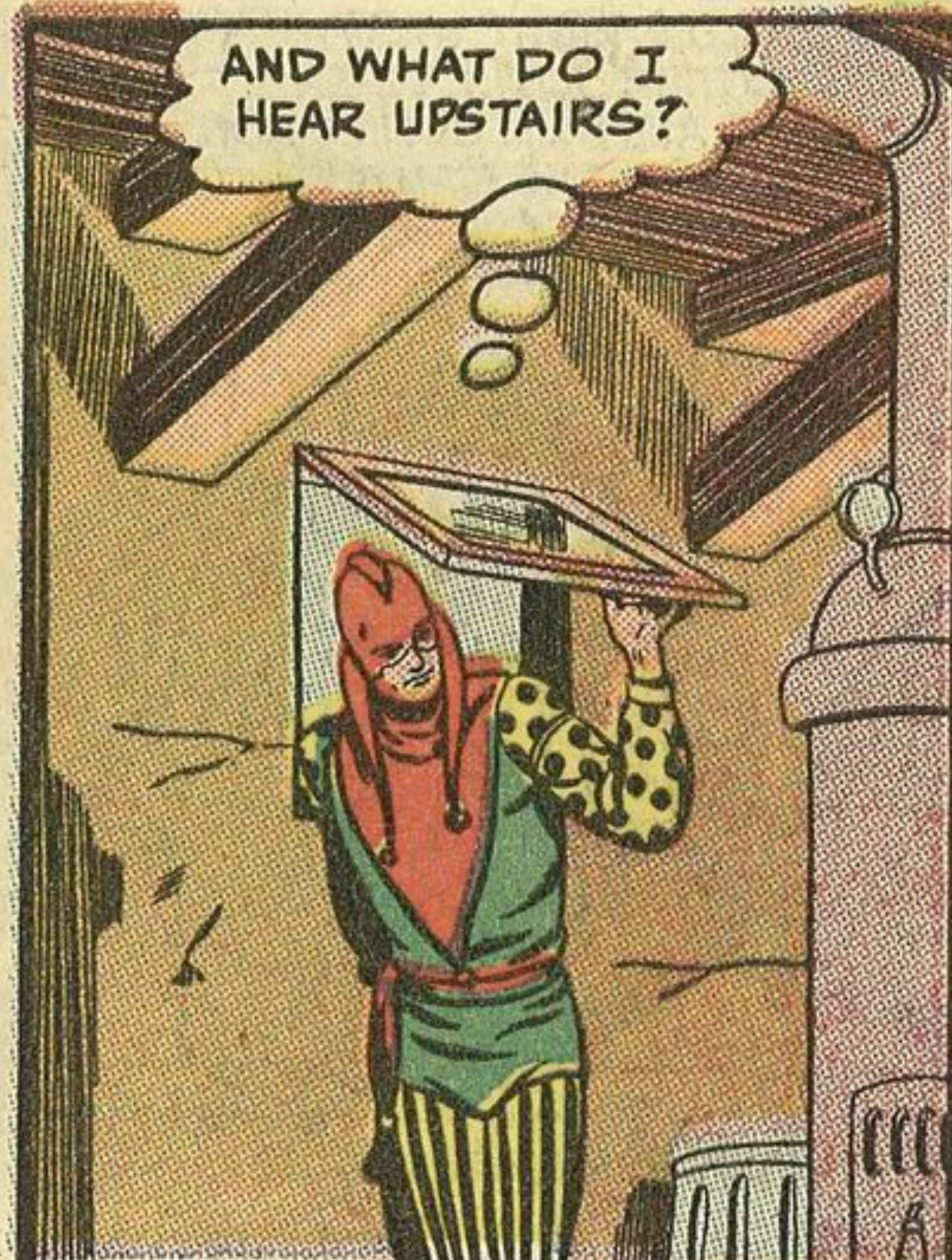
I'VE JUST FINISHED ME BAKIN'! HOW ABOUT SOME PIE, ME BHOY?





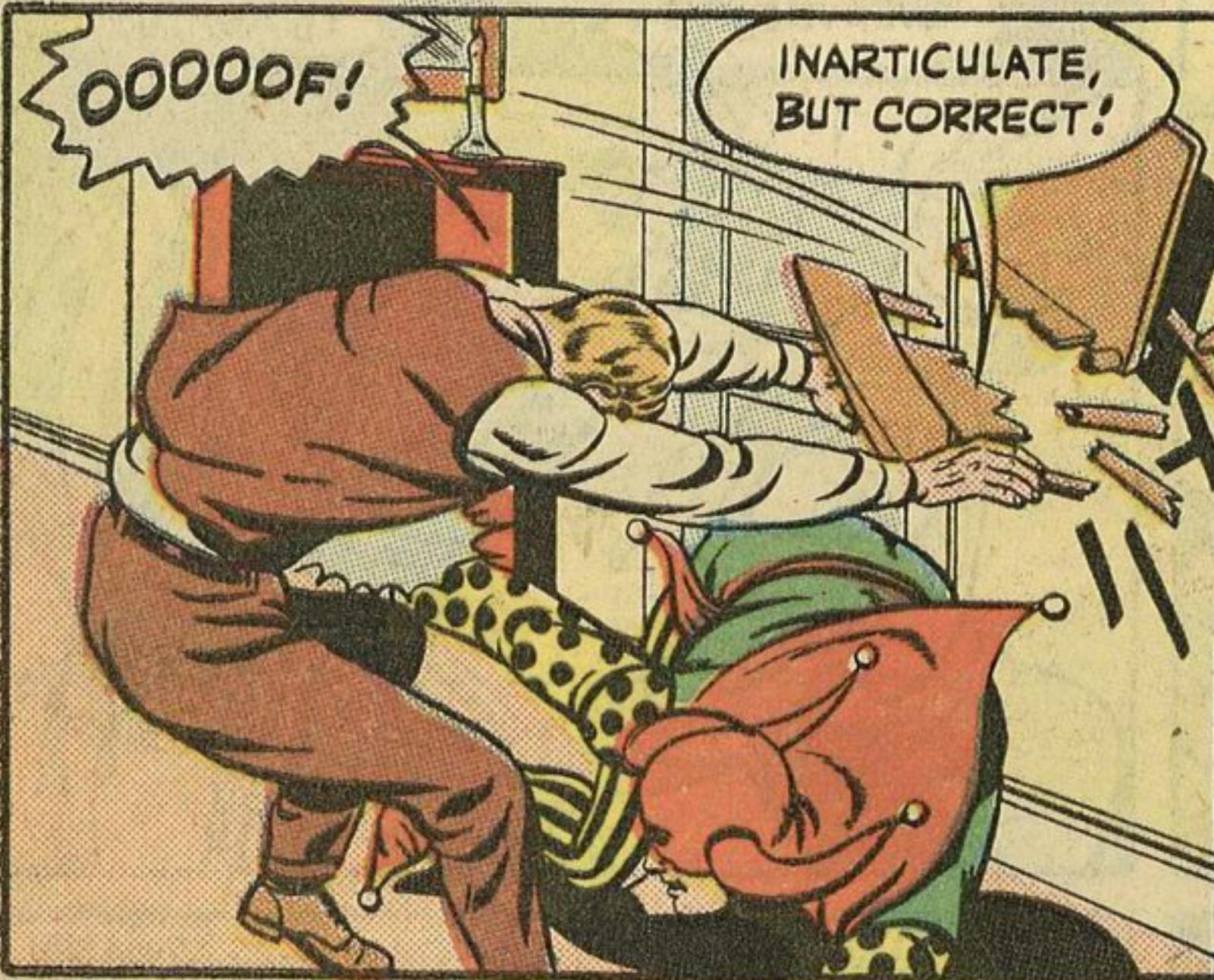


SMASH COMICS











Backwash, U.S.A. ... Sunday ...
THE CAMPFIRE BUGS will hold
 their weekly outing today. Among
 those present will be Marge and
 Spunky ... and, of course, Spunky's
 perfect rival, curly ... and pal
 Pug ... and others!

THAT WAS
 SWELL EATIN',
 MARGE!

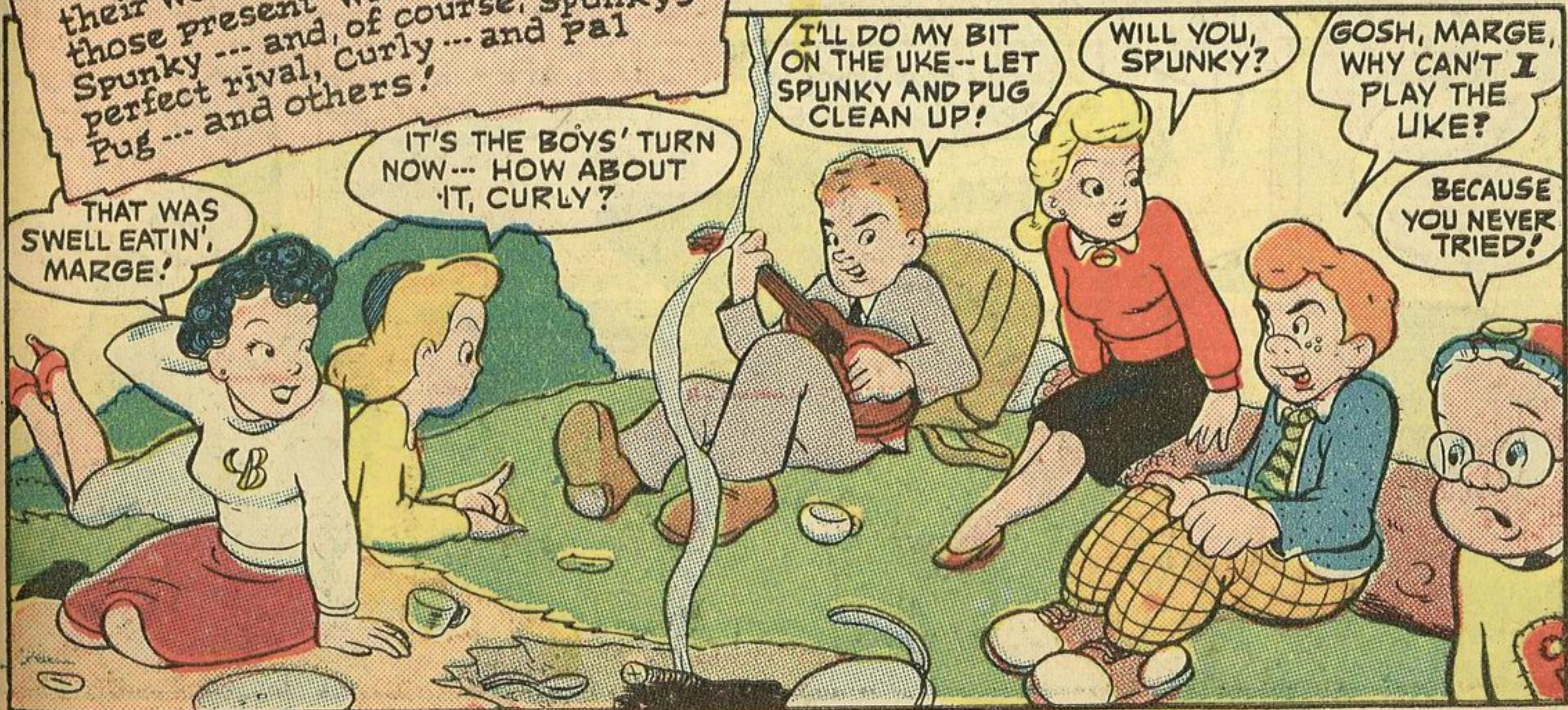
IT'S THE BOYS' TURN
 NOW ... HOW ABOUT
 IT, CURLY?

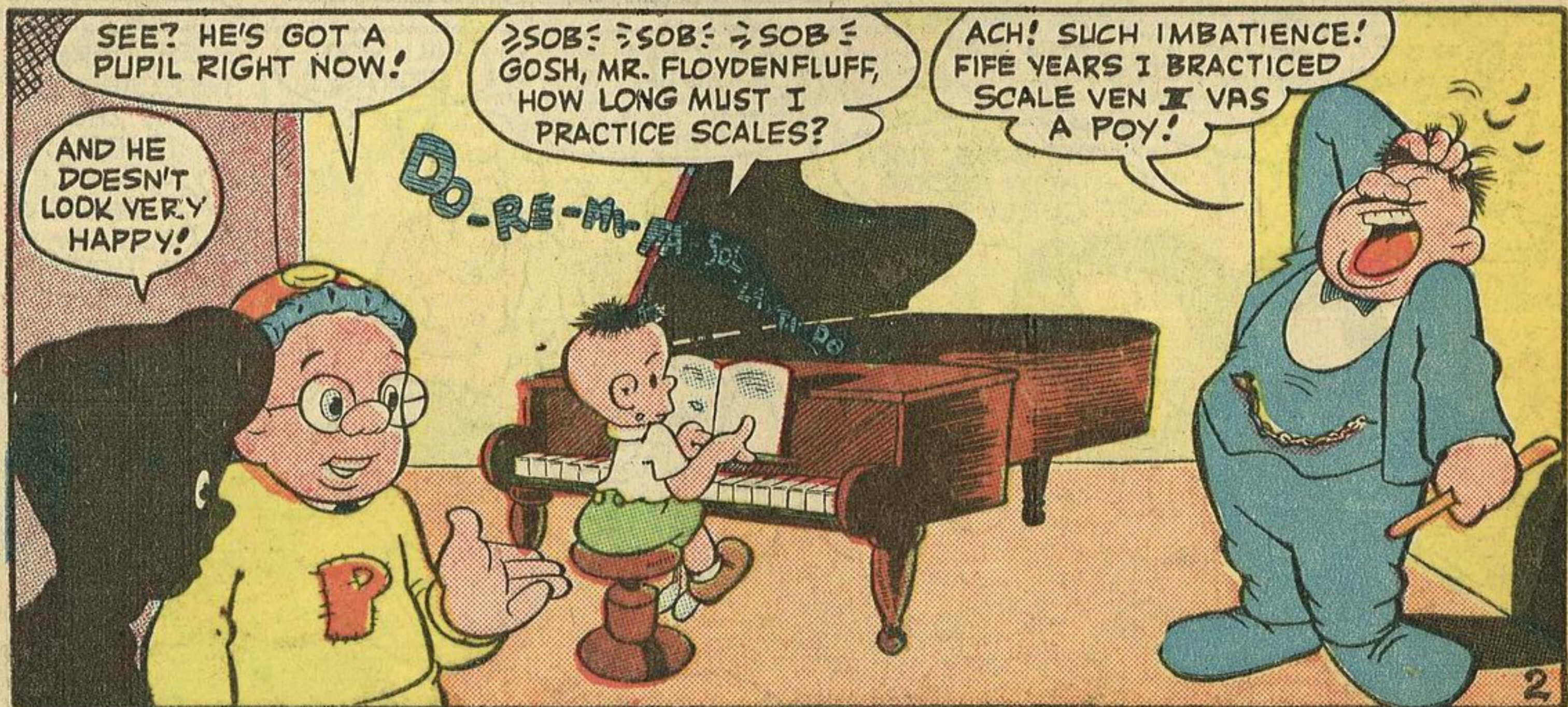
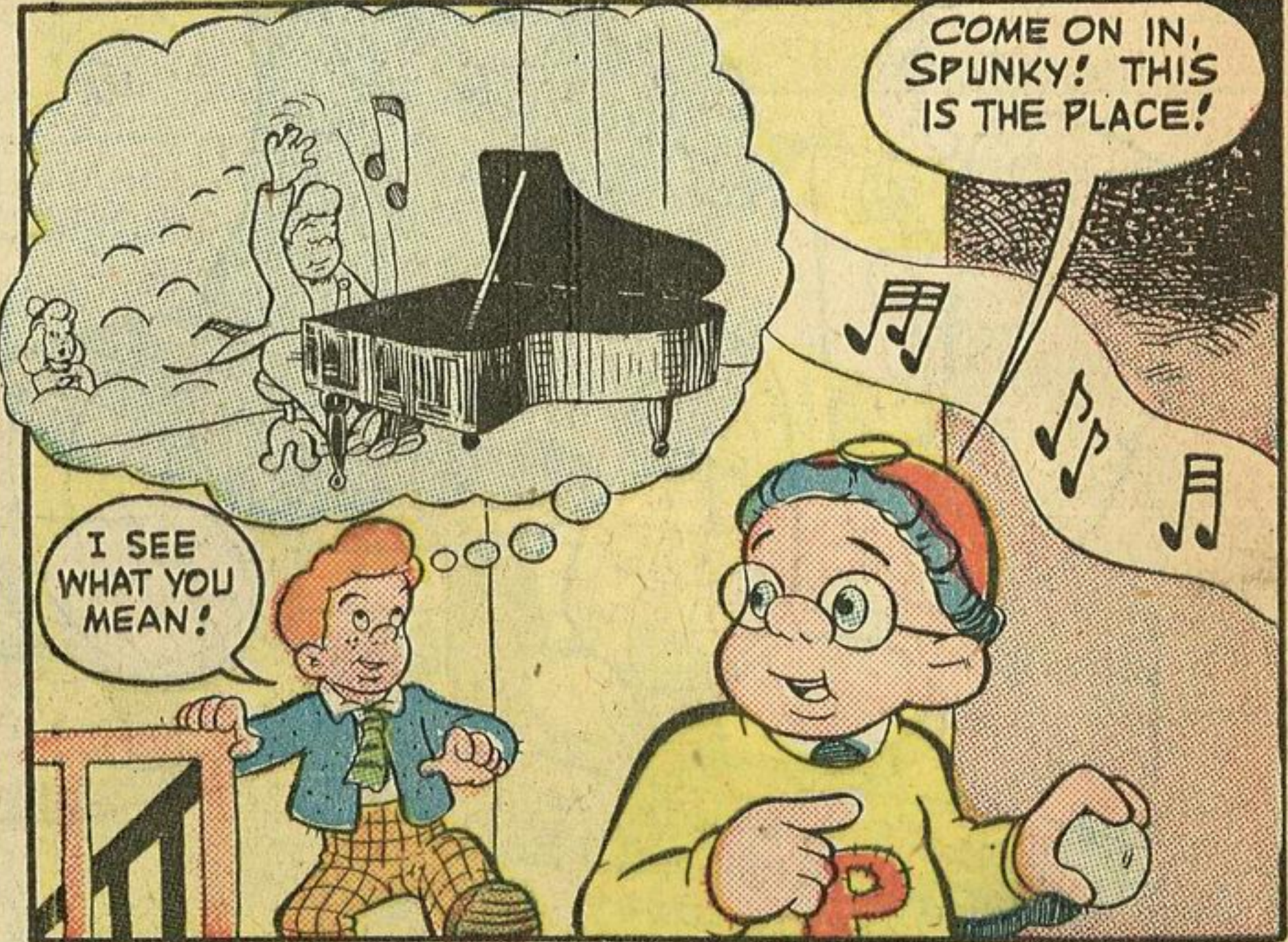
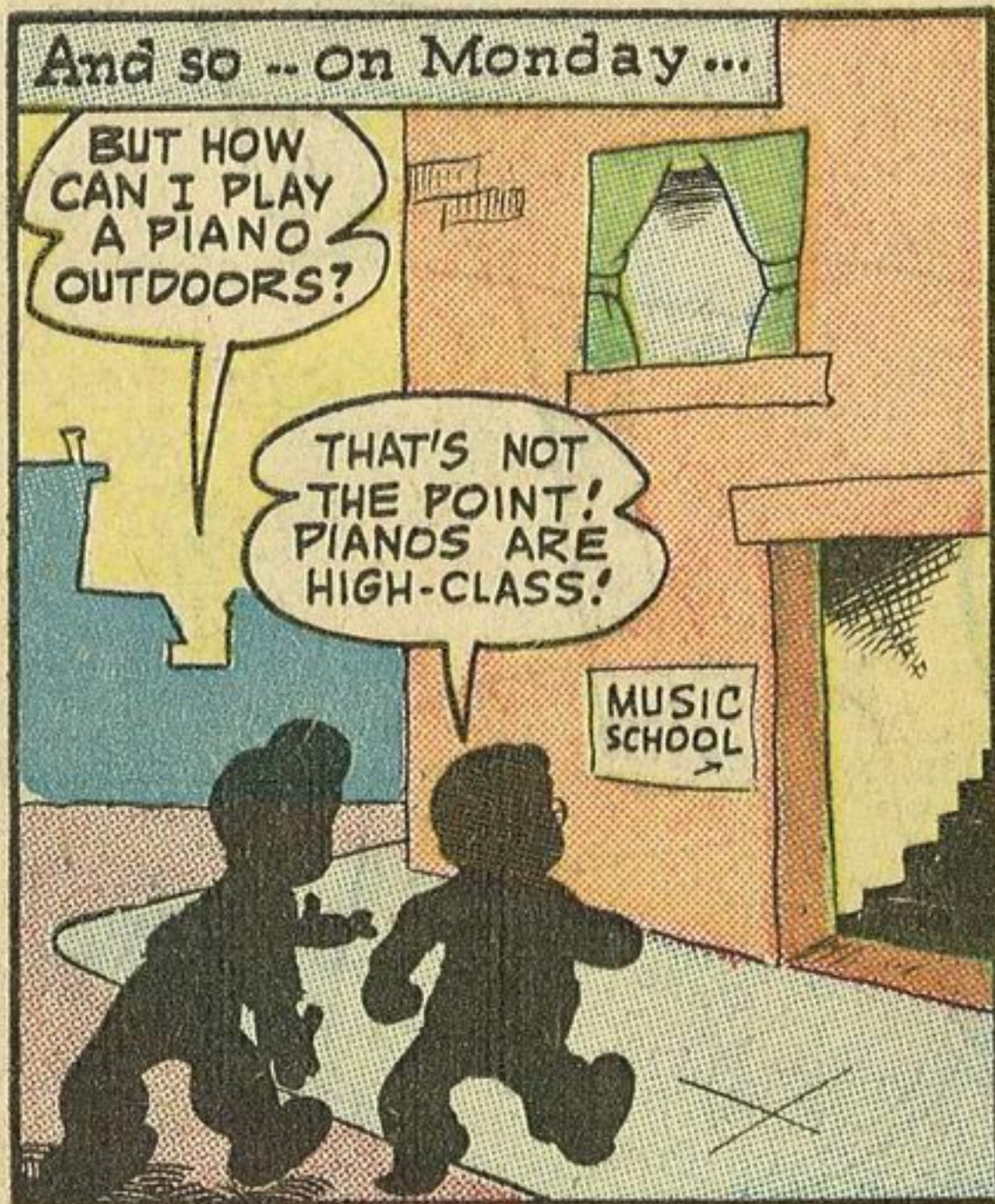
I'LL DO MY BIT
 ON THE UKE -- LET
 SPUNKY AND PUG
 CLEAN UP!

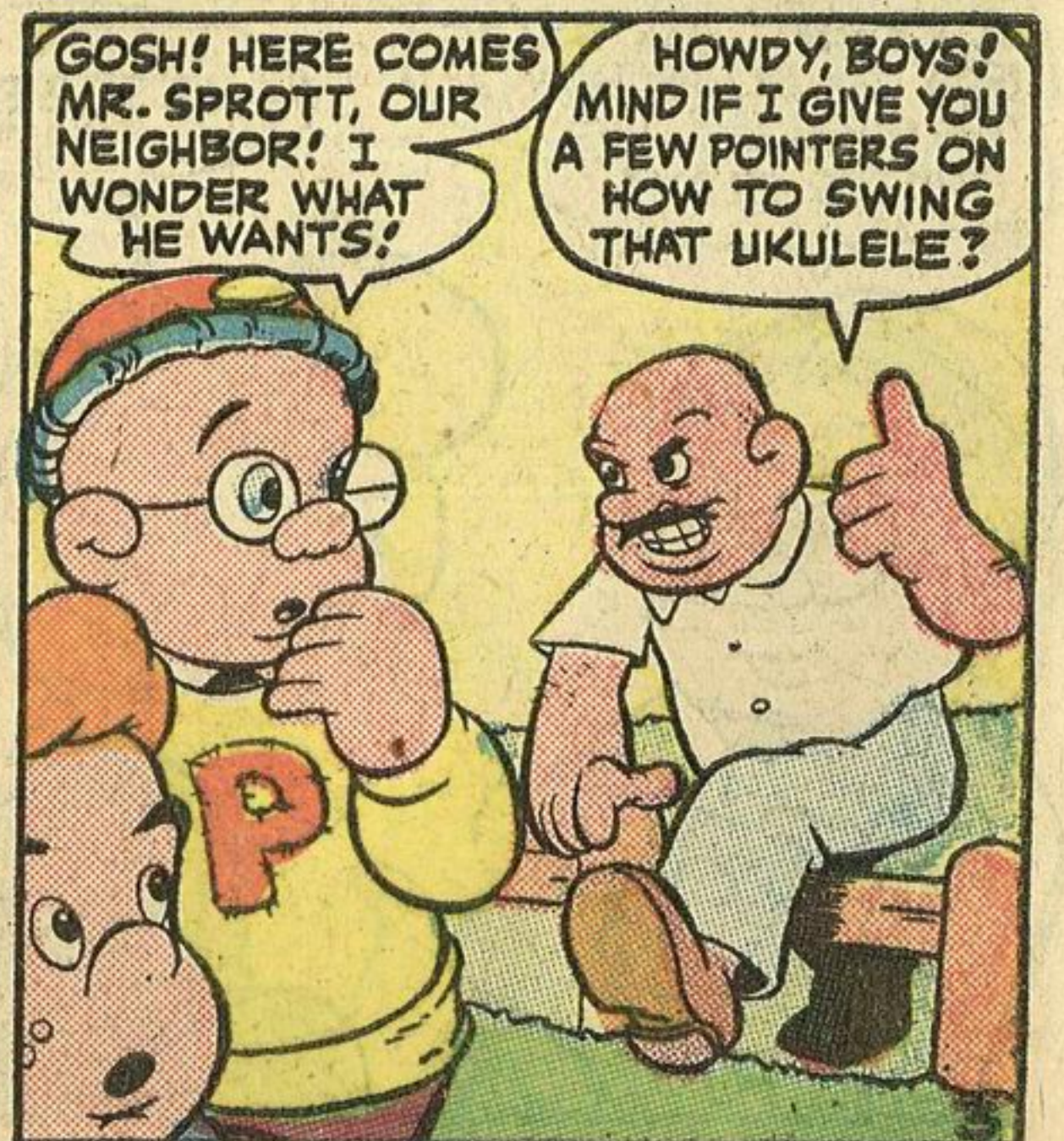
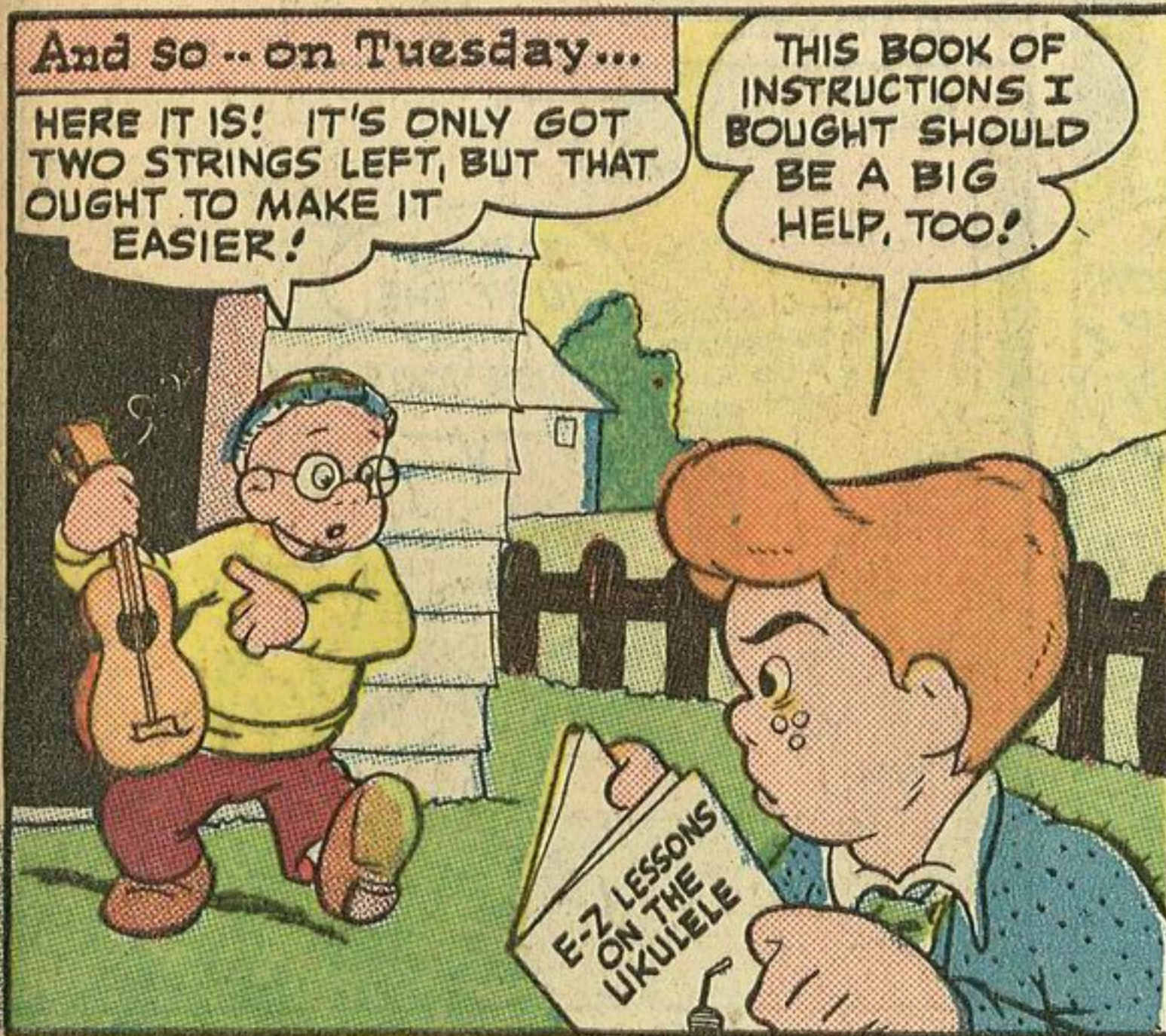
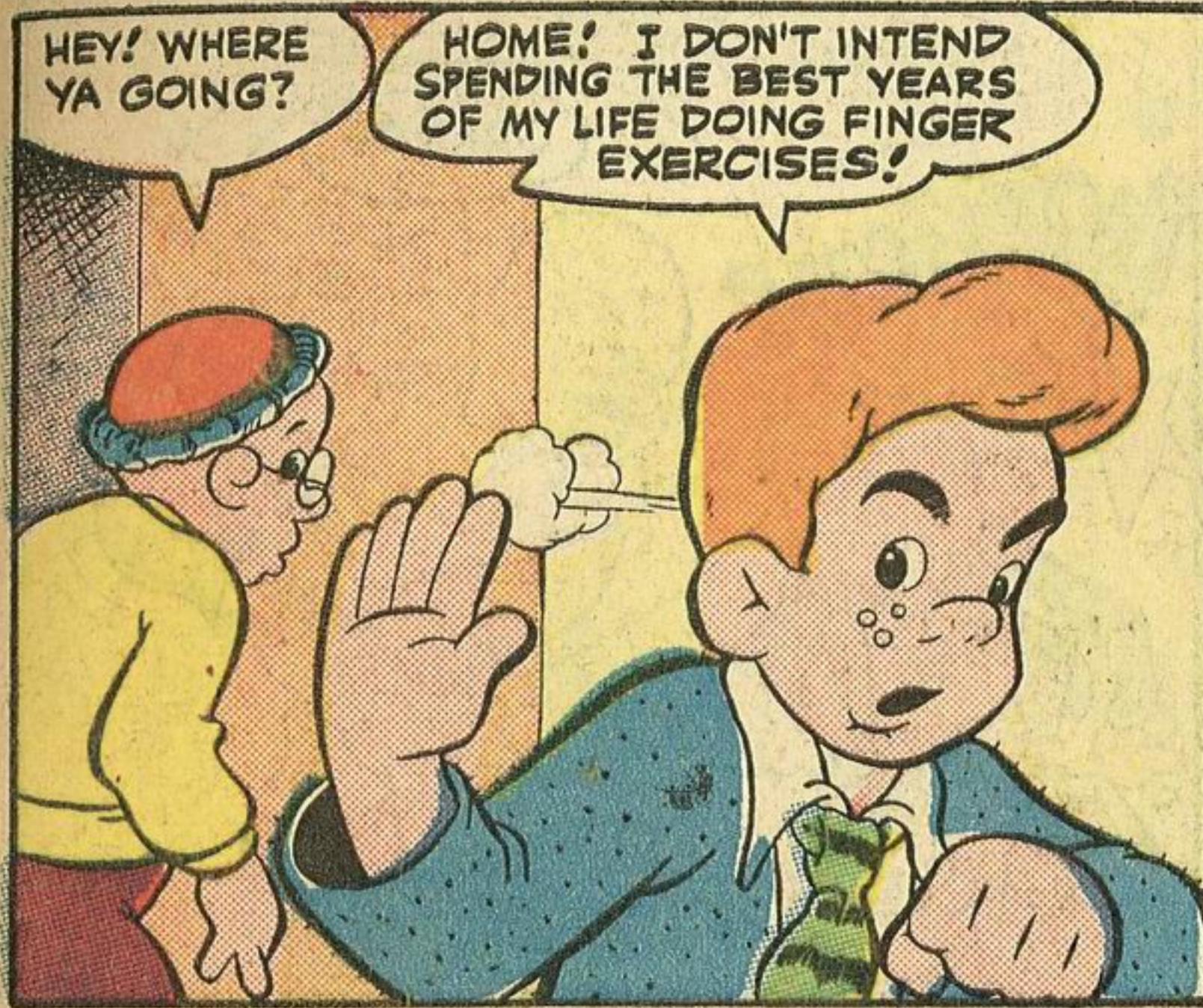
WILL YOU,
 SPUNKY?

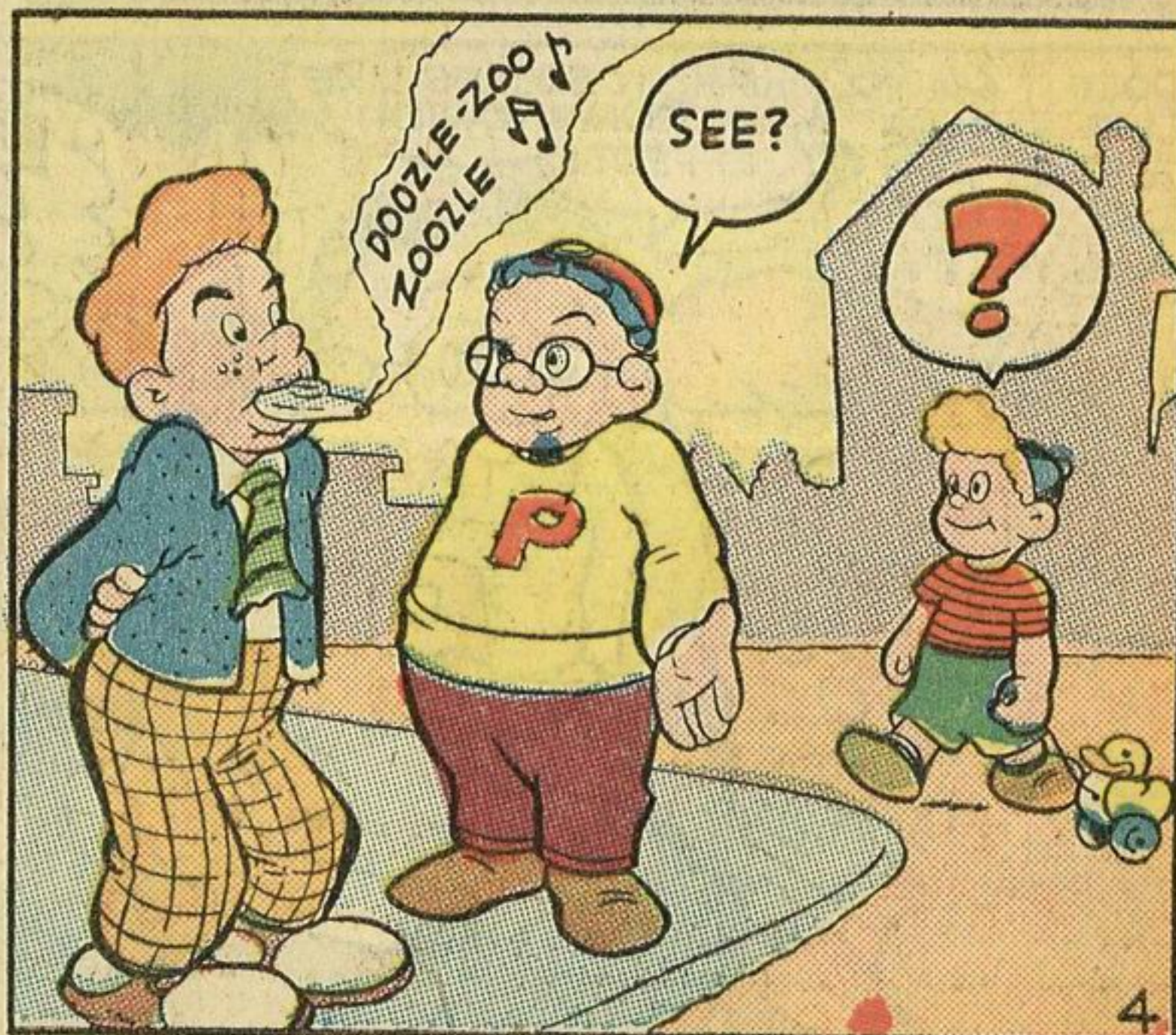
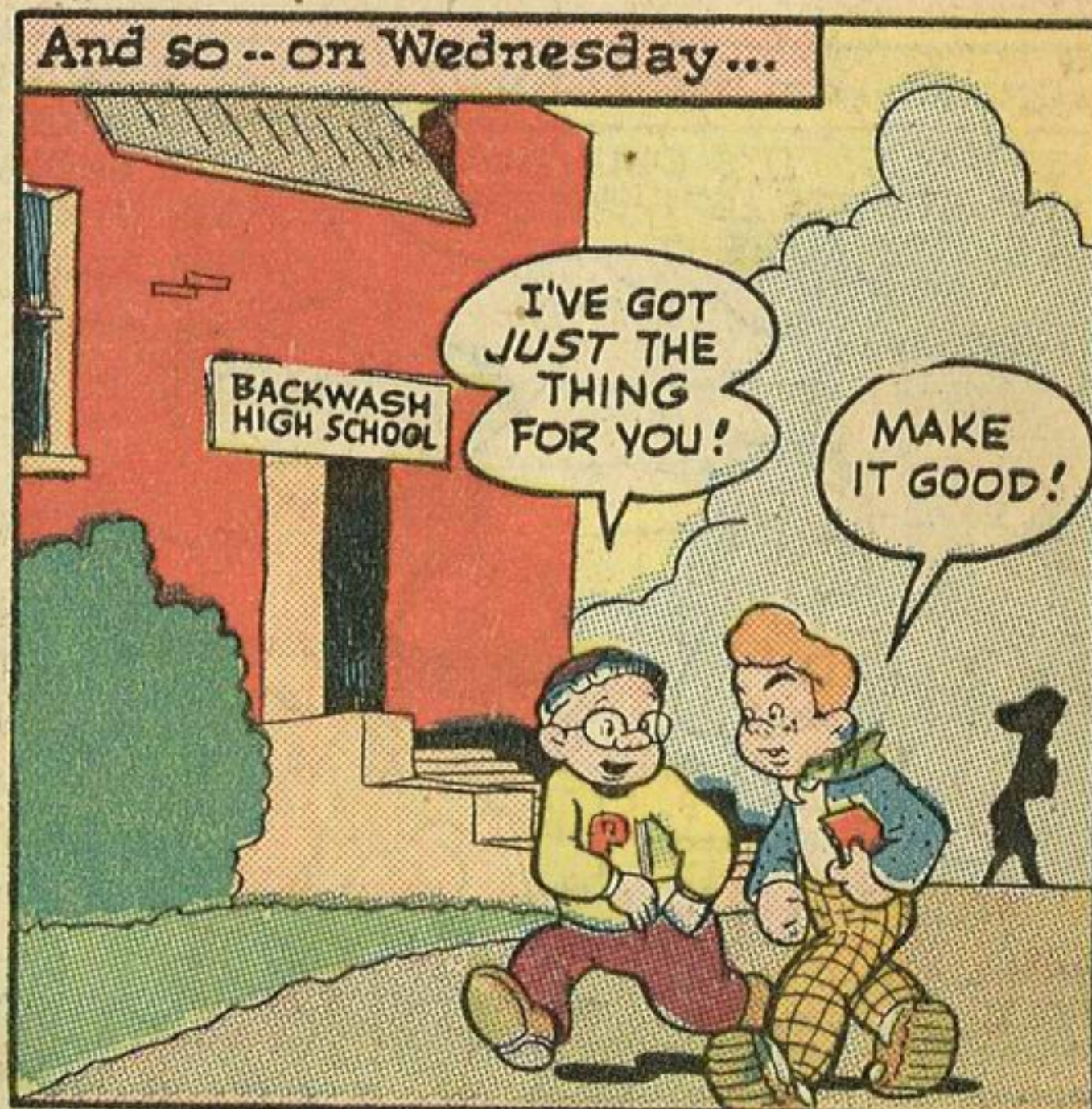
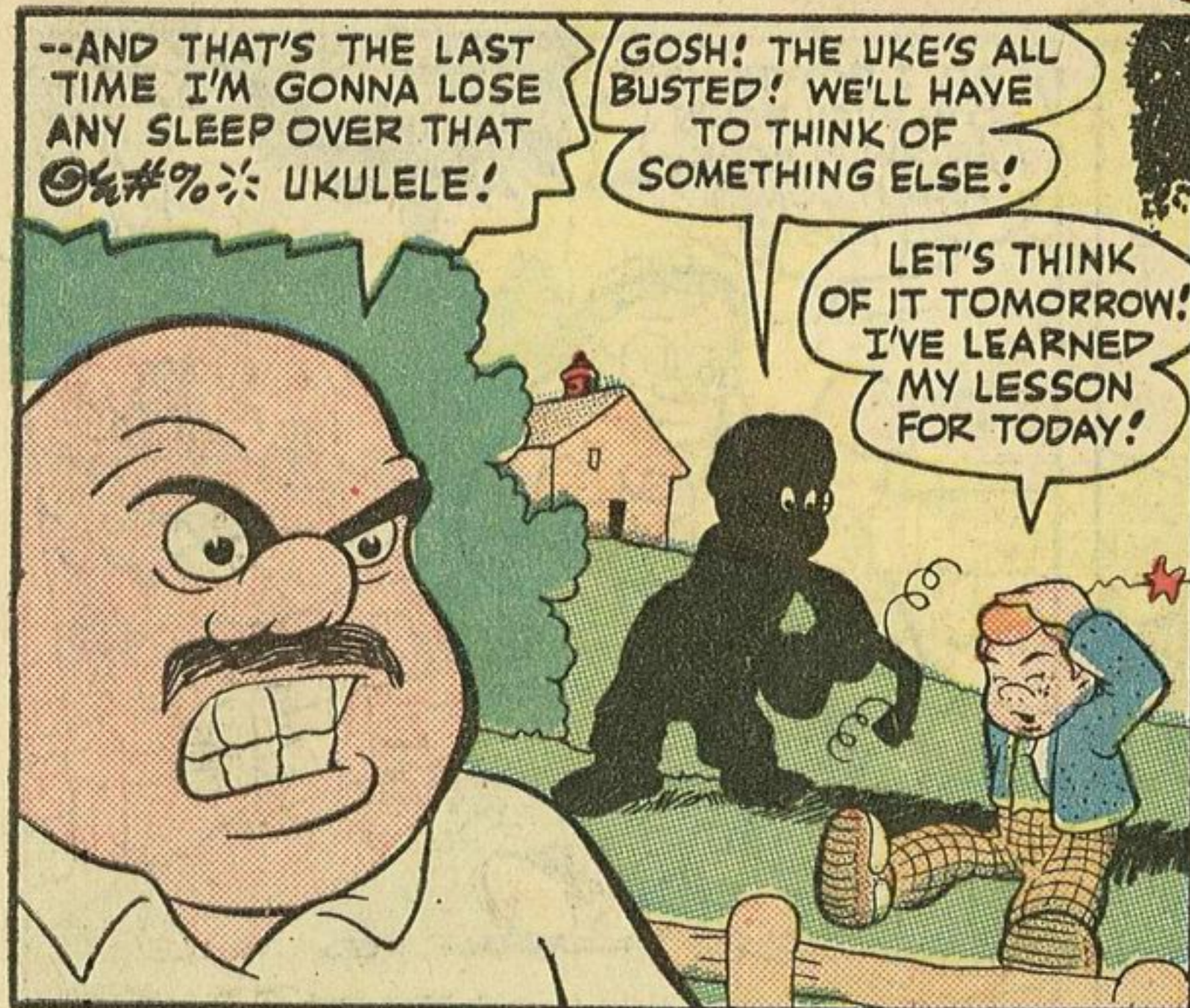
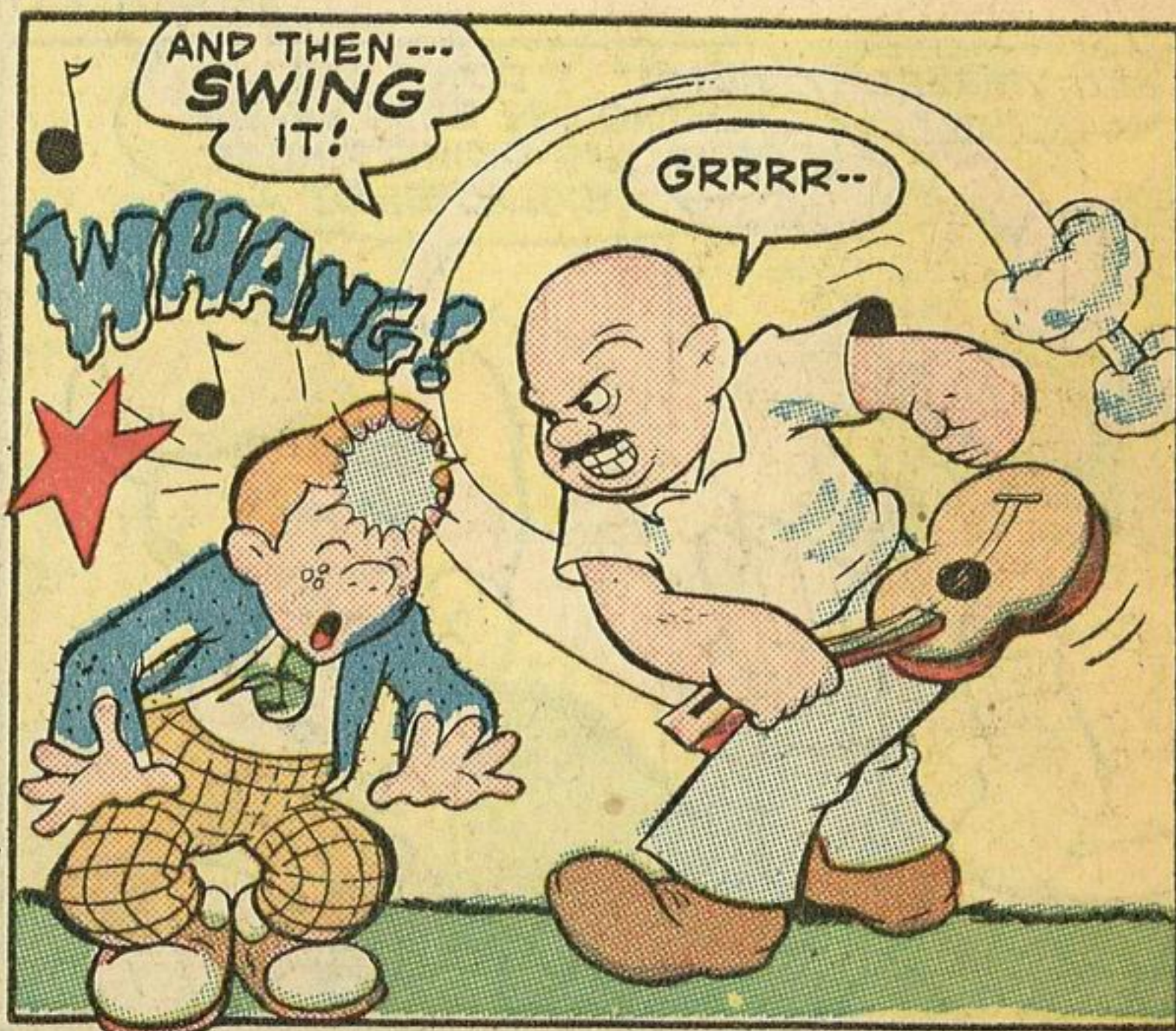
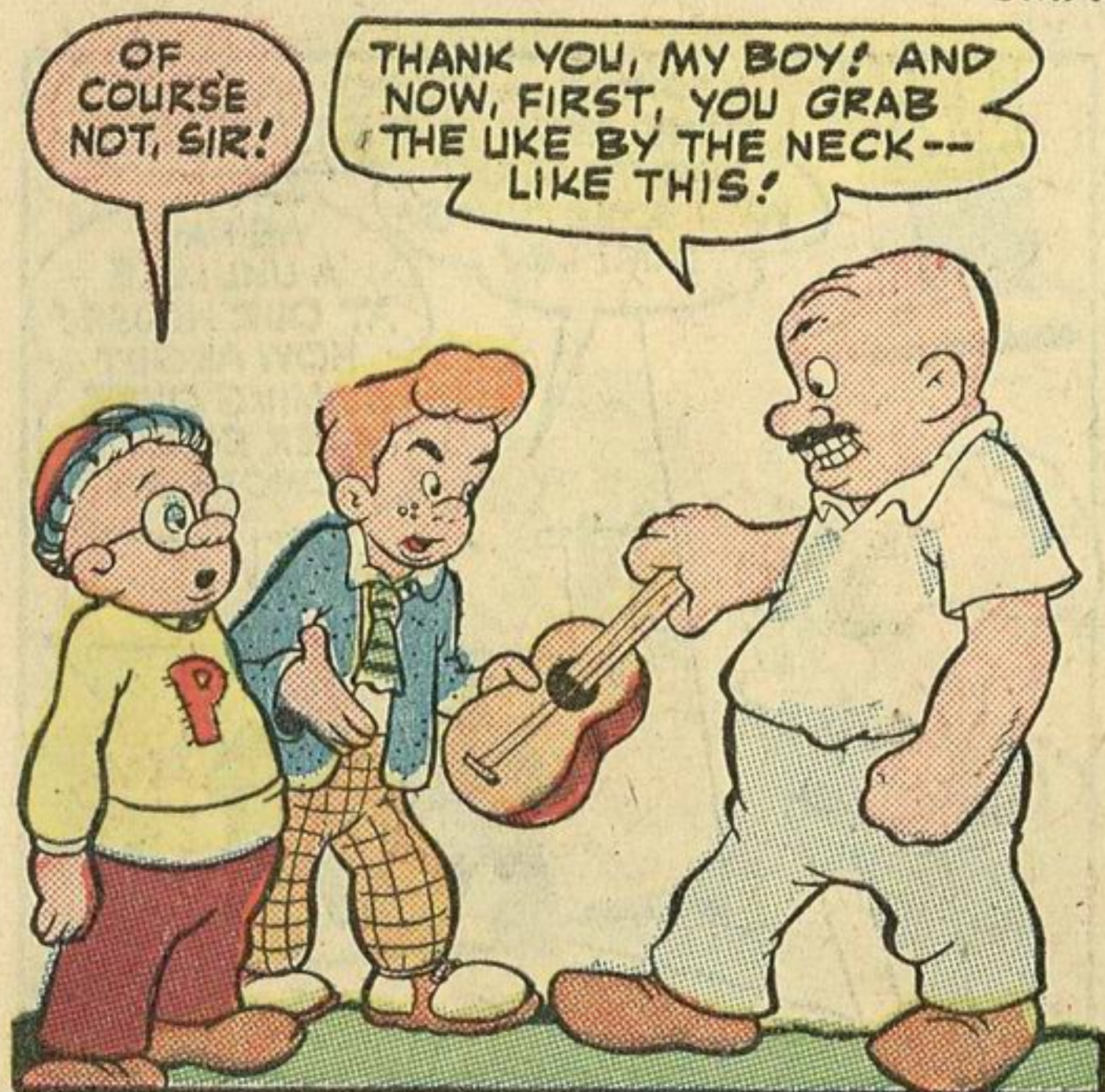
GOSH, MARGE,
 WHY CAN'T I
 PLAY THE
 UKE?

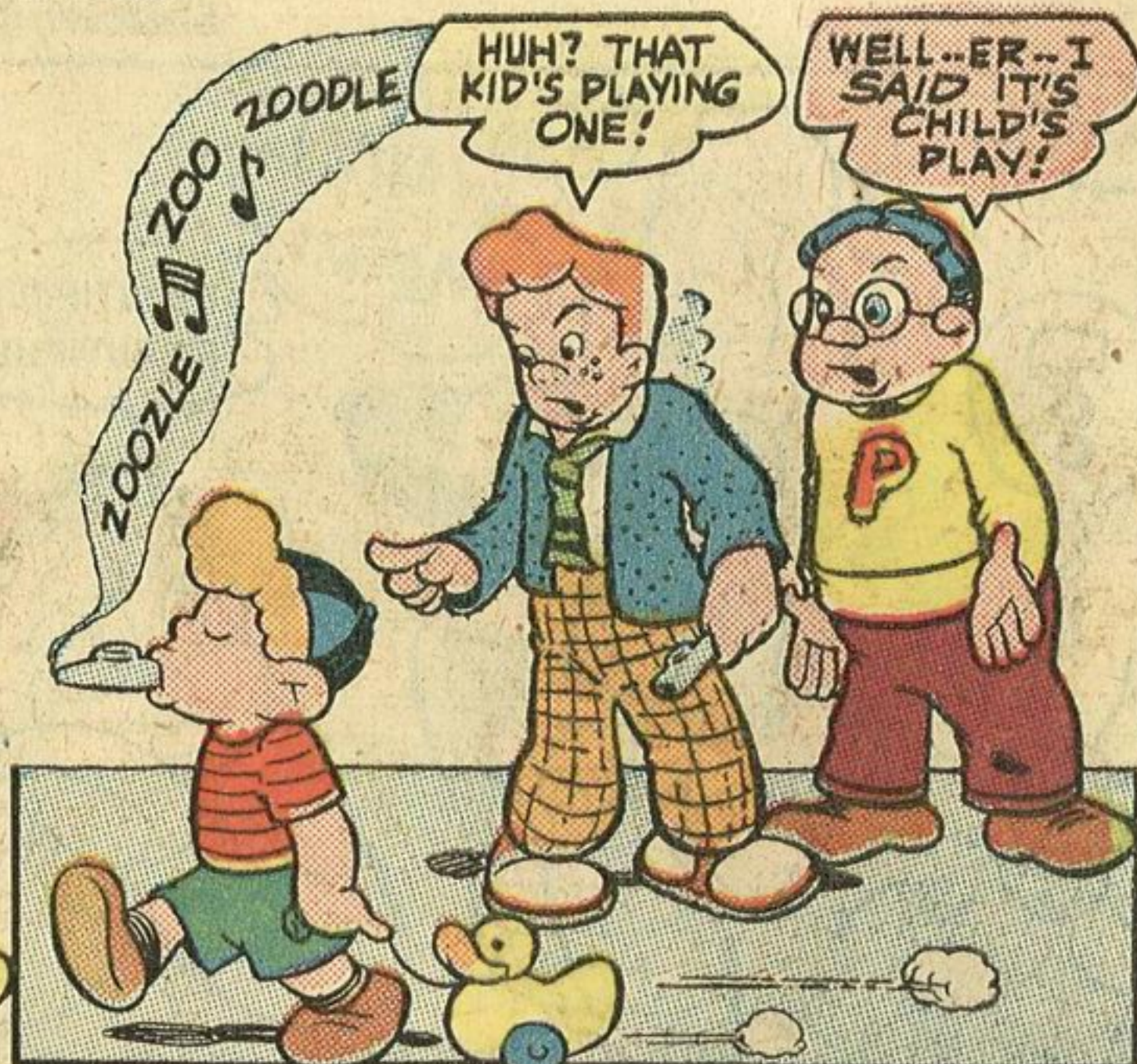
BECAUSE
 YOU NEVER
 TRIED!

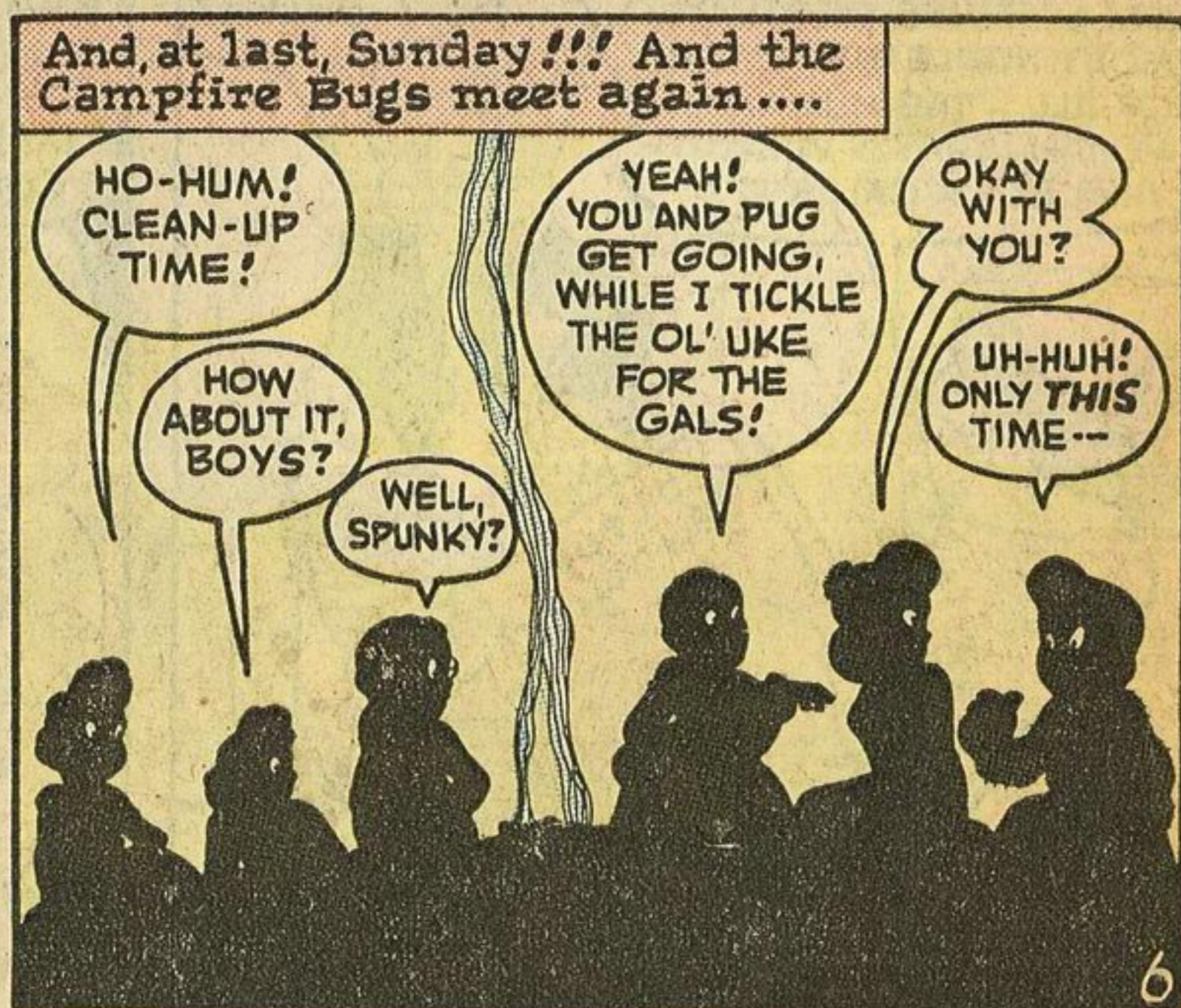
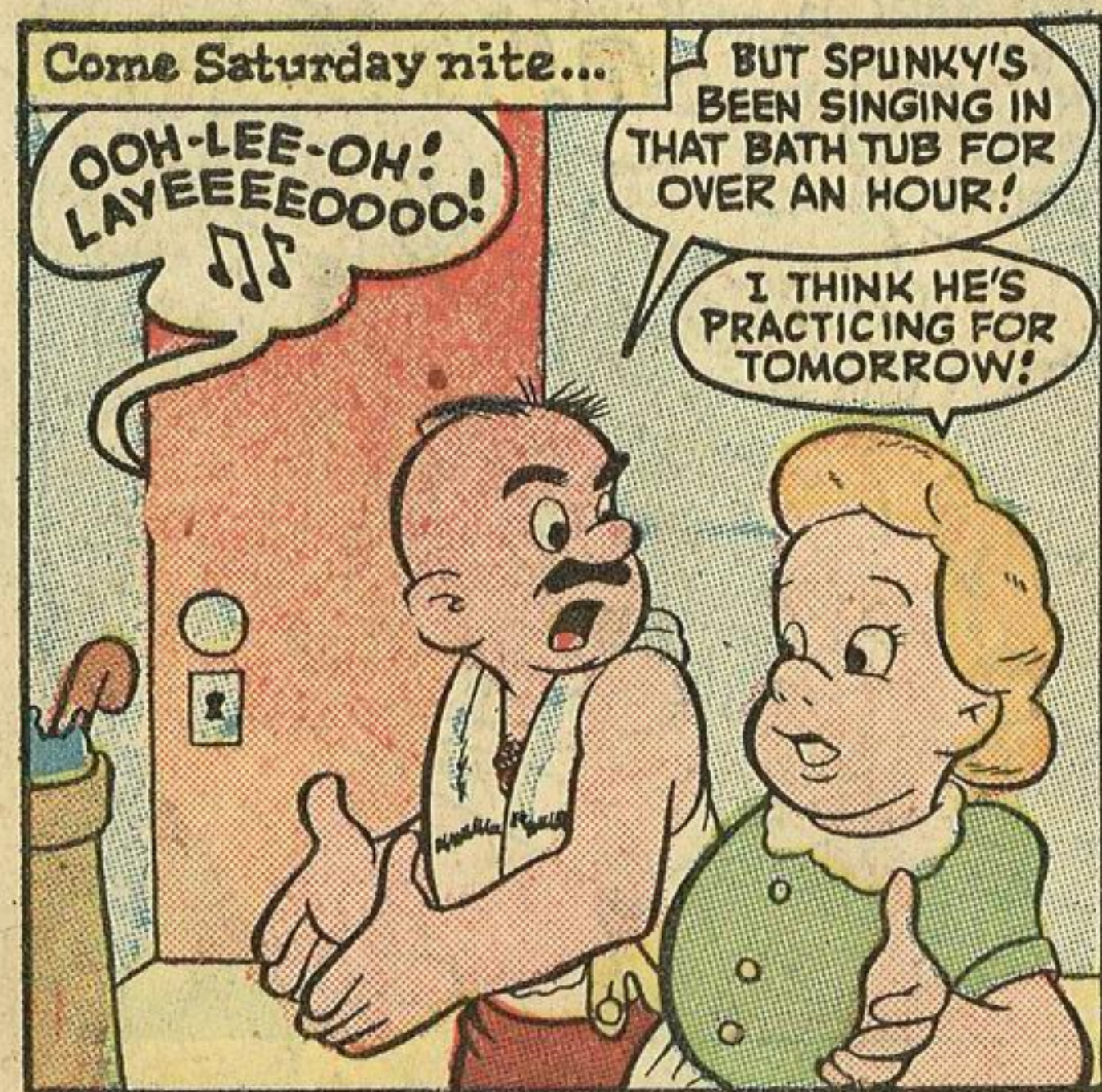
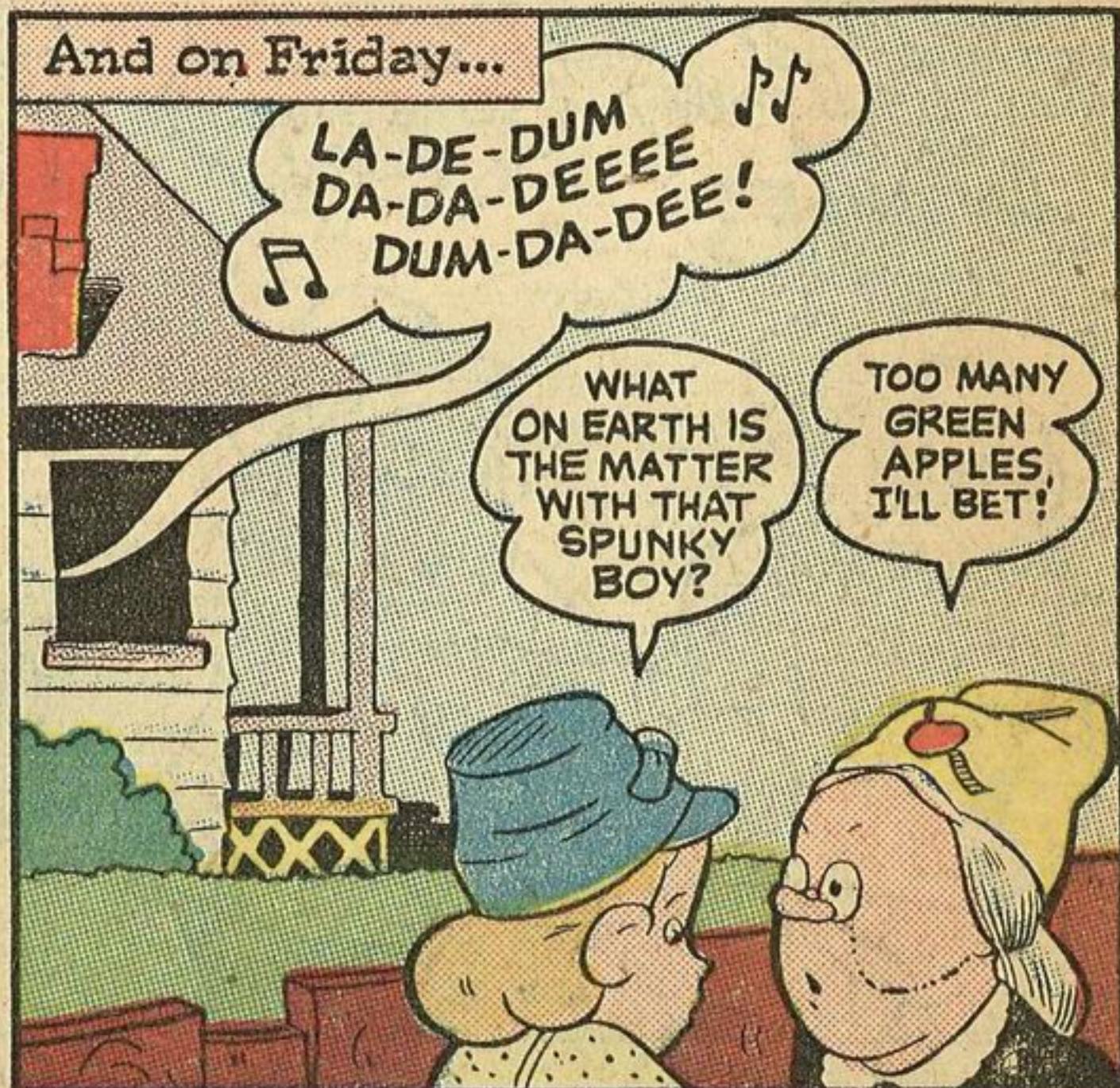
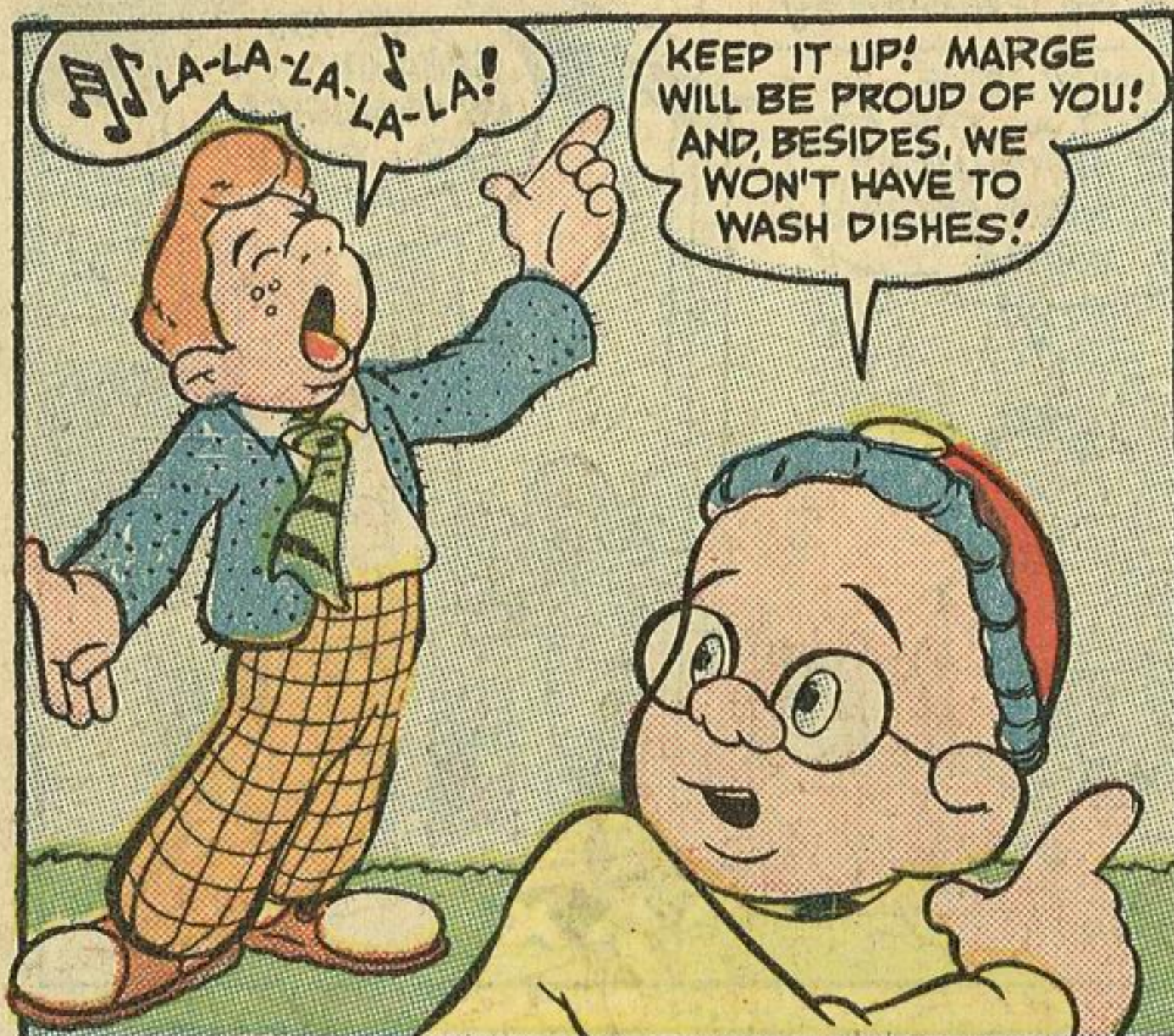
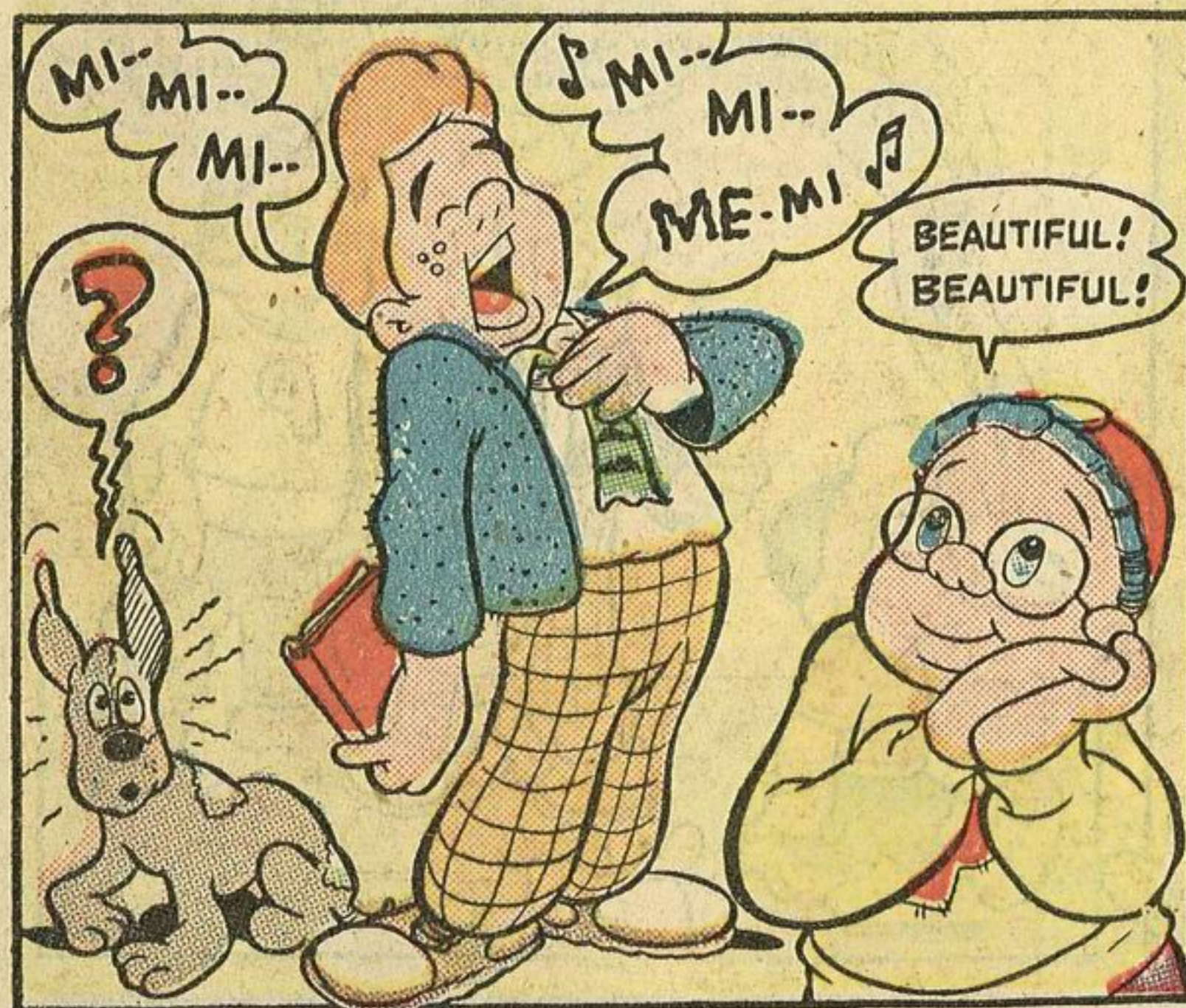


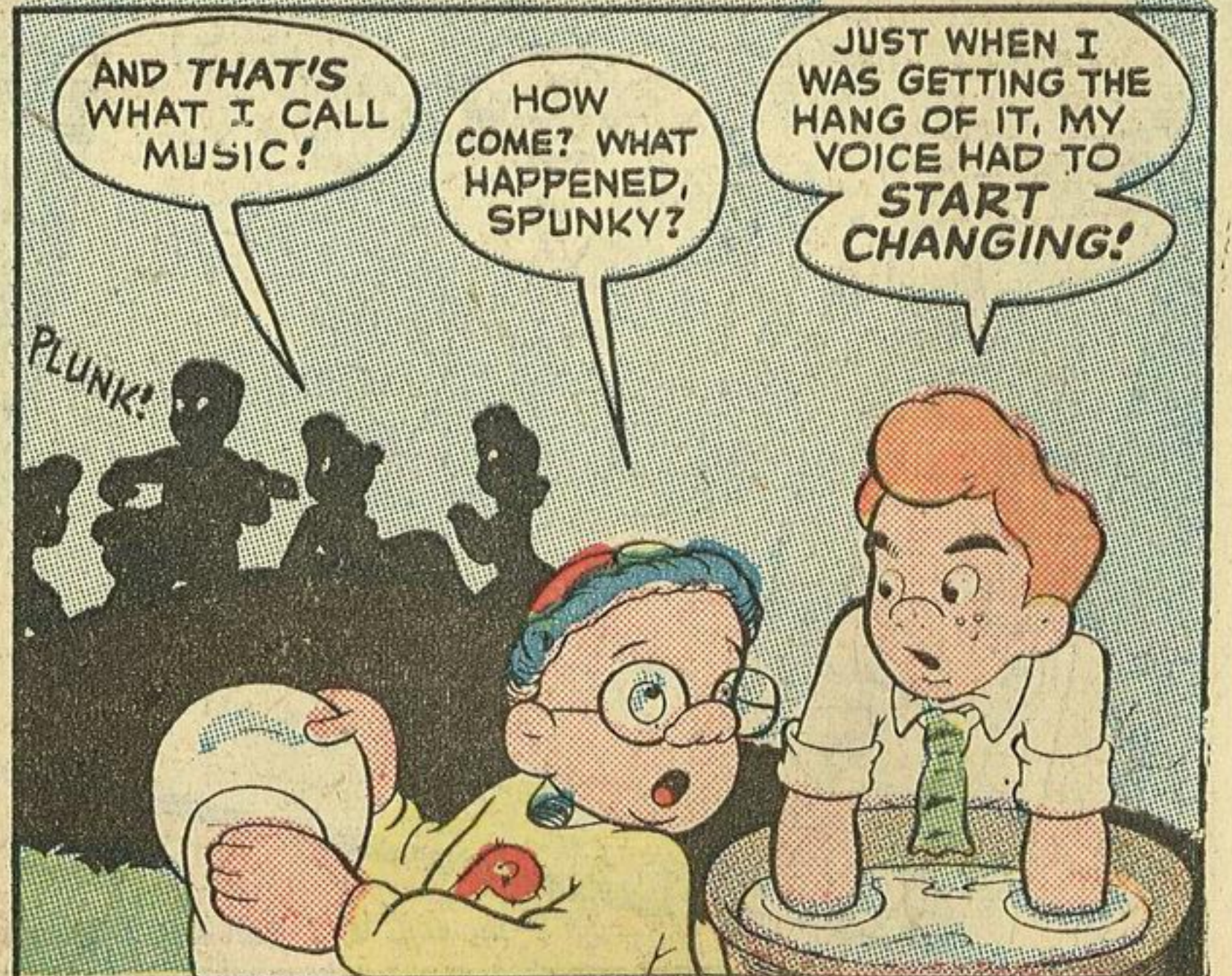
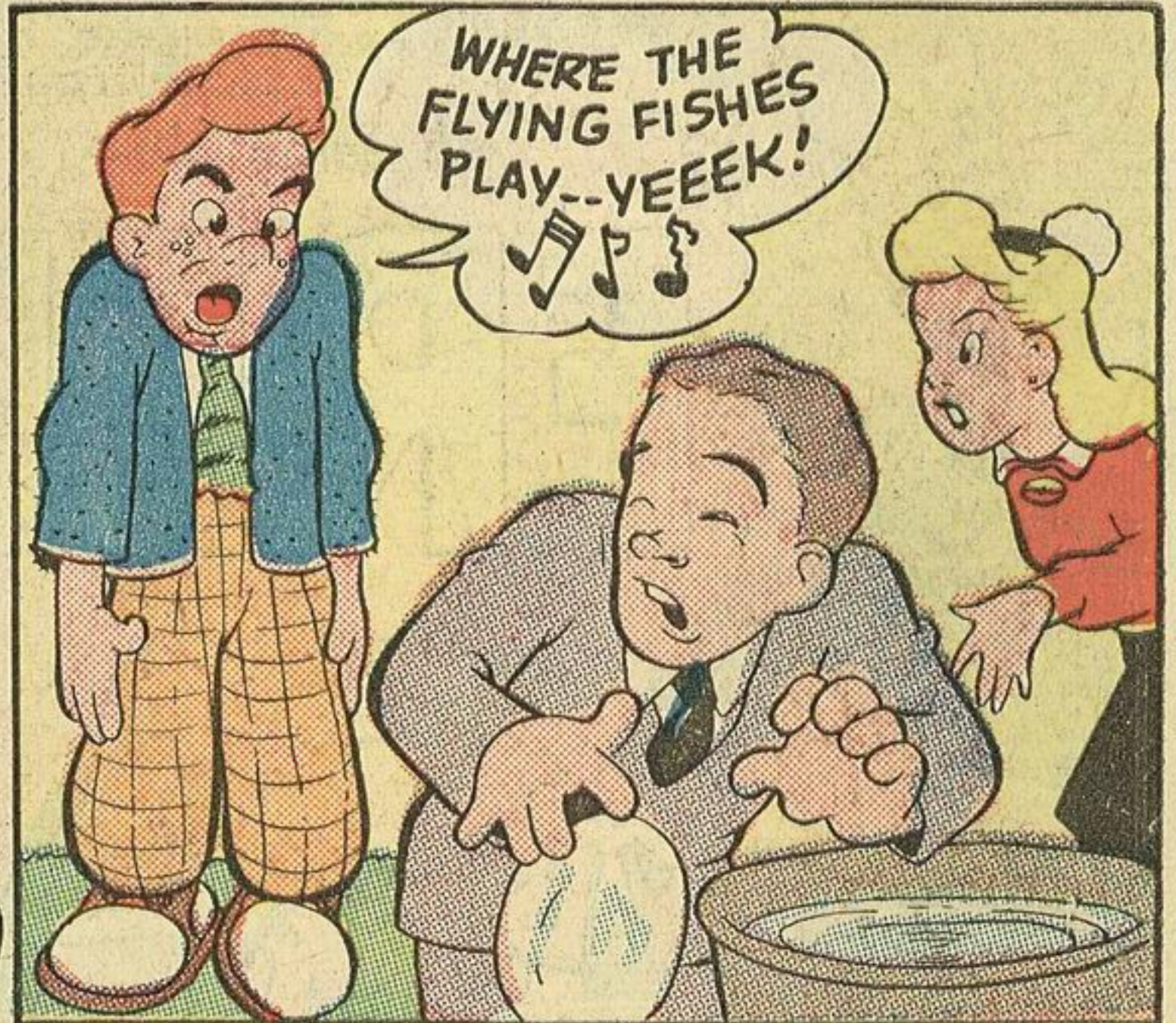
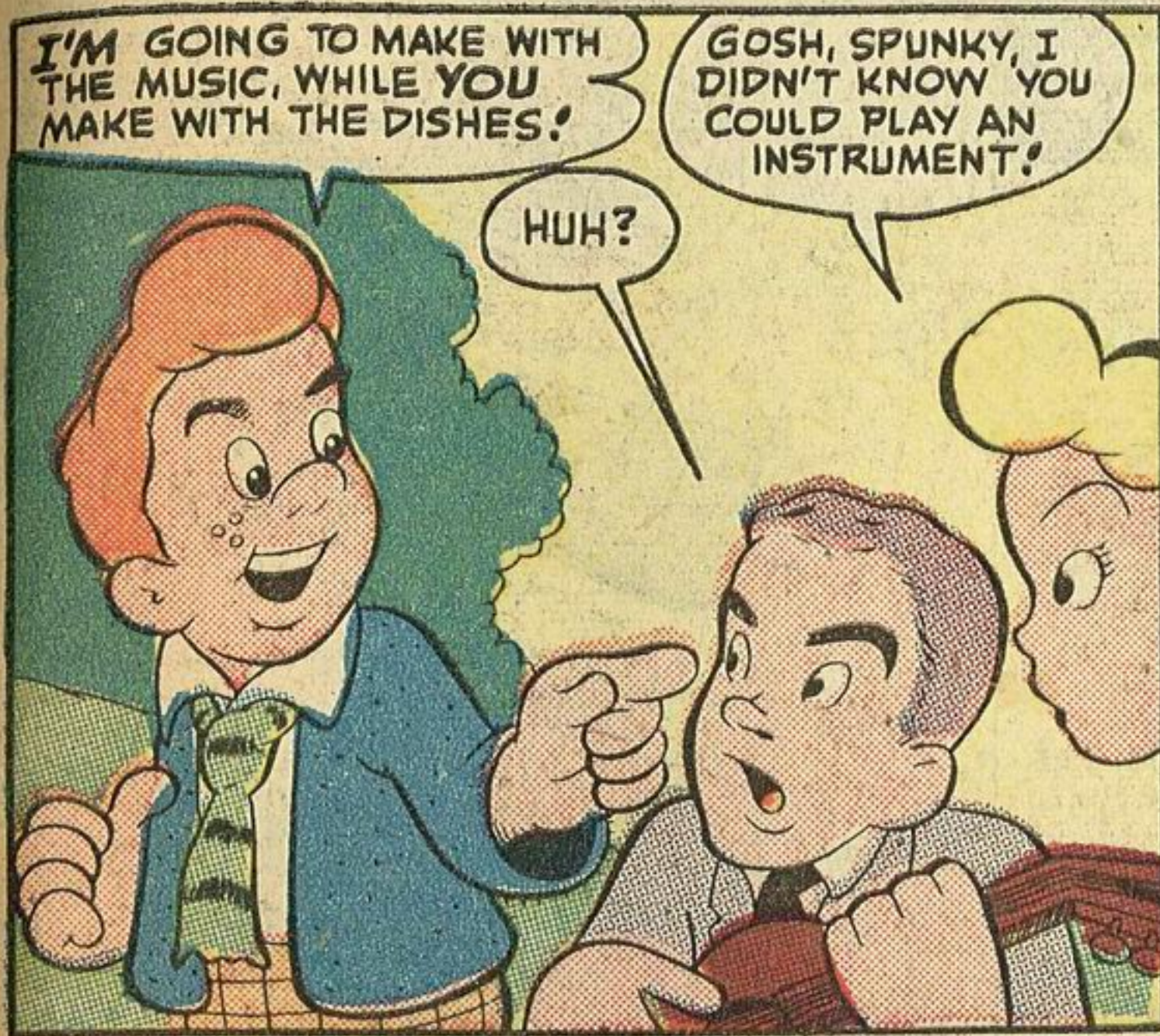












Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION
STRIKE OUT - NO HIT - SPEEDBALL
"CLEVELAND INDIANS" PITCHER

Says

"BOYS and GIRLS

GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GEN-
UINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN
ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE
MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM
MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED"
CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND
THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete

will send you—

FREE



COOLING — REFRESHING
VARIOUS FLAVORS



CHEWY — FUDGY
FROZEN DELIGHT



RICH ICE CREAM
DELICIOUSLY COATED



RICH ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATE COATED

**SAVE THE BAGS
GET SWELL PRIZES**

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from
these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if
they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPO-
RATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR
GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS,
PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ,
LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**EXTRA FREE PRIZE
CATALOG**

It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just
for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells
how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

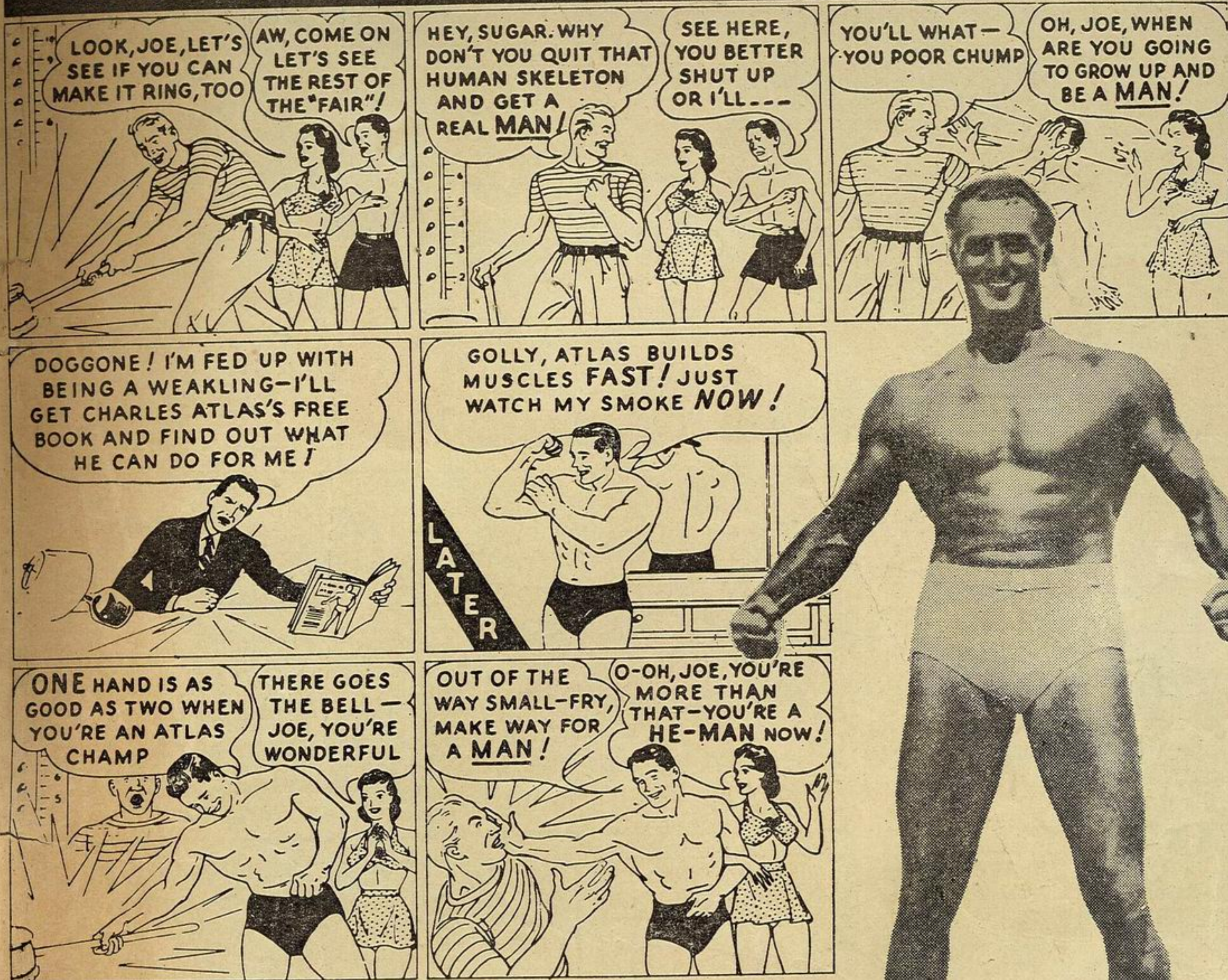
TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN
BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND
A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*

601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
In Canada Address
100 Sterling Road, Toronto

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.

The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

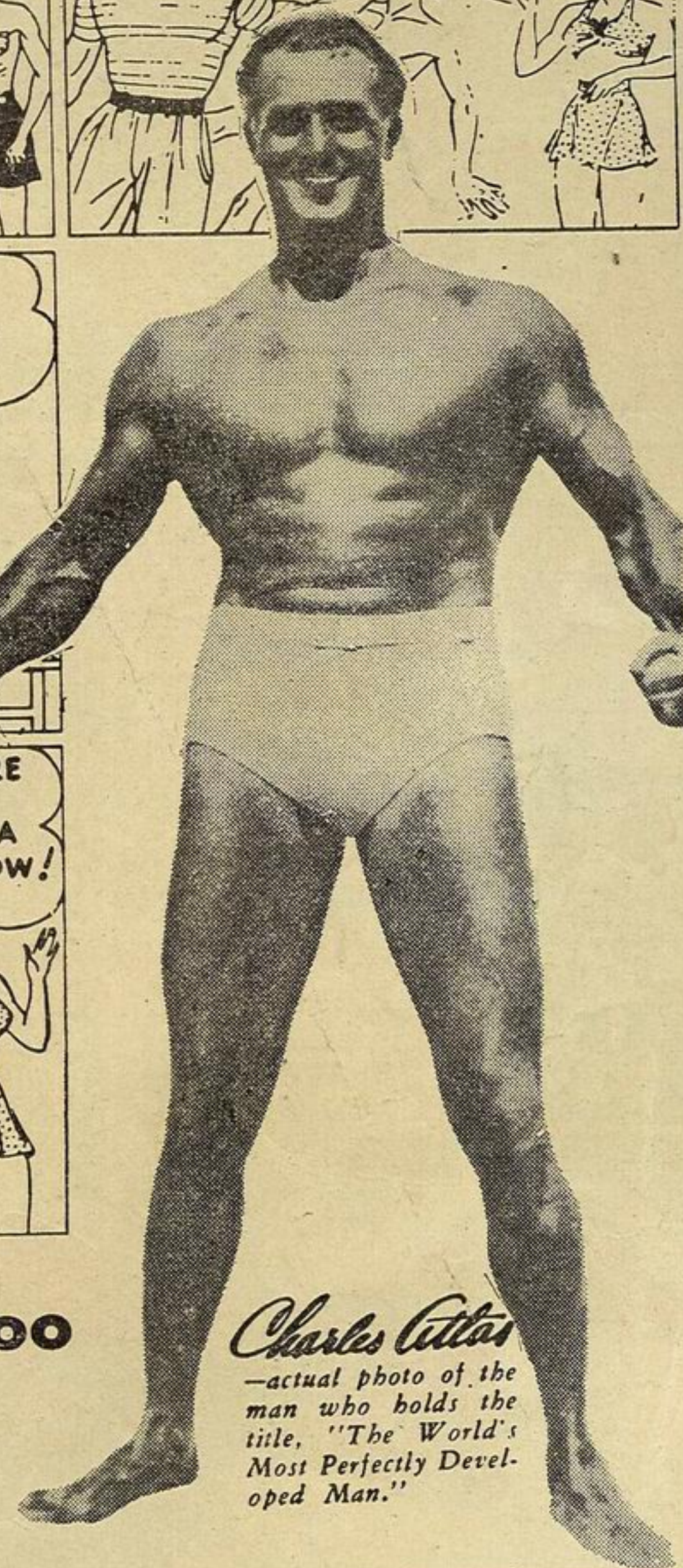
Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your en-

tire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 3306, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, New York.



Charles Atlas
—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3306
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



HOW
JET-PROPULSION
WORKS



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...

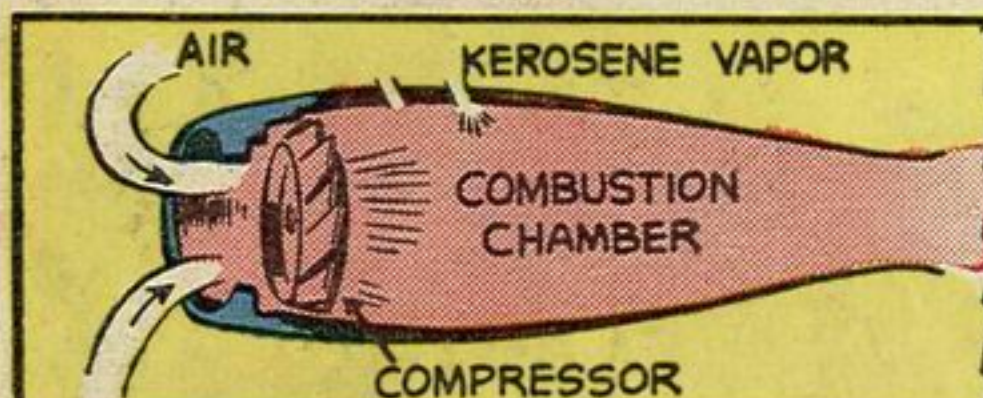
HI, FELLAS!

WOW!
WHAT
SPEED!

GOSH, U.S.--
HOW DOES
THAT JET
ENGINE
WORK?

IT'S EASY, BOYS...
REMEMBER NEWTON'S
THIRD LAW OF MOTION:
EVERY ACTION PRO-
DUCE A RE-ACTION.

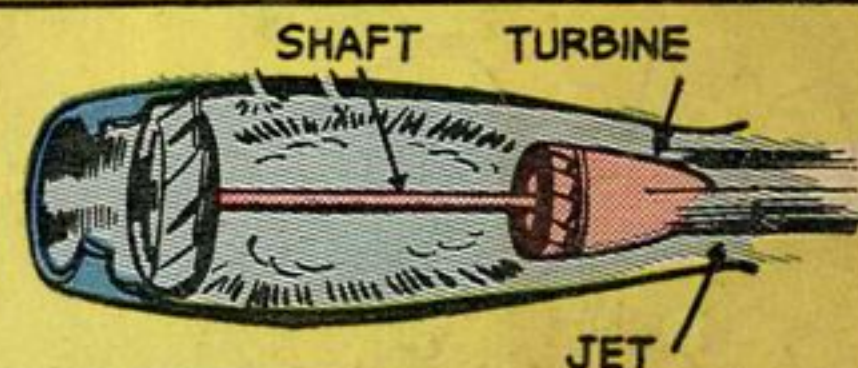
AS THE AIR SHOOT
OUT OF THIS BALLOON
IN ONE DIRECTION, THE
REACTION PUSHES IT IN
THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION."



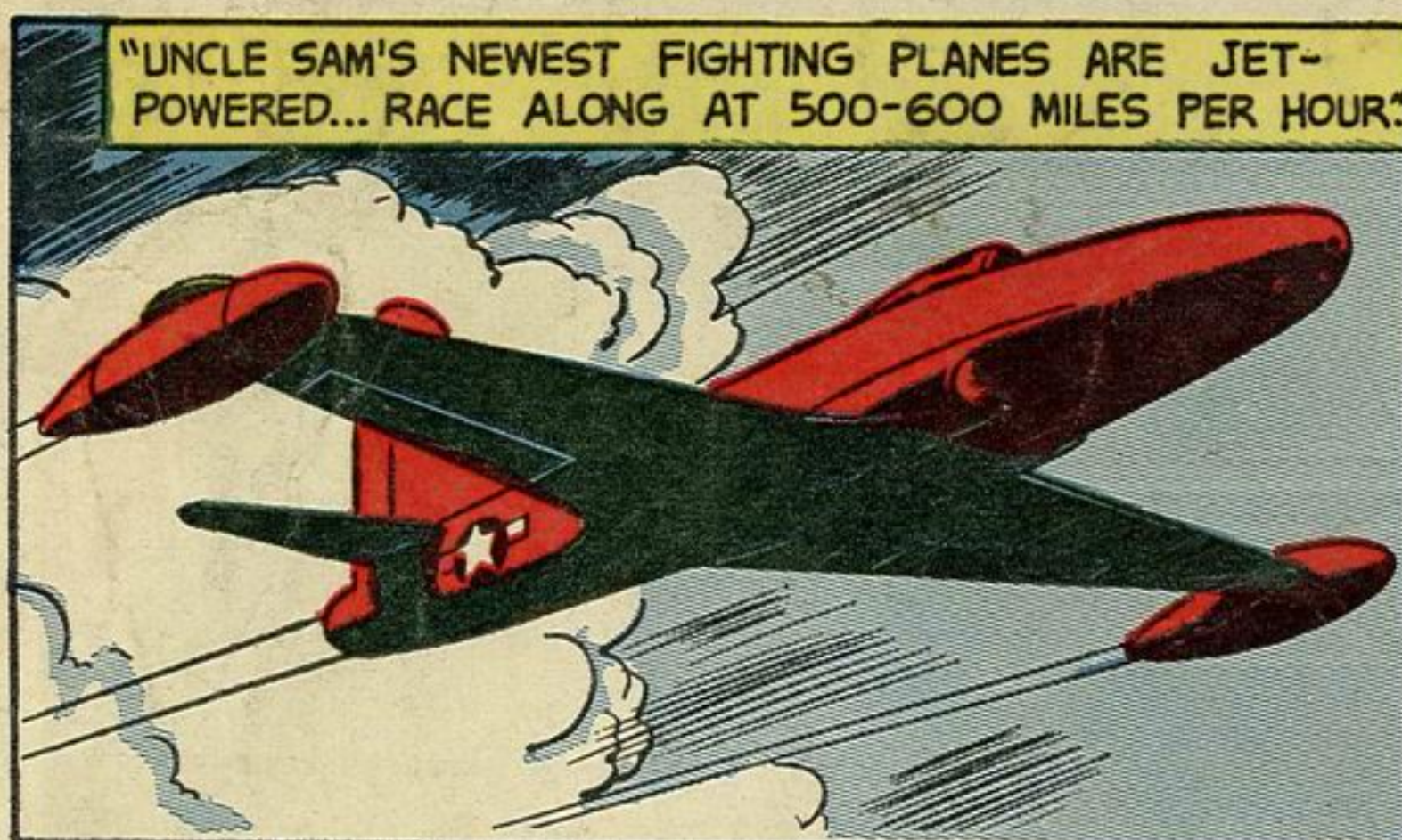
WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR
AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY
...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND
DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.



BUT WHAT TURNS THE
FAN UP FRONT?



"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART!
ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET"
OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS
A TURBINE...ANOTHER SORT OF
FAN. AND THE TURBINE TURNS
A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE
COMPRESSOR."



"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-
POWERED... RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."



GEE, U.S. ...
THAT JET-SPEED
MUST BE PRETTY
TOUGH ON YOUR
BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY I
ALWAYS INSIST ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE
TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH
AND PLENTY
RUGGED. AND
DON'T FORGET
THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN FOR BETTER
CONTROL.

NEXT ISSUE:
OUTWITTING
THE KIDNAPPERS!



THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE
...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN
YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE
ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION.
THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE
STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science